Jan./Feb. 1995

Movieline

more SEX than usual

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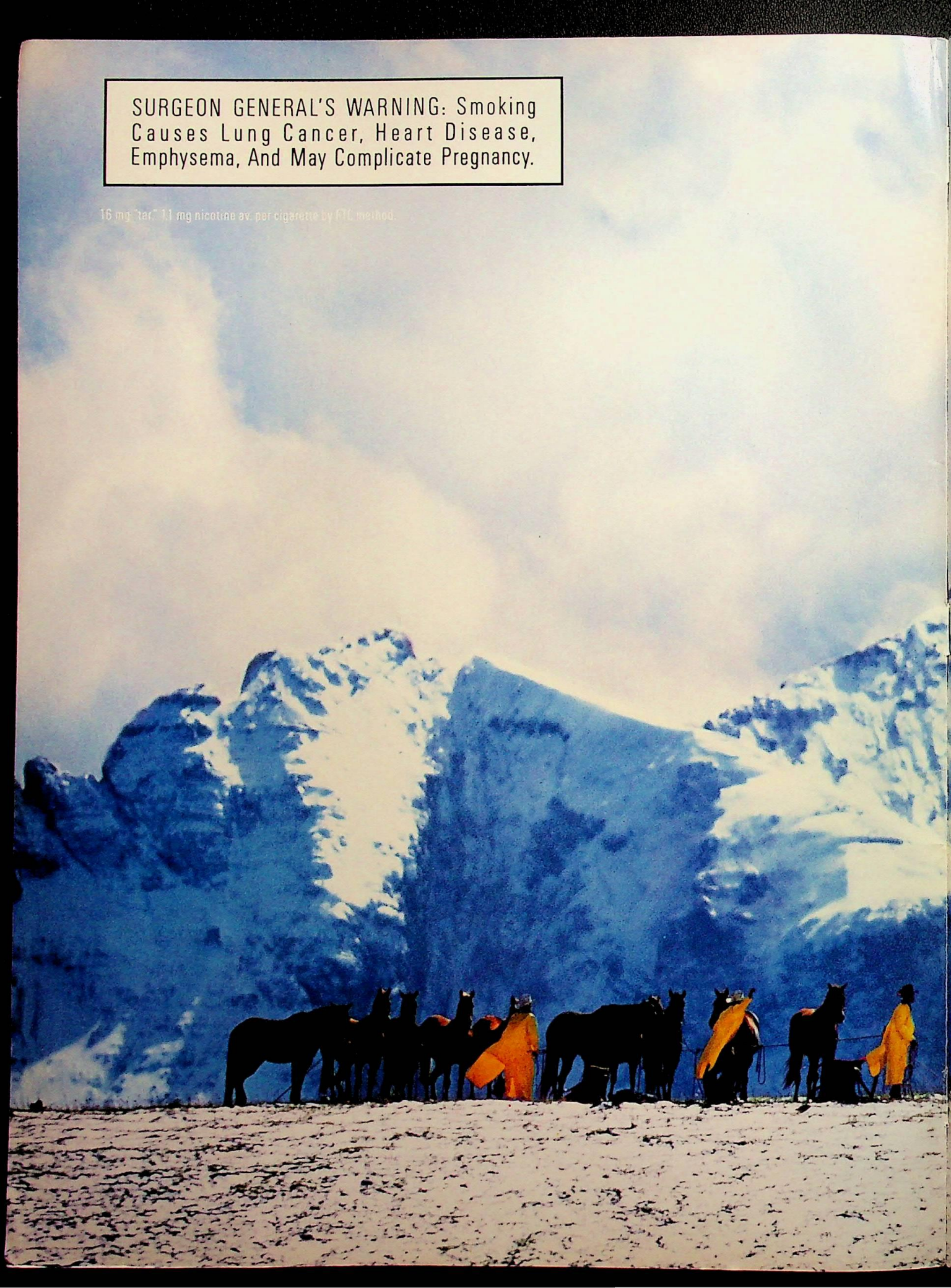
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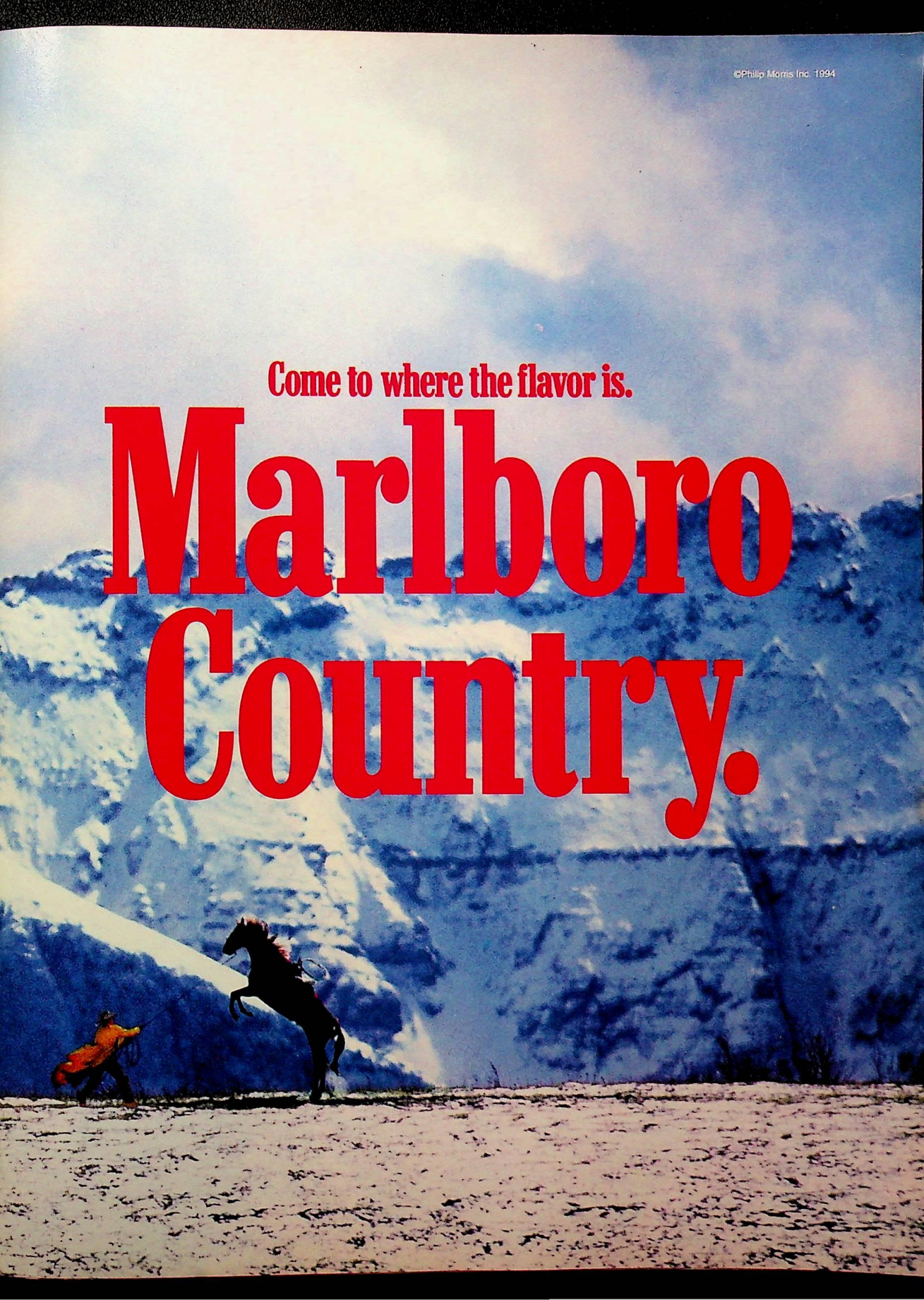

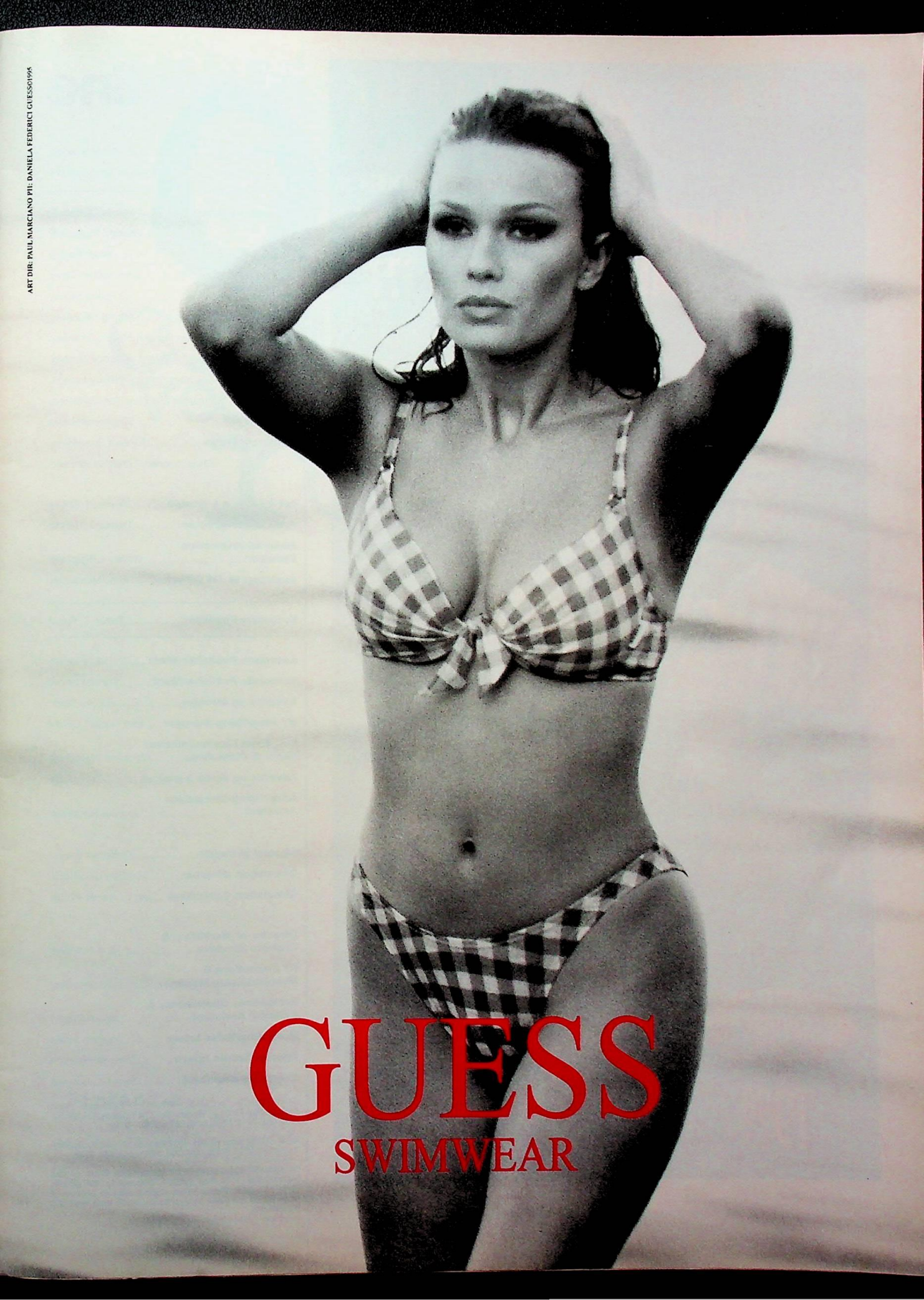
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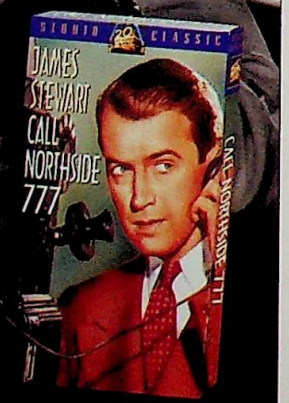

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Letters

Stewart's Women

I very much enjoyed meeting Martha Frankel for the interview which appeared in *Movieline* ("Patrick Stewart: The Next Generation," November '94). But somewhere between my lips and the printed word, two errors occurred that concern the two most important women in my life. So far as I am aware, my daughter is still a daughter and not a son as Frankel writes, and my girlfriend, although entertaining, is not an "entertainer" but a television producer. Sincerely,

Patrick Stewart
Los Angeles, CA

Depp Charges

Stephen Rebello's study of Johnny Depp ("In Depp," October '94) was revealing and repulsive, showing all the dimensions of the actor who may very well be the next Paul Newman.

Doug Strassler
Vienna, VA

For all of *Movieline*'s gushing about how much Depp is liked, a few groups are actually creeped by him: hotel owners, New Yorkers and people who discriminate hype from talent.

Leah Zeligson
New York, NY

If Kate Moss and Johnny Depp need a hideaway place from everything, I have the perfect location. Stephen Rebello can come also for writing such a great interview.

Jeffrey Petitte
Medford, NJ

P.S. Remember, it's not a party till something gets broken—even if it *is* a hotel room.

Readers Shoot Back

Meryl Streep has a "horsy face," Meg Ryan is "vapid" and Julia Roberts has "no deep sensuality"? Camille Paglia ("Camille Paglia's Target Practice," October '94) describes herself as a "major intellectual of the world" but she's just plain cruel. Paglia is living proof that deep ignorance and rude behavior can often be associated with excessive education.

Brian Watt
Downingtown, PA

Man, Camille Paglia kicks ass! I adored every single word. *Movieline*, you've outdone yourselves yet again.

Maria Rotella
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Camille Paglia thinks it's justified that men get paid more than women in Hollywood because "men have not renounced their glamour"? She's obviously a jealous bitch! Jodie Foster and Meryl Streep are not only more glamorous than Paglia, but both use their intelligence to help the feminist cause—unlike Paglia, who just bashes true feminists.

C. Grant
Philadelphia, PA

Can you hire Camille Paglia as a staff writer? I agreed with everything she said.

L. Wright
Irving Park, IL

How dare Camille Paglia attack Jodie Foster's using the media when she's doing the same thing! Paglia's a pseudo-intellectual hypocrite.

Renée Newbold
Newport News, VA

Fabulous interview. Except for saying Susan Sarandon's smart, I agreed with all of Paglia's opinions.

Georgia B. Makiver
Lansdowne, PA

Listen Up, Don

It's nice to see a brunette bimbo—like Jennifer Tilly ("Untamable Tilly," September '94)—get some press for a change. I think she'd be perfect as the next Mrs. Don Johnson.

Janna Jones
Los Angeles, CA

"Great" or Grating?

I had no problem with Barbra Streisand in *Nuts* ("Great Moments in Miscasting," August '94). It's too bad that writers Virginia Campbell and Edward Margulies are unable to appreciate the beauty and sex appeal of someone who is Jewish. This attitude causes women to run to plastic surgeons to transform themselves into the kind of homogeneous, pug-nosed girl *Movieline* so admires. Perhaps the writers' talents could be put to better use writing for one of the many neo-Nazi groups thriving in this great country of ours.

Craig Newman
West Hollywood, CA

Miscast? Sofia Coppola as Mary Corleone? Why? Just because in her first scene, she pronounces "Corleone" two different ways?

Mike Downey
Woodland Hills, CA

Good "Hair" Daze

I *loved* "Hair Force" (September '94), but why did Joe Queenan omit *Reality Bites*, *the* Bad Hair tome for '90s Generation X'ers . . .

Robyn Schnellenberger
Virginia Beach, VA

. . . or Lara Flynn Boyle's Nancy Reagan do in *Red Rock West* . . .

Kelly Luchtman
Chicago, IL

. . . or Sean Young's improbable do in *Blade Runner*. Please tell me that coif is *not* what chicks like me have to look forward to in the next millennium.

Adeline Mueller
Santa Cruz, CA

Tilton at Windmills?

Thanks for the interview with Charlene Tilton ("Hollywood Kids," October '94), who is the most beautiful and underrated actress of our time. I hope the article will wake Hollywood up to these facts.

Sean P. Schafron
Pittsburgh, PA

You Boobs!

I was shocked to see a photograph of naked women in a scene from *The Sentinel* ("Bad Movies We Love," September '94). God didn't create women to display their bodies in public. Did the devil make you print that?

R. E.
Brainerd, MN

Letter of the Month

My wife and I just want you to know how much we enjoy *Movieline*. It's the most entertaining, informative, true-to-life magazine we've ever read, and we're not the only ones who love it. At least five of our friends have also subscribed after seeing it on our coffee table.

Richard Barber
San Bernadino, CA

P.S. If the editors are ever in San Bernadino, please stop by Auto Expo for a free lube, oil, and filter service.

Movieline loves to hear from readers who can spell: "Letters," *Movieline*, 1141 S. Beverly Drive, L.A., CA 90035. Beware! Published missives may be edited.

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Hollywood ink

by murgatroyd

This and that Add to the list of big-budget movie projects plagued by defections, frayed tempers and frustrations—a list that already includes **Kevin Costner**'s waterlogged SF epic *Waterworld* and the long, long-delayed *Forbidden Planet* remake—that **Keanu Reeves-Aitana Sanchez-Gijon** period romance for **Fox**, *A Walk in the Clouds*. Seems that Latino director **Alfonso Arau**, maker of the art-house hit *Like Water for Chocolate,* may have lost some of his art in the translation, since *Ink* hears he underwent a *muy* bumpy adjustment trying to deal with Hollywood-sized logistics... Who'd have guessed that *David and Lisa*, that '60s picture about a couple of disturbed kids who meet and fall in love in a mental institution, would become a blueprint for '90s date flicks? Suddenly, cute, mentally challenged—or at least *decidedly* offbeat—folks are popping up on-screen as wildly improbable romantic icons in this era of Dating Hell. Okay, maybe no one bought shrink **Lena Olin** finding salvation through loving manic-depressive **Richard Gere** in *Mr. Jones*—and certainly no one believed **Bruce Willis** finding salvation through loving split-personality **Jane March** in *Color of Night*—but just as there were takers for the saga of baboon-hearted loner **Christian Slater** romancing waifish **Marisa Tomei** in *Untamed Heart*, there were those who were wowed watching oddball **Johnny Depp** romancing even odder **Mary Stuart Masterson** in *Benny & Joon*. Depp, in the upcoming *Don Juan DeMarco*, plays another beautiful nutcase, a modern-day dude who insists he is the legendary Latin Lover, and, soon from **Disney**, institutionalized doll face **Drew Barrymore** runs off with doll face **Chris O'Donnell** in *Mad Love*. And Christian Slater and Mary Stuart Masterson, old hands at the kookily mismatched lovers genre, will pair up in **New Line**'s *Amelia and the King of Plants*, playing, respectively, a floral delivery man and a hard-driven attorney... Lots of stars have made noise maybe wanting to play on-screen one of many lesbian sleuth characters in a spate of female-oriented crime thrillers, but *Ink* wonders when Tinseltown will wise up and film one of screenwriter-novelist **Stan Cutler**'s four novels—*The Face on the Cutting Room Floor*, *Best Performance By a Patsy*, *Rough Cut* and *Shot on Location*, with a fifth in the works—which team up a straight private eye with a gay writer to solve mysteries suggested by real-life Tinseltown scandals. Ideal casting? Either **Bob Hoskins** or **Danny DeVito** opposite **Robert Downey Jr.** or **Matthew Broderick**... Quick, now: what's the difference between **Farrah Fawcett** and **Bo Derek**? None, right? So it's no surprise to learn that when **Paramount** failed to sign Fawcett to play a sexpot opposite **Chris Farley** in their upcoming untitled comedy, they snapped up Derek instead. Fawcett, you'll recall, fancies herself an "actress"—yeah, that's why she's co-starring with the likes of **Chevy Chase** in *Man to Man*... After making a splash with her *The King and I* recording and her sold-out Big Apple turn in the **Stephen Sondheim** revue *Putting It Together*, **Julie Andrews** next plans a pay-for-view cable extravaganza of the bound-for-Broadway musical—*Victor/Victoria*—she and husband **Blake Edwards** have been trying to mount since their 1982 movie of the same name. If Andrews is therefore not tempted to sign for an in-the-works stage adaptation of another of her movie hits, *Thoroughly Modern Millie*, is it true she passed up playing opposite **Campbell Scott** in *Let It Be Me*, that musical film being directed by **Eleanor Bergstein**, who created *Dirty Dancing*? Another movie-musical icon, **Leslie Caron**, got the role instead.

Cheese **With New Line paying Shane Black $4 mil for his *The Long Kiss Goodnight*, coughing up $2.5 mil (against an eventual $4 mil) to Joe Eszterhas for *One Night Stand*, Carolco shelling out $2 mil more to Eszterhas for *Showgirls*, and Universal giving Nicholas Kazan and Robin Swicord $2 mil for *Matilda*, has no one noticed the fate of most recent movies made from scripts for which studios paid small fortunes? Big paydays didn't spell box-office bonanza for *Color of Night*, *Forever Young*, *Freejack*, *Radio Flyer*, *Regarding Henry*, *Second Sight*, *Stay Tuned* or *K-9*. Meanwhile, such high-ticket screenplay acquisitions as *Original Sin*, *Ultimatum*, *My Fellow Americans*, *Mrs. Faust*, *The Ticking Man* and *Fire Down Below* all look to be stuck in development hell. It's been three years since Paramount put into turnaround *The Cheese Stands Alone*, Kathy McWorter's $1 mil comedy that Phil Kaufman was to**

Turn to page 14

for left: illustration by nathan ota; bottom: kobal collection

The new "Jeans" by Gianni Versace

GIANNI VERSACE

PROFUMI

NEW YORK BEVERLY HILLS SAN FRANCISCO WASHINGTON HOUSTON ATLANTA SAN DIEGO CHICAGO LAS VEGAS BAL HARBOUR HONOLULU MEXICO CITY VANCOUVER TORONTO

Hollywood ink

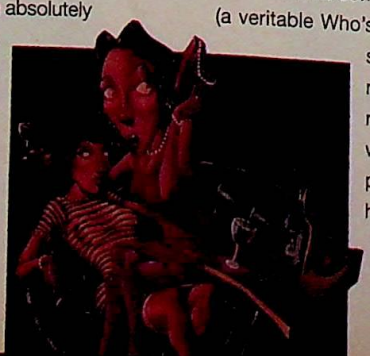
Continued from page 12

direct for producer Scott Rudin, yet despite turndowns from other studios, Rudin won't give up. He has *Impromptu* director James Lapine—who directed Stephen Sondheim's Tony-winner *Passion*—turning it into a Broadway musical. If it works, can we look forward to a stage musical based on *Color of Night*?

kidding around Despite the flops of such expected-to-be-big kid flicks as *The Next Karate Kid*, *Lassie*, *Black Beauty*, *The Secret Garden*, *Into the West*, *Andre* and *Camp Nowhere*, Hollywood keeps trying to come up with fodder that will fill seats with little butts, presumably on the theory that if one can get 'em hooked early, one creates new generations of movie addicts. To this end, fright filmmaker **Sam Raimi**—after the nightmarish fights *Ink*'s heard he had in post-production on *The Quick and the Dead*—will try his hand at family fare with a live-action *Frosty the Snowman*, based on the Christmas song, while producer **Scott Rudin** plans a creepy *Sleepy Hollow*, based on **George Washington Irving**'s enduring tale *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*. But is anyone eager to see a **John McTiernan**-produced remake of **Robert Louis Stevenson**'s *Treasure Island*? Jeez, John, please think twice: this is one of the most oft-filmed pirate tales; it's always a snore; and then there's the problem of just which hamola would chew the scenery as Long John Silver. Who do you see in the role, John—wrecked in the past by everyone from **Orson Welles** to **Charlton Heston**—**Jack Nicholson**, perhaps? We can wait. Those **Kennedy-Marshall** folks have somehow managed to get **Paramount** *and* **Columbia** to co-finance a $45 million movie version of the tyke tale *The Indian in the Cupboard*, while *The Nightmare Before Christmas* director **Henry Selick** is working on a **Disney**-produced version of **Roald Dahl**'s *James and the Giant Peach*. For **Universal**'s big-budget, big-screen version of another Dahl book, *Matilda*, it's rumored that star and director **Danny DeVito** is thinking of pairing up on-screen with either **Bette Midler** (who has yet to live down her last kiddie flick, *Hocus Pocus*) or **Rhea Perlman** (*Mrs.* DeVito to you). A big-screen take on the childhood fave *Madeleine* could become a franchise; is it true **Chris Columbus** may direct? Less elegant, though it could prove to be the mother of all childhood extravaganzas—if it doesn't become another *Super Mario Bros.*-size bomb—is **Fox**'s proposed movie version of their hit SF kid show *The Mighty Morphin Power Rangers*.

con job **It's a crime how, now that this flaky Oscar-nominated virago is aging unhappily—her plastic surgeons must be on call 24 hours a day—she's up to her old tricks more ferociously than ever. Shooting her new opus, she seduced her director, bad-mouthed the costume designer, cinematographer and editor, then set about frying the nerves of her co-stars. She's instructed her PR team to put out the word that her minor role could mean another Oscar nod. Would it knock her down a notch to know the names of all the other actresses who turned down the part before she got her shot? Do the names Meryl, Emma, Debra, Glenn and Judy ring a bell, honey?** **day job** **To keep up her mortgage payments, this once-hot celeb desperately dumped her publicists, accountants, trainer, gardeners and housekeeper. When that didn't stop the hemorrhaging, she leased the place and moved into the tiny guest house, tried and failed to get a book deal, and is currently pondering hiring herself out quietly as an acting coach. What's next, USA cable movies? That'd beat hiring herself out as a rent-a-doll like she did in her salad days. Although friends insist that her drug habit and prima donna behavior are under control, her past is so littered with the co-workers and agents she's scorched that she can barely get arrested.** **face job** **Tongues are wagging about the real reason that neurotic, vain actor's been throwing up obstacles to keep several flicks from getting off the ground. The star yammers about script problems that give him the blues, but one deal collapsed when the producers saw the star go ballistic—while watching videotaped screen tests—over how *much* older he looks than any of his prospective leading ladies.**

dolls' house This singing actress and household name certainly raised eyebrows when she went house-shopping recently. Always good for quirky behavior, she topped herself one afternoon by breezing into any number of Beverly Hills abodes up for sale, making absolutely no bones about how she was in the market for a place where she and her gal pal could nest *a deux*. Guess she feels she and her doll need a place far from prying eyes of the press, but certainly not because of her ex-husbands—some of whom are gay—nor her current, much-written-about boyfriend, who's also got an eye for *les* boys.



lady's night out Our town's lesbian habitués of that by-invitation "For Women Only" drinks-and-dancing night at a west side hotel welcome the chance to let down their hair, but even regulars (a veritable Who's Who of powerful industry women) were surprised to see that married movie star—*thought* to be closeted—nestled in the lap of her girlfriend. Our star might have received "bravas!" from the crowd, but she hastily fled when she realized everyone knew who she was. She probably didn't flee home, however, knowing her handsome mate would be there, in the lap of his boyfriend.

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FINALLY IT ALL MAKES SENSE.
We welcome 1995. The year of good luck, great taste & friendship.

Olivia: Donny Osmond. Loved him, honey.

Kim: Davy Jones of the Monkees. Years later I saw him in the Bagel Nosh in Beverly Hills and I went, "What was I thinking?"

Laila: I remember thinking John Travolta was really hot.

Cynthia: It actually *was* David Cassidy for a while.

Lora Zane: I liked David Cassidy, but, you know, I liked Susan Dey, too.

Q: Dana, don't you and Kim have a flashback scene recalling a three-way?

Dana: Yes, us and the Jewish Jim Morrison. We're wearing white pumps, teddies, lip gloss and Farrah Fawcett hair.

Q: Cynthia, in a fantasy scene you play a Barbie type. When you were a kid, did your Barbie and Ken ever consummate?

Cynthia: Yeah, but it was just plastic banging together. I didn't really have a concept of what it was.

Q: So how did you acquire a concept?

Cynthia: My mother had one of those birds-and-bees books. I remember being mortified.

Q: Kim, you have a flashback scene where you get it on with the Greenpeace boy. Who's your own favorite specimen of door-to-door manhood?

Kim: At the William Morris Agency, there are some pretty cute guys who deliver my scripts.

Dana: And I have a *very* nice UPS man.

Cynthia: Water cooler guys are sexy.

Olivia: What about those Jehovah's Witnesses? You *know* they want to break out and have a hot moment with somebody.

Laila: There's something about a mounted policeman . . .

Q: Speaking of men in uniform, and assuming two things—that they are straight and that you have no choice—which of the Village People would you have sex with?

Laila: I've forgotten what there was to choose from.

Q: A cowboy, leather Daddy, army man, Indian, construction worker and cop.

Kim: Could I have one for each day of the week?

Olivia: The Indian, because I grew up in Taos.

Laila: There's something about a construction worker . . .

Lora: All I would want to do is go out *dancing* with them.

Dana: I'd rather do it with Nancy Walker [who directed the Village People in *Can't Stop the Music*] than *any* of the Village People.

Q: Again, assuming you have no choice, who would you rather sleep with: Bill Clinton or Al Gore?

Olivia: Clinton.

Cynthia: He seems like he'd be more adventuresome.

Laila: I'll bet he's great in bed.

Kim: Well, Clinton has more experience. You'd have to tell Al what to do.

Lora: Tipper's cute but I wouldn't want to have sex with her. I'd do Hillary in a second.

Dennis Hensley

Girls Will Be *Girls*: *Live Nude Girls* stars (left to right) Lora Zane, Laila Robins, Dana Delany, Kim Cattrall and Cynthia Stevenson.

joan vass

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hype

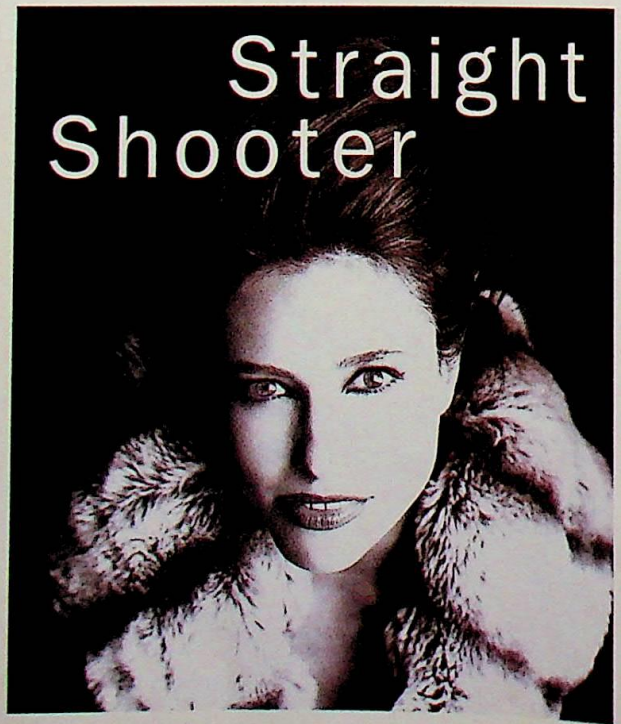
Mimi Rogers could be considered one of Hollywood's hardiest survivors—after all, she did manage to carve out an identity for herself *post*-Mrs. Tom Cruise and she was able to break her *Someone to Watch Over Me*, pearls-and-champagne image with a risky turn as the nymphomaniac/religious fanatic in the little-seen-but-much-discussed *The Rapture*. But what's most impressive about Rogers is that she's not afraid to say *exactly* what's on her mind.

Although she insists she admires Michelle Pfeiffer's career, Rogers doesn't hold back when it comes to a stinker. "I looked at *Wolf* and I wondered, What motivated Michelle to do it?" she says. "It was a completely nothing role. If the producers had given me an advanced script of the film I never would have guessed that Michelle would have taken it—she doesn't have to! It's the kind of movie *I'd* have to do because I needed the job." And on the subject of fame, Rogers is surprisingly levelheaded: "The Sharon Stone phenomenon of becoming an overnight sexpot embodiment of all eroticism is not desirable to me. Success is what it takes to have the kind of choices you want, but the fame that comes with success is something you don't exactly welcome."

These days, Rogers seems to be on a pretty steady track: she has two new films coming out, *Far From Home* and *Reflections on a Crime*, and a new baby girl. Will she let her daughter see her movies anytime soon (think of those group sex scenes in *Rapture*)? "Not until she's 16 *at least*," Rogers says. "She'll probably say, 'Mom, you were a wild woman,' but at least I'll get to say, 'Yeah, but look at the figure your mother once had!'"

Rachelle Unreich

Straight Shooter



left: dave factor for visages • styling: nancy steiner • makeup: collier strong for cloutier • hair: sharon gault for cloutier • coat: western costumes; right: donald graham • styling: bibi • hair and makeup: pascal quercy • clothing: romeo gigli • see the buyer's guide for shopping details

Mobile Meyer

Just a year ago, **Dina Meyer** was pumping iron and exchanging catty remarks with goody two-shoes Jason Priestley on "Beverly Hills, 90210." She played the "older woman" who titillates the boys and shows off her flat stomach. Then, like so many other token "90210" babes, not much was seen of her after the plot twisted and Priestley fell for another girl. But instead of entering the post-Aaron Spelling black hole that goes along with doing bimbo spots on his shows, Meyer's name became attached to starring roles in such films as *Johnny Mnemonic*, opposite Keanu Reeves, and *Dragonheart*, opposite Dennis Quaid.

"I was gung-ho about *Johnny Mnemonic*, but the producer didn't want to meet with me at first. So I said, 'Yeah, but, but, BUT, I gotta get it, aaargh,'" says Meyer by phone from Czechoslovakia, where she's filming *Dragonheart*. Surprisingly, her most memorable experience from her first big-screen outing was working with co-star Henry Rollins. "Henry's a sweetheart and one of the most gentle and kind men I've worked with," she says. "But when I saw him in one of his music videos, I couldn't believe how angry he was. Where did that come from? I couldn't help laughing."

For an old-fashioned suburban girl from Queens, making two films back-to-back is a lot of career torque to handle. "When I moved to California, I had a hard time getting used to it," she says. "Everything revolves around lunch and working out." What about Czechoslovakia? "At first I thought, 'Whoa, what the hell am I doing here?' There's no place to shop except K-mart," she says. What's a girl to do? "I've adjusted. Now I have a boyfriend and don't want to leave!"

Michael Atkinson

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A medicinal or mineral spring or well.

The Oxford English Dictionary, 1933

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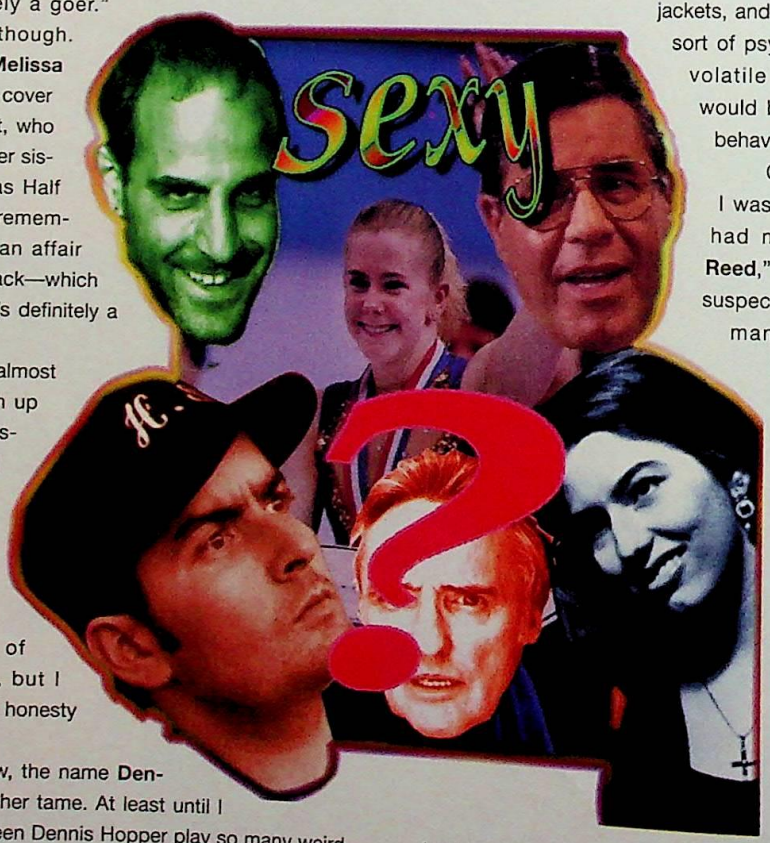
Very, Very Guilty Pleasures

What actor or actress do you secretly find sexually attractive, even though you suspect you're the only one who does, and why? In two previous scientific surveys for *Movieline*, I asked that question of everyday moviegoers in various centers of civilization around the U.S. Here we go again!

"I must admit this started when I was a child," explained one female psychotherapist about her fixation on **Jerry Lewis**. "I thought his slicked-back hair was really cool and I used to watch his telethon all alone in my room with the lights out, you know. In my own way I was one of Jerry's Kids. The thing is, I still get a twinge whenever I see him, even though I know all about the Demerol and everything." This person, I must add, is not French.

A young writer in Seattle dates his first sexual fixation on a screen personage to the age of 14. "I saw some movie on cable that had **Mamie Van Doren** in it, and I thought, wow, she'd even fuck me—she's definitely a goer." Things have changed, though. "My current thing is for **Melissa Gilbert**. I saw her on the cover of *TV Guide* and I thought, who is this? Julia Roberts's older sister? Then I realized it was Half Pint! And I immediately remembered that Melissa had an affair with Rob Lowe a while back—which said one thing to me: she's definitely a goer."



One contributor was almost too embarrassed to cough up the name of her secret passion—with good reason, it turns out. "**Charlie Sheen**," she finally confessed. "I read the interview with him in *Movieline*, that's what turned me on." *Huh?* "I know a lot of what he said was crude, but I thought he was honest, and honesty is sexy to me."

From that point of view, the name **Dennis Hopper** seemed altogether tame. At least until I heard the reasoning: "I've seen Dennis Hopper play so many weird, weird people that I have this . . . I don't know if I'd call it an attraction, but I have this problem, which is that I think maybe I'm a sex addict. I don't know for sure but I worry about it, and I have this feeling that if I spent the night with Dennis Hopper I'd be cured."

"Not many people know this actor by name, probably, but I see him everywhere," a middle-aged woman told me. "His name is **Stanley Tucci**. Sometimes he plays smart sleazeballs and sometimes stupid fuckups. What's distinctive about him is that he hardly has any hair on top of his head, and I can just sort of tell that he must have gotten upset when he lost his hair, and he was probably a vain actor before but now he's more vulnerable and a generous lover because he had to deal with his vanity. Same with that TV guy on 'The Commish,' but Tucci was better looking to begin with."

When one woman from an East Coast upper-middle-class suburban enclave offered up the name of **Ted Levine**, all of my survey experience and professional objectivity could not keep me from blanching. Ted Levine is, after all, the actor who played the serial murderer in *The Silence of the Lambs*. No, no, she told me, it wasn't that movie that turned her on to him. "It was back in the days of Michael Mann's 'Crime Story' on television. He played a petty thief who became a lounge lizard who wore these green fringe jackets, and I guess he *was* actually sort of psychotic, but he seemed volatile in a way that I knew would be interesting in sexual behavior."

Once I heard this name, I was surprised no one else had mentioned it: "**Oliver Reed**," volunteered a woman I suspected of having seen too many Ken Russell films while in an altered state. "He's like my ideal of the dirty old uncle." Equally inevitable, I suppose, was the name **Tonya Harding**. "She's that white trash thing," a male contributor explained. "You know, she's not an uptight bitch like Nancy Kerrigan. No attitude. She gets down." I don't think he's seen her wedding video.

Last but not least, one European survey subject claimed a secret passion for **Sofia Coppola**. "I can't help it," he apologized. "I thought she was sexy in *The Godfather, Part III*. And I know she can't act, but I like that, because if she were ever pretending in bed, I'd be able to tell."

Elaine Bailey

clockwise from left: illustration by kino (harding); sygma; lewis; archive photos); sally harshberger for janet borash group; kobal collection

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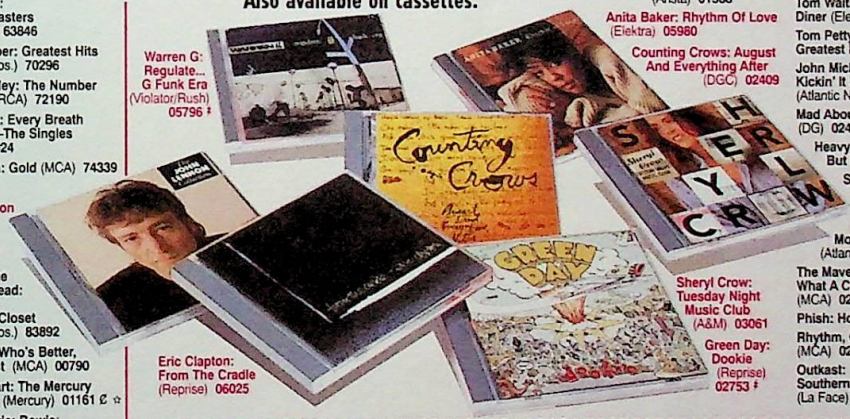
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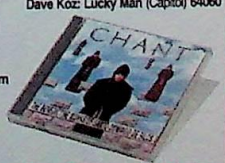

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Latest Import

Every year Hollywood goes hog-wild about a new name. This year, all the fuss seems to be over British actress **Julia Ormond**. Her biggest acting credit was HBO's *Stalin*, and she was unproven at the box office, but Tinseltown casting types were so convinced she's *it* they've given her the role of the love interest of Brad Pitt, Aidan Quinn and Henry Thomas in *Legends of the Fall*, a starring role in *First Knight* opposite Richard Gere *and* the plum part of *Sabrina* opposite Harrison Ford.

What caused the casting wheels to spin in her direction? *Legends* director Ed Zwick saw Ormond play Mrs. Stalin and was so impressed he sent her the script and asked her to audition. Despite seeing scores of other actresses, Zwick stuck with his gut and hired Ormond. "I was treated a bit like the new kid on the block, but in a nice way," she says. "Ed was extra supportive because he was taking a risk with me." Was her first Hollywood film a glamorous experience? "I was stuck in the mud most of the time with galoshes and a hair net, so, no."

Now that 29-year-old Ormond is well situated in Hollywood, will she do the Emma Thompson thing—star in everything, charm up everybody, win Oscars? "Who knows? The ball isn't in my court, as it were," she says. "I'll just continue to work on things I enjoy." Being Britishly sensible doesn't prevent her from thinking big, however. "I do have burning ambitions. Along with Godzilla and the rest of the acting community, I'd like to direct." *Michael Atkinson*

hype

AC/DContest

This contest comes from the pages of the deliciously dishy new book ***Hollywood Lesbians*** (Barricade Books, 272 pp., $21.95). Author Boze Hadleigh asked 10 women for frank interviews with the understanding that the material wouldn't appear till after their deaths. Can you match each of the five *Hollywood Lesbians* listed below with two of their own quotes? Send your best guess—no later than Feb. 14, 1995—to: "Loose Lips," *Movieline*, 1141 S. Beverly Dr., L.A., CA 90035. If we receive more than one correct entry, we'll randomly select a winner, who'll get a *Movieline* T-shirt. If, however, you need to read this book *right now* and your local bookstore doesn't carry it, try ordering it from the publisher: (212) 228-8828. (For a list of the correct answers, include a self-addressed, stamped envelope.) ***The Editors***

1) **Barbara Stanwyck**; 2) **Capucine**; 3) **Dame Judith Anderson**; 4) **Marjorie Main**; 5) **Patsy Kelly**.

A. "I heard that [Marlene] Dietrich, Greta Garbo, most of the girls from Europe swing either way. Then I found out it's true." ■ **B. "Bette Davis and Barbara Stanwyck hated each other... because when Davis was new to movies... Stanwyck tried to approach Davis, who screamed and said no, no, never."** ■ **C.** "Spencer Tracy was the biggest drunk in Hollywood." ■ **D. "Who's the most masculine actress? Tyrone Power."** ■ **E.**"It figures why certain actresses . . . want to be Peter Pan. Gals like Mary Martin and Jean Arthur. They want to be boys." ■ **F. "Kay Francis . . . I always heard she was queer for the ladies."** ■ **G.** "Tennessee Williams informed me that all his gentlemen friends were convinced it was a stretch for me to play a heterosexual!" ■ **H. "Joan Crawford became an enemy to Marilyn Monroe when Marilyn said no to her."** ■ **I.** "It would have killed Joan [Crawford] to be called [a lesbian] by that daughter of hers [in *Mommie Dearest*]. Fortunately for Joan, that was overlooked in the publicity about her being an alleged child-beater. That, she wouldn't have minded as much as the other." ■ **J. "Tallulah [Bankhead] sure loved pubic massages... fingers, lips, appliances... I was practically her maid, and whatever milady desired, I was glad to provide. In quantity!"**

Where to go to see movie stars spend more money than you've got.

Seeing Stars

Let's talk about sex: It seems that leather and lace are becoming popular attire in films these days, most notably in nearly every scene in **Garry Marshall**'s dud *Exit to Eden* and in the *Deliverance* scene in *Pulp Fiction*. Where are costume designers looking for their whips and garter belts? Right smack in Hollywood, that's where. The aptly titled **Trashy Lingerie**, a store located on the edge of West Hollywood that supplies flashy underthings to almost everyone—from **Madonna** to **Annette Bening**—provided the sexy lacy stuff for **Dana Delany**, **Iman** and **Rosie O'Donnell** in *Exit*. (The store also supplied frilly things for **Sharon Stone** in *The Specialist*.) The more bondage-oriented pieces were selected from **The Pleasure Chest** on Santa Monica Boulevard, where *Pulp*'s "gimp" outfit was found. ■ Those who want that dominatrix look *off-screen* have been shopping at **Syren**, the boutique just outside of Beverly Hills that is famous for all things latex (they made **Michelle Pfeiffer**'s Catwoman suit for *Batman Returns*). **Iman** is a regular shopper (guess her *Exit* outfits "rubbered" off on her) and **Heather Locklear** has been spotted wearing the tight-as-saran-wrap wonders, too. Other stars who have presumably covered themselves in baby powder just to get into the things are **Margaret Cho**, **Roseanne**, **Traci Lords** and **Cindy Crawford**. ■ Heart and sole: Celebrity shoe fetishists will be happy to know that Italian shoe designer **Marco Delli**, supplier of fashion-forward footwear to the likes of **Bruce Willis**, **Demi Moore** and **Arnold Schwarzenegger**, has opened a boutique in Beverly Hills. Though the store has only been up and running for a few weeks, **Juliette Lewis** and supermodel **Naomi Campbell** have already discovered his '70 retro white-fur-covered patent leather numbers. **Sarah Jessica Parker** (sans beau **Matthew Broderick**) stopped in for a pair of loafers and **Tom Waits** picked up some boulevard-strolling shoes. But **Shaquille O'Neal** was still waiting for his special-made order of shoes when we last checked—guess life is tough when your feet are a size 20.

Ben Kallen

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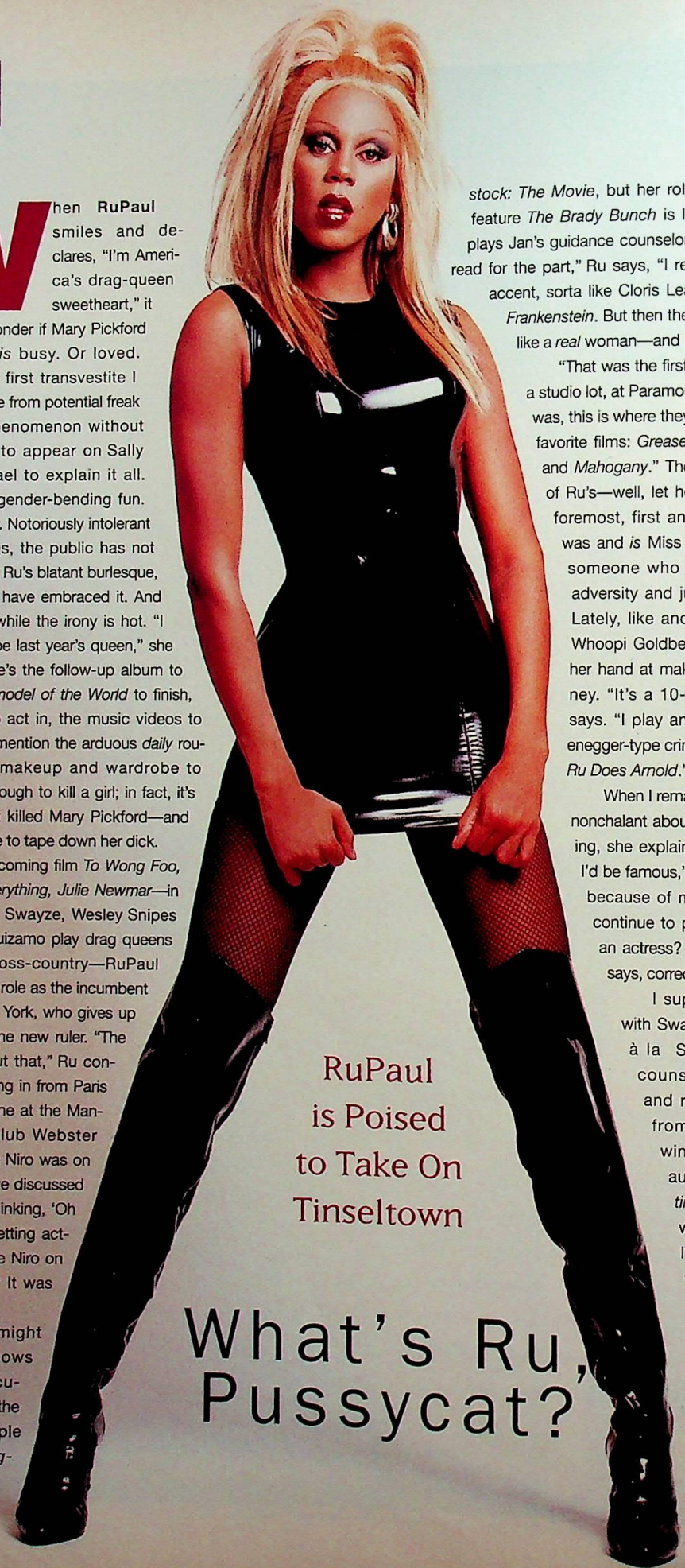

What's Ru, Pussycat?

RuPaul is Poised to Take On Tinseltown

When **RuPaul** smiles and declares, "I'm America's drag-queen sweetheart," it makes me wonder if Mary Pickford was ever *this* busy. Or loved. RuPaul's the first transvestite I know of to rise from potential freak to potent phenomenon without ever having to appear on Sally Jessy Raphael to explain it all. She's made gender-bending fun. And profitable. Notoriously intolerant of such things, the public has not only accepted Ru's blatant burlesque, but seems to have embraced it. And Ru's striking while the irony is hot. "I don't wanna be last year's queen," she says. So, there's the follow-up album to 1993's *Supermodel of the World* to finish, the movies to act in, the music videos to shoot, not to mention the arduous *daily* routine of hair, makeup and wardrobe to endure. It's enough to kill a girl; in fact, it's probably what killed Mary Pickford—and she didn't have to tape down her dick.

In the upcoming film *To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar*—in which Patrick Swayze, Wesley Snipes and John Leguizamo play drag queens who travel cross-country—RuPaul has a "pivotal" role as the incumbent Queen of New York, who gives up her crown to the new ruler. "The *best* part about that," Ru confides, "was flying in from Paris for my big scene at the Manhattan nightclub Webster Hall. Robert De Niro was on the flight and we discussed acting. I was thinking, 'Oh my God, I'm getting acting tips from De Niro on the Concorde!' It was pretty cool."

As you might expect, Ru shows up in the documentary about the annual Big Apple dragfest, *Wigstock: The Movie*, but her role in the upcoming feature *The Brady Bunch* is less expected: she plays Jan's guidance counselor. "The day before I read for the part," Ru says, "I rehearsed it with an accent, sorta like Cloris Leachman's in *Young Frankenstein*. But then they told me to read it like a *real* woman—and I got the part!

"That was the first movie I'd done on a studio lot, at Paramount. All I could think was, this is where they filmed three of my favorite films: *Grease*, *Mommie Dearest* and *Mahogany*." The latter starred one of Ru's—well, let her tell it: "First and foremost, first and *always*, my idol was and *is* Miss Diana Ross. She's someone who came up against adversity and just said, '*Uh-uh*.'" Lately, like another of her idols, Whoopi Goldberg, RuPaul's trying her hand at making a flick for Disney. "It's a 10-minute film," she says. "I play an Arnold Schwarzenegger-type crime-fighter. It's sorta *Ru Does Arnold*."

When I remark that she sounds nonchalant about all that's happening, she explains, "I always knew I'd be famous," then adds, "if only because of my name." Will Ru continue to pursue a career as an actress? "A *blacktress*!" she says, correcting me.

I suppose co-starring with Swayze and cavorting à la Schwarzenegger, counseling Jan Brady and receiving counsel from De Niro will all wind up in RuPaul's autobiography, *Lettin' It All Hang Out*, which will be published in June. But why an autobiography now, when she's still a young girl? "It's Part One," Ru says, laughing. "The Motown years!"

Stephen Saban

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photo: Joan Marcus

by joshua mooney

The Connection Court

With the Polo Lounge a distant memory, Peninsula's The Club Bar has earned the reign of head Hollywood pickup parlor/schmooze spot.

If this assignment had been merely about random pickup joints, I would have hied on over to Santa Monica's The Oar House, a cheesy meat-market bar where the music is collegiate cock-rock, the popcorn is stale, and the frat boys are ready to roll. But I cover Hollywood—The Concept, and I knew my search for the hottest movie-industry pickup spot required a deeper kind of probing. The experts I consulted were of one voice on the matter: **The Club Bar** at The Peninsula Beverly Hills hotel was the action-packed anything-goes sexual center of Hollywood.

The three-year-old Peninsula is a luxurious, decadent affair with a discreet staff, which is why industry types are drawn there. Anna Nicole Smith and Courtney Love are just two of the celebs who've had negative reactions to prescription medication within its walls. The Club Bar has become the place of choice for mixing business with pleasure and attracts agents and clients alike from neighboring powerhouse Creative Artists Agency. It also fills the vacuum left by the extended closing of The Beverly Hills Hotel. The Club Bar is its version of The BHH's venerable Polo Lounge, but goes one better by replacing The Polo Lounge's stodginess with an actual night-life party vibe. Indeed, The Polo Lounge, for all its joys, was never a swinging place, unless dowagers wrapped in dead animals or Marvin Davis hunkered over a steaming plate of victuals strikes you as a turn-on.

On a recent Thursday, Kathleen and I stood in The Peninsula's motor court, admiring the hotel's vaguely French Renaissance facade when our reverie was interrupted by the shrill voice of a woman berating a hapless valet parker—something about a Rolls-Royce she'd been expecting. "Are you *listening* to me?" she demanded, stamping her foot. She wore the uniform of a teen actress/model—skintight dress stopping just below her crotch—though clearly she'd known 30. We rolled our eyes and went into The Bar. Once inside, a hand reached for Kathleen and spun her around. It was the Rolls lady. I half expected a slap—had she noticed us smirking outside? "Can I borrow you for a minute?" she demanded, leading Kathleen to a couch where a dubious crew of cigar-smoking young men leered up at her. Suddenly, she stroked Kathleen's hair and asked her men if the coif would suit her. "Hey—she's with *me*," I said firmly, since the scene was beginning to resemble *Story of O*.

The Club Bar is indeed clubby and Old Guard—maple paneling, live piano music, a fireplace, and gilt-framed landscapes on the walls—but the clientele was anything but staid. One short, burly, well-tanned man in a blue blazer with no shirt underneath—a look that would have been frowned upon east of the Rockies—paraded back and forth across the room all evening. Naturally, he knew the Rolls woman well. Silver-haired men with cellular phones prowled in packs, and had no problem making the acquaintance of the many leggy and much younger women. Everything was done at a fever pitch and there seemed to be no time to waste.

The Club Bar is full of all kinds of movie people, not only CAA types. It's the sort of place where publicists talk up their new finds or filmmakers gripe about production costs (while checking out the overly made-up girls at the end of the bar, nonetheless). But, after all, The Peninsula *is* a hotel, and what I mostly saw was a bar full of people who obviously were just passing through. Whether from Omaha or Osaka, businessmen in Beverly Hills are hard to miss. They have the money of the stars, but none of the style. In the end, the odd mix of patrons at The Club Bar gave it a kind of airport lounge aura: everyone's on the road, on tight schedules, on expense accounts and soon to be flying off somewhere else. And so, quite naturally, they were all in a hurry to make their connections.

Dress Extras

The Club Bar

Barbra Streisand, *all nails*

Kevin Costner, *flying solo*

Paul Newman, *nobody's* Fool

Sly Stallone, *girl* Specialist

Barbara Walters, *big talker*

Sean Penn, *on* Guard?

Cristi Conaway, Batman's *princess*

Anita Baker, *soulful songstress*

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AN EPIC IN MINIATURE PORTRAIT SCULPTURE.

Casting about

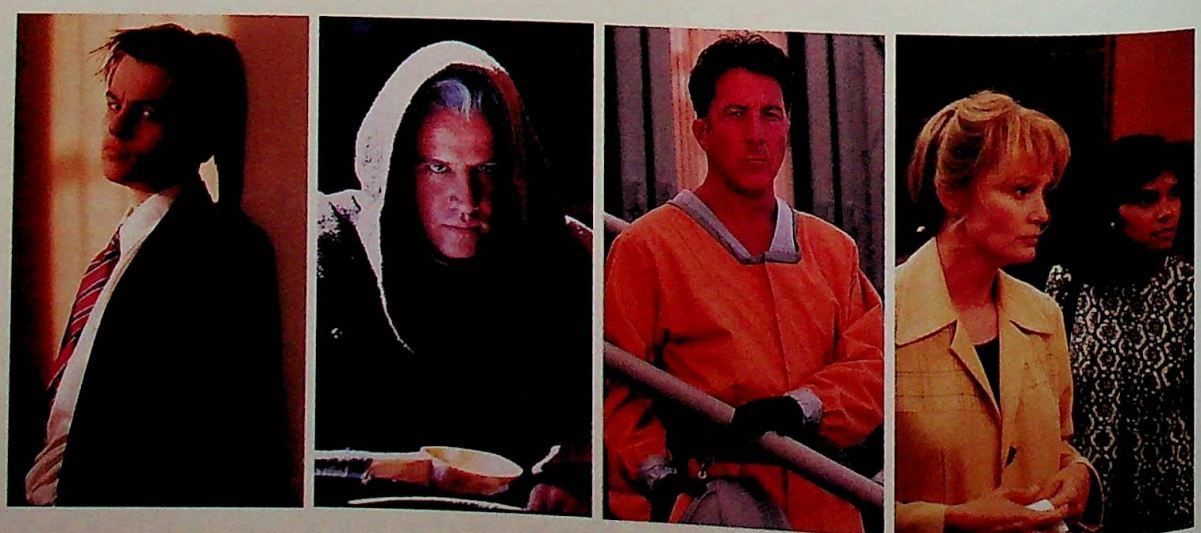
by yvette mason

Fair game, indeed: Of course, it had to happen. Somebody had to offer to make **Cindy Crawford** into a movie star. And, after all, when someone like **Rene Russo** is able to co-star with **Mel Gibson**, **Clint Eastwood** and **Dustin Hoffman**, why shouldn't Cindy give it a shot? Still, even in a town where incredibly dumb things happen every day, *Fair Game*, Cindy's film debut, looks standout dumb. Not only does Cindy star—wouldn't want to *ease* into the big-screen thing—she plays an attorney. Sure, you say, this is a **Joel Silver** picture, it's not like it's realistic. Maybe so, but it's not a comedy, either. The main point, though, is this: since we can't seem to *escape* Cindy these days, whether she's on tabloid news, on covers, or on her nitwit TV show, why would we pay money to seek her out? Oh wait, I get it—we'll pay to see her co-star, **Billy Baldwin**. Sure.

bio-madness: **Okay. This hasn't happened yet. But *the very thought* makes you wonder if everybody is even crazier than they were the last time you looked. Louis Malle is said to be trying to talk Uma Thurman into playing Marlene Dietrich. Does anyone think Uma *(a) could* play Dietrich (please go to the back of the class and see *Henry & June* again if you said yes), or *(b) should* play Dietrich when she's managed for once to do something right in *Pulp Fiction*? (Is Marlenemania in the air? Last year, we heard rumors that filmmaker Stanley Donen wanted Sharon Stone to play La Dietrich.) The other young star associated with a why-don't-you-just-jump-off-a-cliff-instead project is Leonardo DiCaprio, who may play James Dean. After Michael Mann departed this project—word has it he believed DiCaprio, his only choice, too young for the part—*Tommy* stage director Des McAnuff stepped in and before long stepped out. If DiCaprio had nothing to do with McAnuff's departure (there are those who believe he did), he should still, as this column has opined before, grab this opportunity to avoid playing Dean. Listen up, stars: doing a Hollywood bio-pic is *very difficult*. Moreover, your reward for hard work will probably be at best to receive guarded applause for verisimilitude—and even if *that* results in an Oscar nomination, it still does nothing for your career. Just ask Robert Downey Jr.**

pitt and the pendulum: After blazing into stardom with his small role in *Thelma & Louise*, then strutting his stuff in full glory in *A River Runs Through It*, **Brad Pitt** showed why few actors these days can build careers with any longevity—he willfully decided to prove he wasn't just a pretty boy by messing up his looks in the pathetic *Kalifornia* and the bomb *True Romance*. Though *Legends of the Fall* will not be seen till February, it was made before *Interview With the Vampire*, and, considered in chronological context, makes perfect sense as Pitt's return to the kind of role any career he's going to forge will be made of: he plays essentially the same character he played in *A River Runs Through It*—a carelessly glamorous, hopelessly screwed-up sexual magnet—and, as with *River*, he *is* the movie, such as it is. So, perhaps despite himself, Pitt has managed to lay down some rails to run his career on. Will he now run off them? Remember the boring superbomb *Alien*^{3} directed by over-hyped video pup **David Fincher**? Seems hard to believe, but he's going to direct Pitt's next one, *Seven*, which teams Pitt and **Morgan Freeman** as homicide detectives after a killer whose murders refer to the seven deadly sins. Since Fincher seems the director most likely to commit the deadly sin of filling a movie with pretension instead of tension, one certainly hopes there's a quality script guiding this project. After this, Pitt will work with that famous non-hitmaker **Terry Gilliam**.

In character



What are they going to do next? (From left to right): Leonardo DiCaprio bumming out in *The Basketball Diaries*; Christopher Lambert as the god of thunder in *Mortal Kombat*; Dustin Hoffman in protective gear for *Outbreak*; Jessica Lange and Halle Berry having it out in the girls' room in *Losing Isaiah*.

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by steve pond

Beethoven in Bed

From Maurice Ravel to Barry White, shrewd musicians have done pretty well by figuring out what sex ought to sound like. And movie directors have spent lots of time trying to work it out, too. While the most popular choices seem to be a little bit of panting and moaning, or some understated romantic-type music, or a touch of steamy cocktail jazz, we've also seen the dirty deed scored with everything from pulsing electronics to New Agey tinkling to pop balladry to classical music.

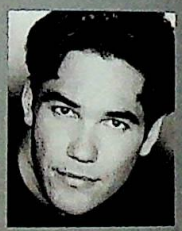
The big classical aphrodisiac, of course, is "Boléro," which long before it popped up in *10* was famous more for its alleged powers of seduction than its musical charms. But let's leave Ravel's compositional trinket and turn to somebody more substantial: Beethoven, who wrote lots of fabulous music for sex because he wrote lots of fabulous music for virtually every human endeavor that can be taken to extremes. The fictional hero of Anthony Burgess's (or Stanley Kubrick's) *A Clockwork Orange* was hardly the first to discover that the man he called "Ludwig van" created music stormily appropriate to the act he called the old in-out. The new Beethoven biopic, ***Immortal Beloved***, is considerably less nasty than that, but it makes it clear that the composer's passions were as much amorous as symphonic: "'The Dating Game' with classical music" is how co-star Valeria Golino sums it up.

Now, Sony Classical is too refined a label to sell a Beethoven album with sex, exactly; instead, they'll put out the soundtrack and hope that moviegoers drawn to Gary Oldman's smoldering antics will wind up straying out of the pop section of the record store for once. (After all, it happened with *Amadeus*.) So they've assembled the kind of collection that's de rigueur in these cases: a sampler of Mr. B's greatest hits and most familiar riffs, all of them performed exceptionally well by a collection of international heavy hitters that includes Sir Georg Solti, Emanuel Ax and Yo-Yo Ma.

Naturally, the problem with all of this is that Beethoven's greatest hits run anywhere from 15 minutes to an hour and a half, and to fit 13 of them on one album you've got to do a serious slice'n'dice job: here a largo, there a coda, rarely a whole piece. This can work on the screen, where the movie gives you context and the music provides the punctuation; at home, though, you can't help but think that a guy given to grandiose, expansive, passionate music ought not to be digested in little dribs and drabs, however swell those dribs may be.

So to say that Beethoven is much better than John Williams or Danny Elfman is not to say that he's as well-served by the soundtrack format as they are. On the other hand, *Immortal Beloved* is a varied, inviting and relatively fresh slice'n'dice sampler, as these things go—and let's face it, the end of the Ninth Symphony still sounds pretty damn orgasmic, even without the 70 minutes of foreplay that should be there. Wham, bam, thank you (Ludwig) van.

Dean Cain (actor, "Lois & Clark: The New Adventures of Superman"): "I'm not very good at answering these types of questions, but when pressed I would have to say I enjoy the soundtrack to *National Lampoon's Animal House* because it reminds me of my college days."



Cristi Conaway (actress, *Batman Returns*, *Nina Takes a Lover*): "My favorite soundtrack is *The Mission* because it's beautiful and relaxing. I love the child soprano's voice in the choir. A newer soundtrack I like is *Pulp Fiction* because it's groovy and I love singing to 'Son-of-a Preacher Man.'"

Mark Dacascos (actor, *Only the Strong*, *Double Dragon*): "I love the music from *When Harry Met Sally...* because it always manages to make me feel good. Harry Connick Jr.'s voice is classic and is just perfect for those lazy Sunday afternoons when there's nothing better to do than kick back."

Illustration: rick morris

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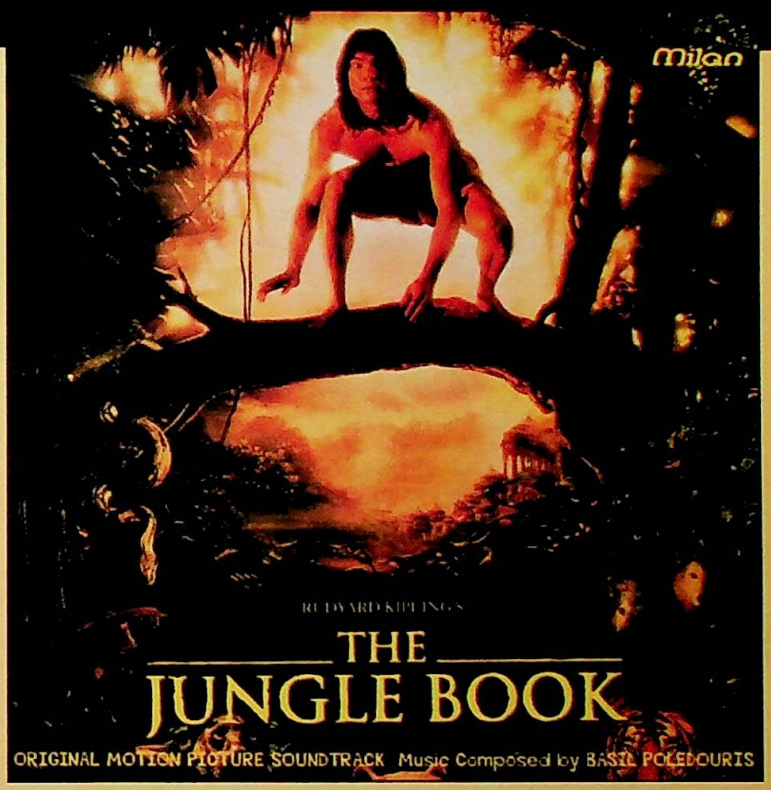

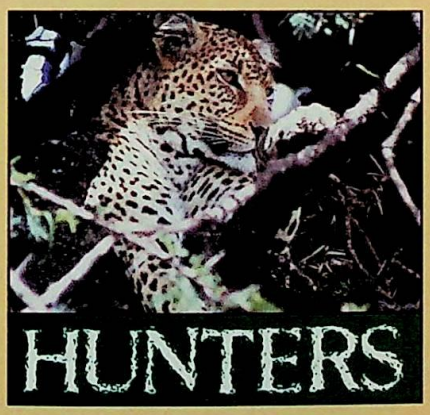

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Zalman King: Q & A

1 HOLLYWOOD KIDS: How did you get started in show biz? ZALMAN KING: I was a deep-sea diver, and got a job as an underwater electrician on a Ford TV commercial. They flew us to Nassau, put us in a beautiful hotel, paid us, and fed us great food—I was sold! **2 What was your first acting job?** I played a gang member on "Alfred Hitchcock Presents." **3 Any tales from acting on TV series like "Gunsmoke," "Bonanza" and "Daniel Boone"?** I was fired from "Daniel Boone" because I was working with Harry Dean Stanton, one of the funniest guys around. *Everything* he said was funny, and I couldn't stop laughing, so I couldn't act. **4 How did your life change when you landed the lead on the '70 TV series "The Young Lawyers"?** It was tremendous exposure for me very quickly. I was unusual as a TV leading man at the time, and I think people liked that. **5 When the big bucks came in, did you splurge?** Just lately I've bought a house, but I've always lived beneath my means so that I'd never have to do work I didn't want to do. **6 What's the one thing that's always in your refrigerator?** Beer. **7 What do you remember about starring in the '71 movie *The Ski Bum*?** I loved everything about it. I even learned to ski. **8 What do you recall about appearing in another '71 film, *You've Got to Walk It Like You Talk It or You'll Lose That Beat*?** During the first showing of the film, the theater caught fire and burned down, so we went home and had a beer. **9 Wasn't Richard Pryor one of your *Walk It* co-stars?** Yes. He did a 10-minute routine that's so funny, the rest of the film pales because of it. **10 You acted with Pryor again in the '73 movie *Some Call it Loving*. Anything unusual happen on this one?** Tisa Farrow—Mia's sister—and an English actress, Carol White, were in the film and *both* gained 35 pounds and *both* broke their right arm. Weird! **11 How did playing Christ in the '76 flick *The Passover Plot* affect your career?** After that film, I swore I'd take whatever role was offered to me next because there's a curse that goes along with playing Christ: you never work again. So, I quickly did *Blue Sunshine*. **12 What do you remember about *Blue Sunshine*?** Nothing! [*Laughing*] I was unconscious. **13 Any truth to the rumor there's a sexier cut of the '86 movie you co-produced and co-wrote, *9½ Weeks*?** I have a version of the film, which I cut myself, that's so sexy it'd blow your mind. **14 Will it ever be released?** The rights are convoluted, the company that financed it went bankrupt, but if someone had the tenacity, they'd make money. **15 What about a *9½ Weeks* sequel?** My wife [Patricia Louisianna Knop] actually wrote the sequel, *Four Days in February*, but it hasn't come together yet. **16 In '90, you directed *Wild Orchid*, which Brooke Shields backed out of due to nudity. Did you try to convince her to do it?** I'd never try to cajole or manipulate anyone into doing something they're uncomfortable with. We replaced her with Carré Otis, who has great potential. It's a shame she's not still acting. **17 What's one thing you can tell us about *Orchid* co-star Jacqueline Bisset?** She's a great cook. Some of the best dinner parties I've ever been to have been at her house. **18 What's the best part about doing your Showtime series "Red Shoe Diaries"?** I love that we have tremendous young talent coming in. Having been an actor, I know how important it is for these kids to get that first great piece of film. **19 Tell us about your new movie, *Boca*.** It's about the Brazilian kids that roam the streets robbing tourists—and one child who grows up to become a drug lord. It's a labor of love for me. **20 Your next sexy film is *Delta of Venus*. What would you like people to say when they leave the theater?** "I wish I had the courage that the lead, Audie England, has!" **21 What's a Zalman King beauty secret?** Try not to abuse yourself too many nights in a row.

A deep-sea diver turned erotic filmmaker, Zalman King—here on the set of *Delta of Venus* with stars Audie England and Costas Mandylor—says he has kept his integrity as well as a beautiful tan!

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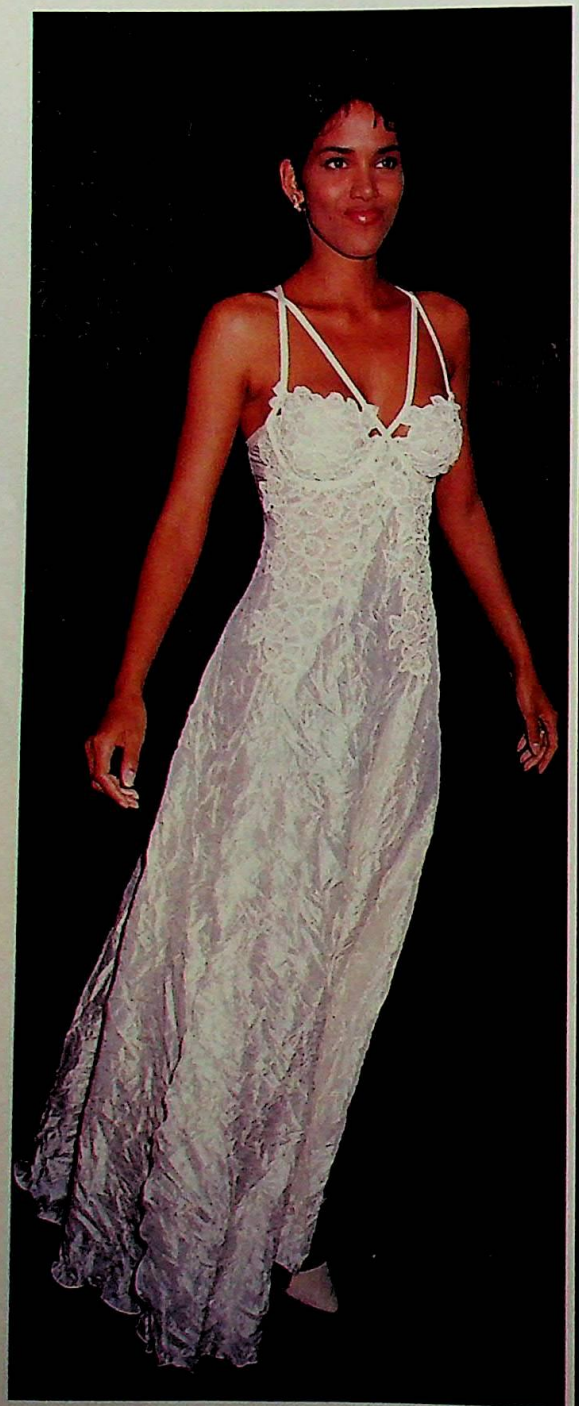
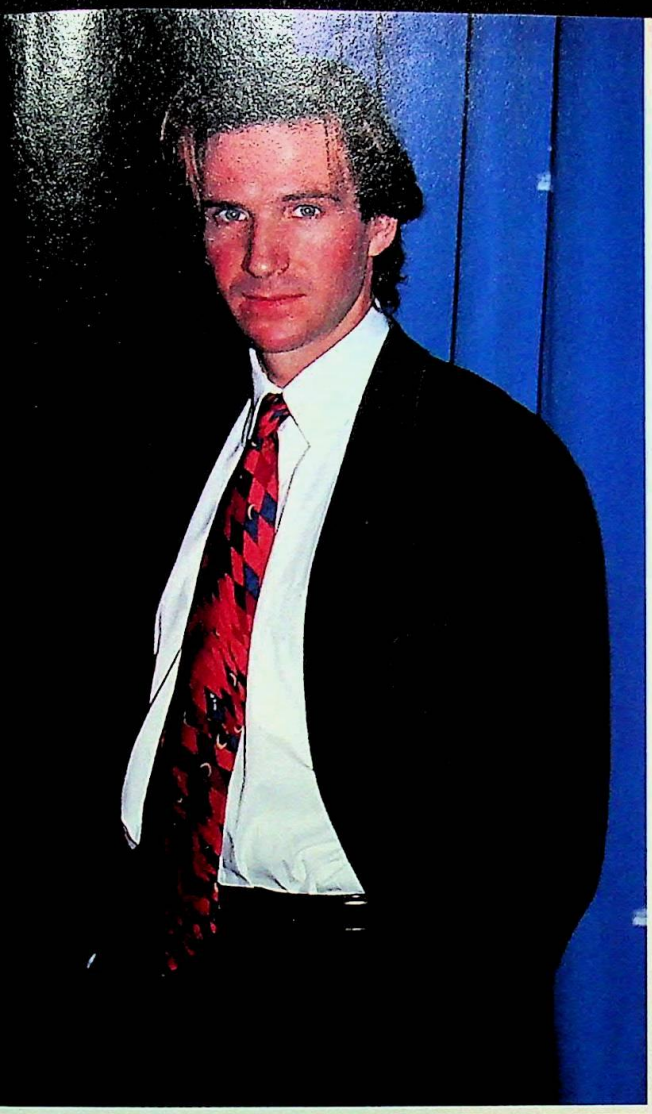
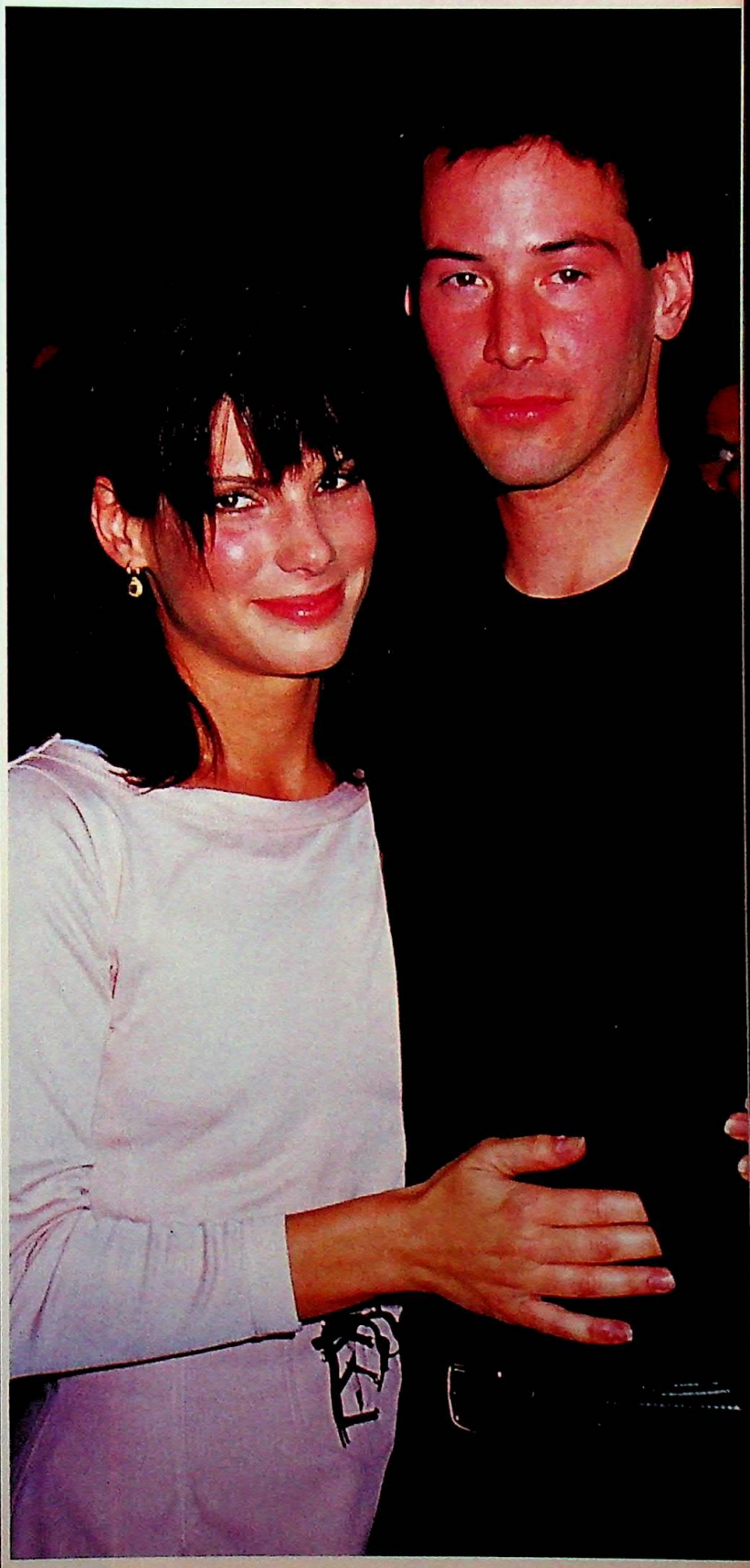


Clockwise from left: Halle Berry; Leonardo DiCaprio; Ralph Fiennes; Sandra Bullock and Keanu Reeves; Liv Tyler.





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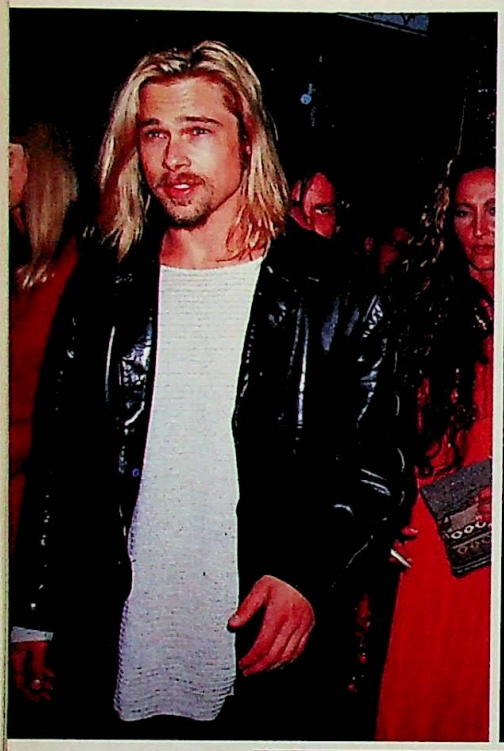

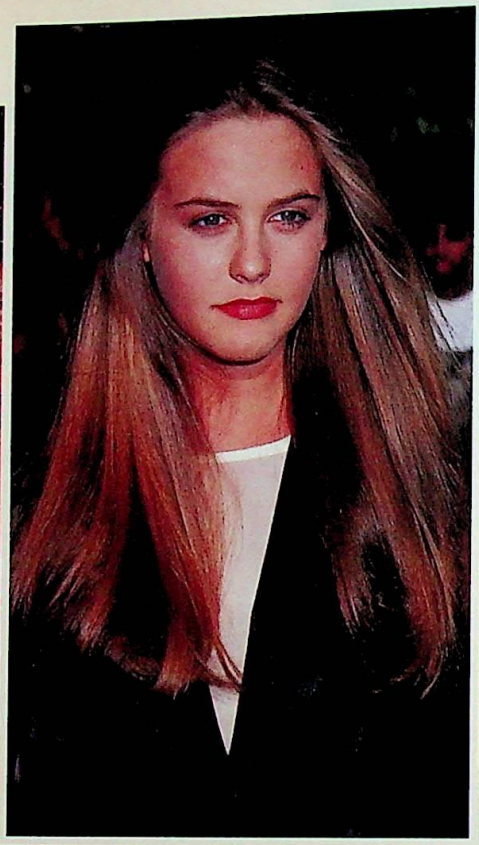

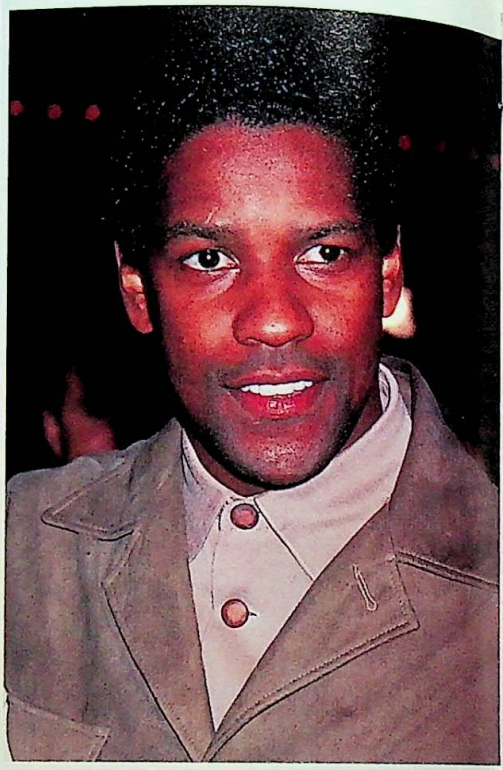

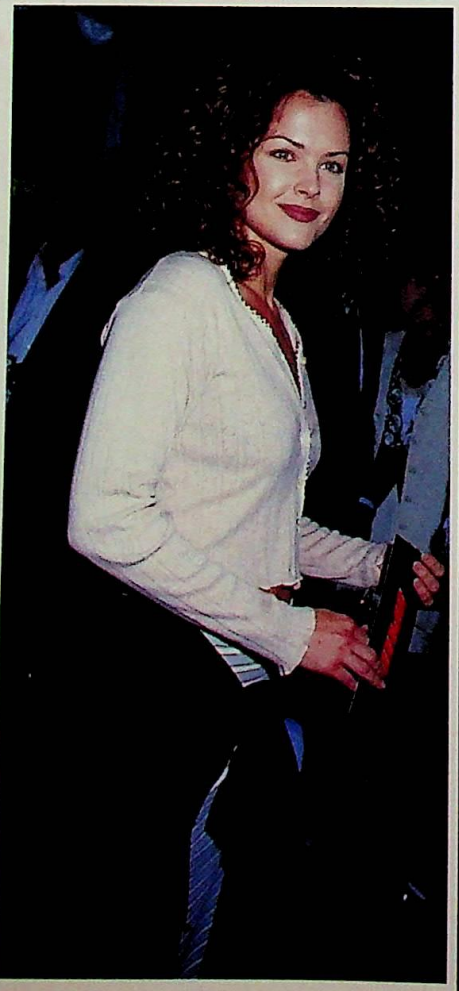

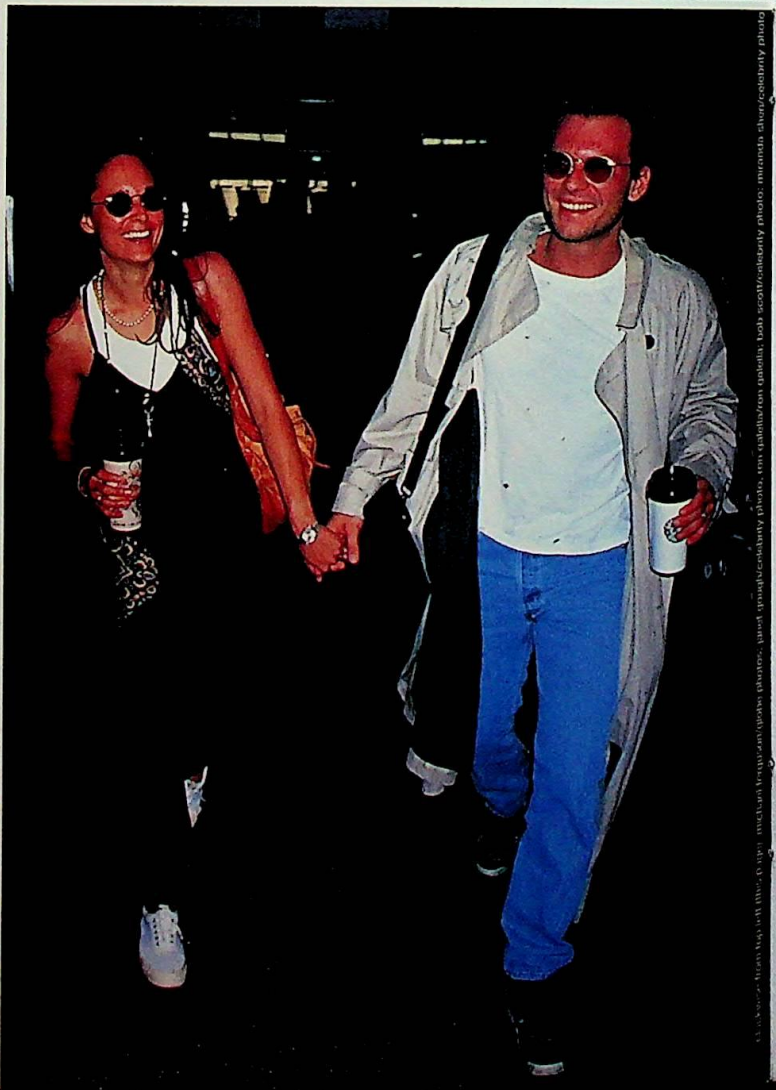

Clockwise from top left (this page): Brad Pitt; Alicia Silverstone; Denzel Washington; Christian Slater (with Nina Huang); Dina Meyer.

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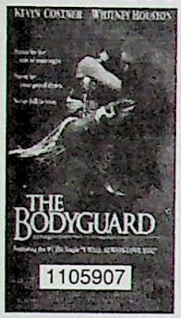

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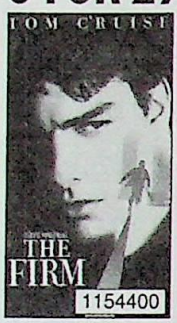

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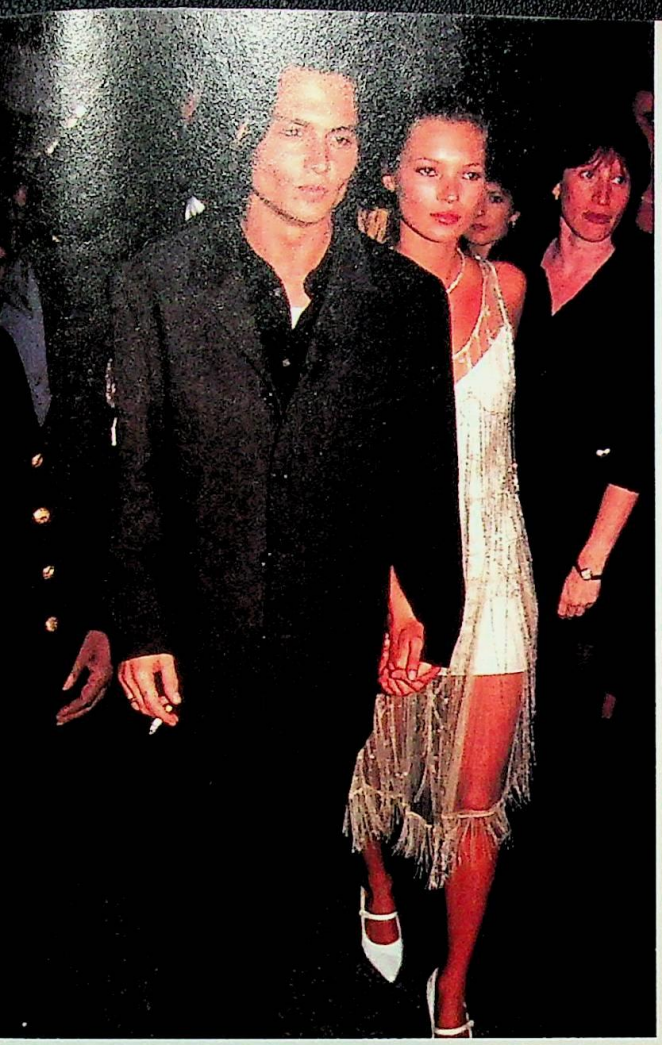
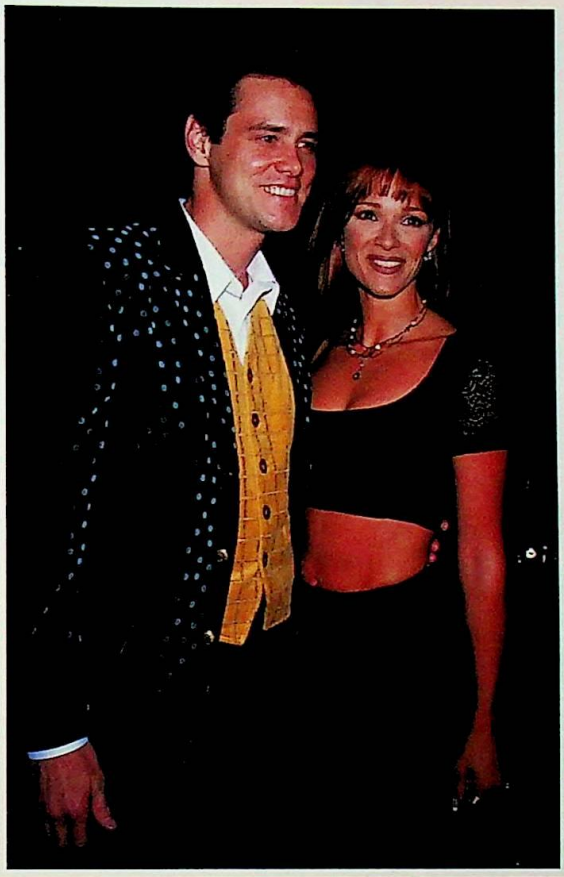
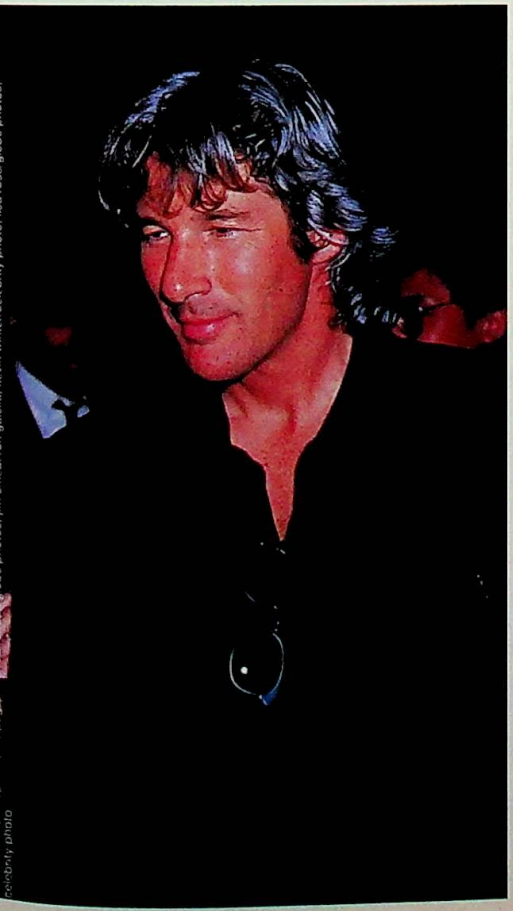
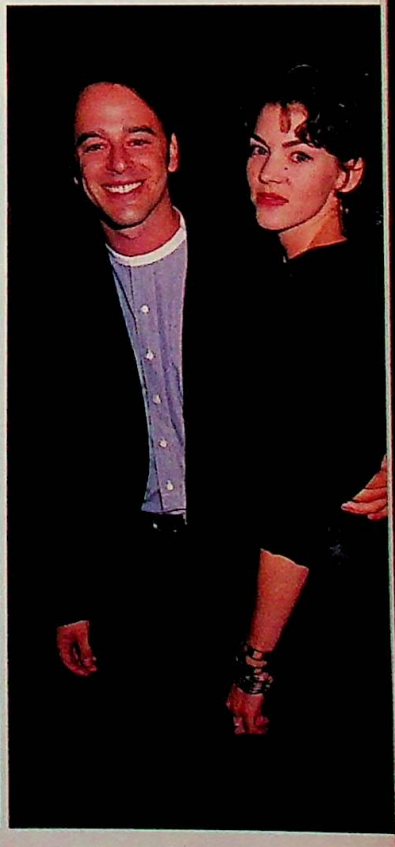




Clockwise from top left (this page): Johnny Depp and Kate Moss; Jim Carrey and Lauren Holly; Gil Bellows (with Rya Kihlstedt); Uma Thurman; Richard Gere.





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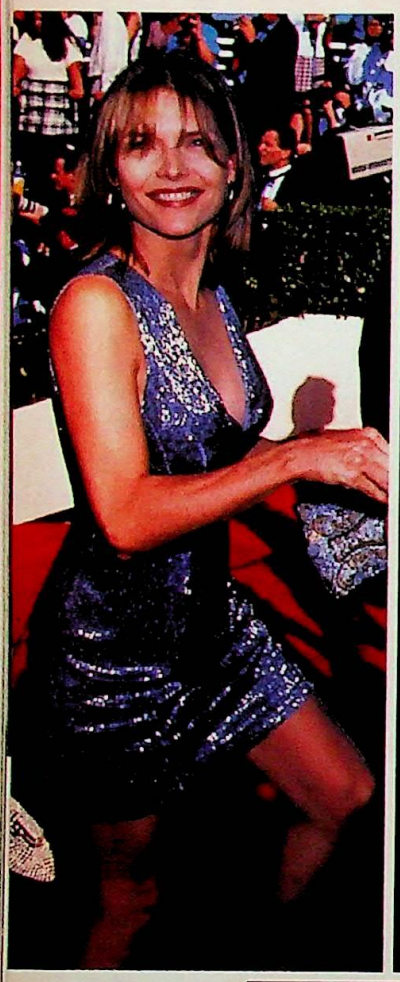
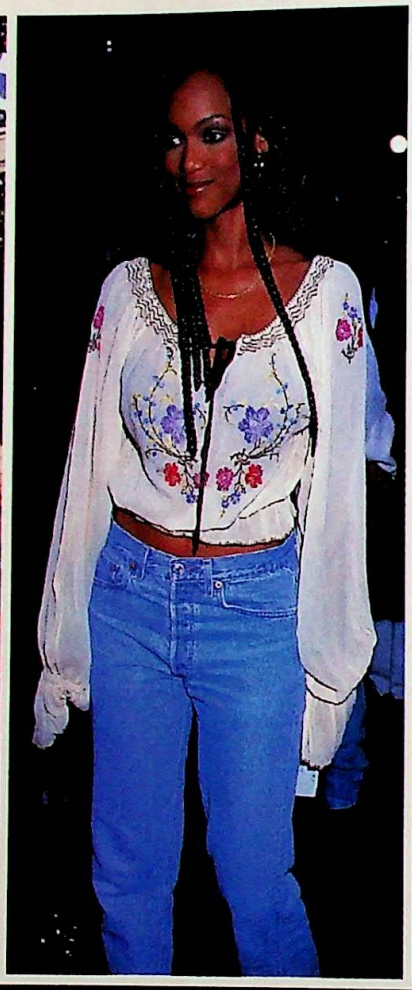
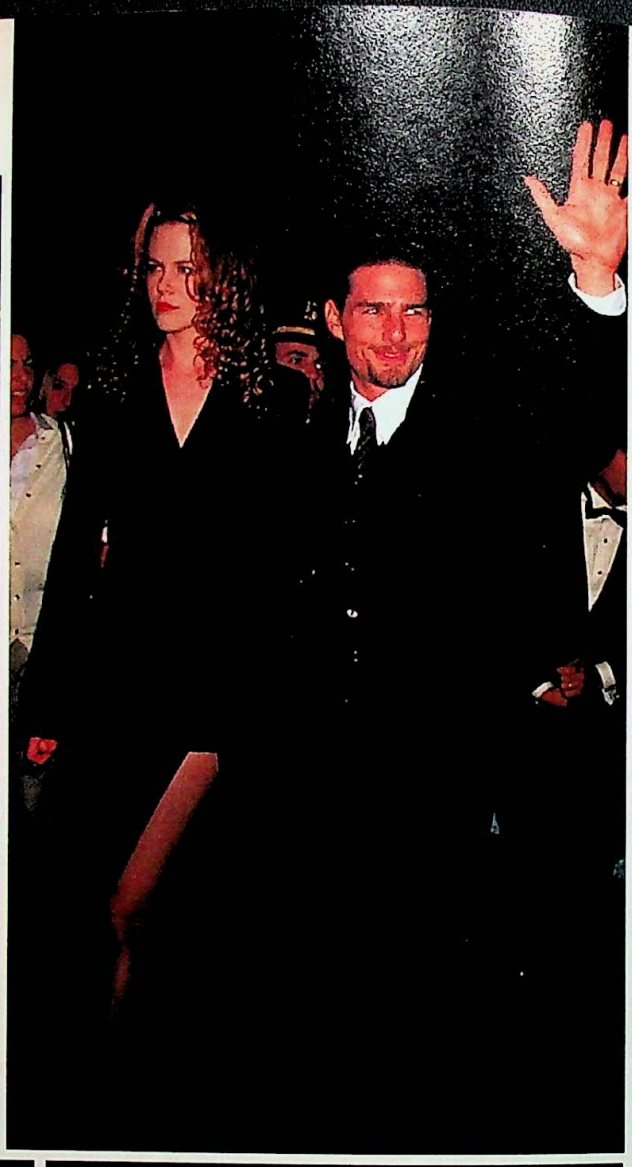
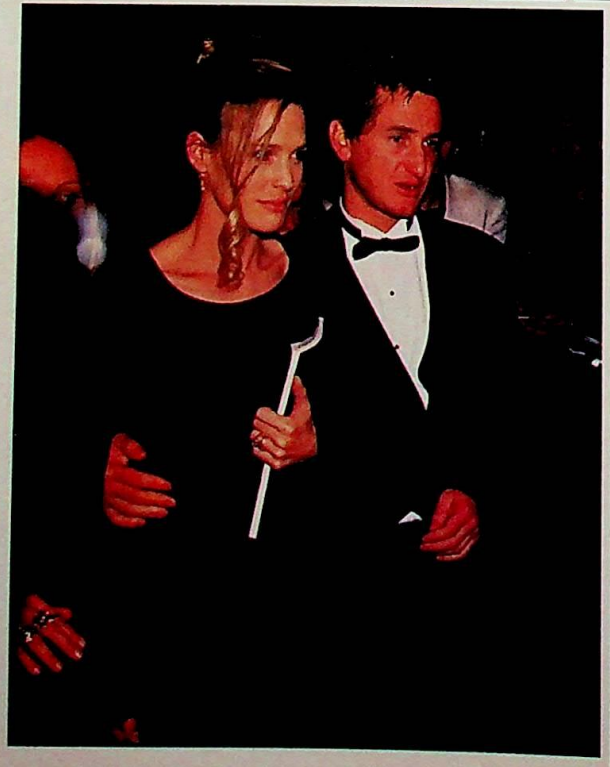
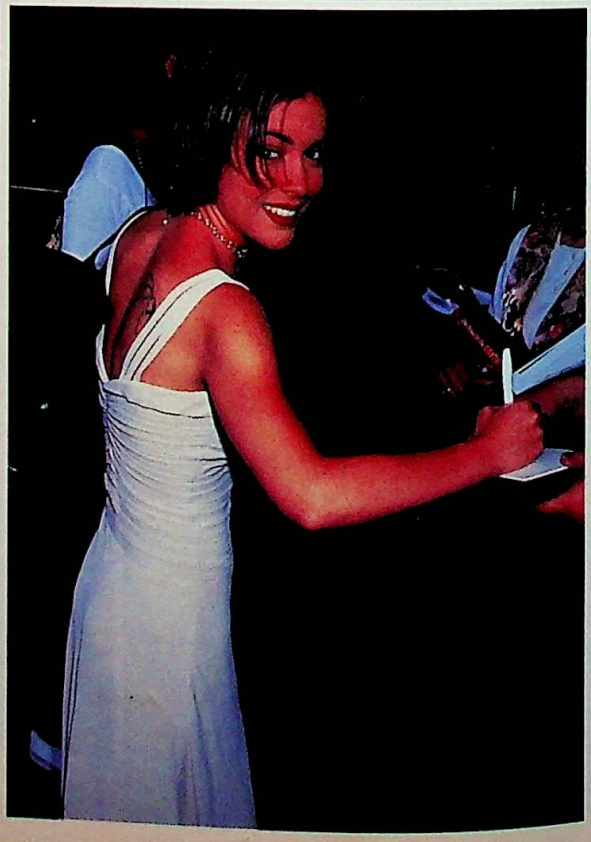




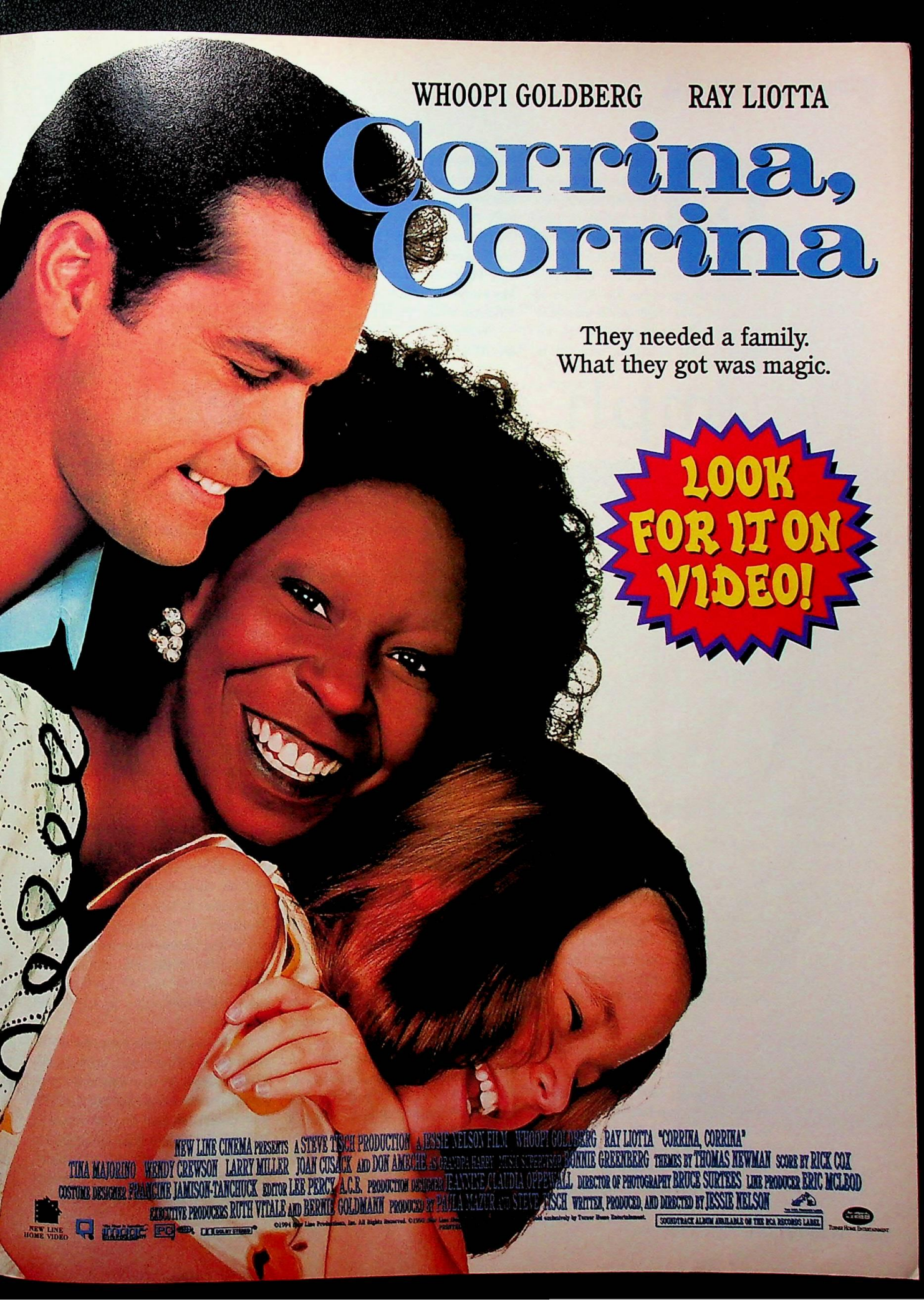






Clockwise from top left: Michelle Pfeiffer; Tyra Banks; Nicole Kidman and Tom Cruise; Alyssa Milano; Robin Wright and Sean Penn.

Clockwise from top left: jim smeal/ron galella; lisa o'connor/celebrity photo; victor malafronte/celebrity photo; jim smeal/ron galella; jim smeal/ron galella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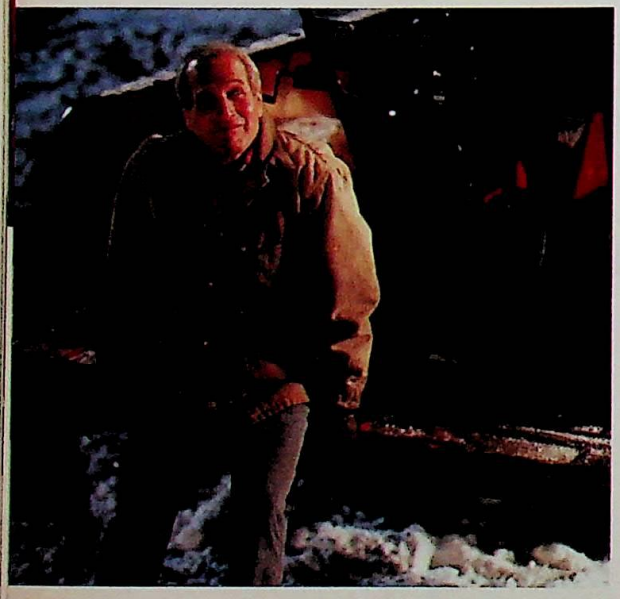
Triumph and Defeat

Paul Newman turns on the old star-power in *Nobody's Fool*. Tom Cruise loses it in *Interview With the Vampire*.

No actor can count on a trouble-free career. Even the biggest stars can suddenly find themselves on the dust heap. Look at Meryl Streep, reduced to taking schlocky roles in *The River Wild* and the upcoming *The Bridges of Madison County* in a desperate attempt to keep her cachet. Because it's so easy for actors to make disastrous missteps in their efforts to court a fickle public, it's a pleasure to see someone triumph over time. Paul Newman has been a part of our moviegoing lives for 40 years, and in ***Nobody's Fool***, he's still riveting. Robert Benton's movie isn't much more than a showcase for Newman, but that turns out to be more than enough. Newman is still astonishingly handsome, the best advertisement for aging since Cary Grant retired. And he commands the screen without the slightest strain.



Old Faithful: Paul Newman in Robert Benton's *Nobody's Fool*.

His character, Sully, a construction worker in upstate New York, is a failure by almost any standard. He abandoned his family as a young man, and he's barely able to make a living. He's selfish and irresponsible, yet the boss he's cheated, the new husband of his ex-wife, even the son whom he's ignored for most of his life, all have a soft spot for Sully. With Paul Newman playing the part, the whole story falls into place. Newman's own charisma enhances the character's charisma. Newman doesn't hide Sully's failings, but he also makes us understand why everybody indulges Sully; his charm outweighs his recklessness.

When he was younger, Newman specialized in playing bitter, sardonic characters (in such memorable films as *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, *The Hustler* and *Hud*) who kept us on edge. In *Nobody's Fool*, when Sully talks about his father's drunkenness, we can see traces of that angry young man, but now he's more philosophical and forgiving; the fires are banked. There's continuity between Newman's youthful roles and this shambling old man. The mellowness that Newman exudes now is the most graceful way that Fast Eddie or Cool Hand Luke might have aged.

Robert Benton has shown before that he has a fine feeling for the rhythms of small-town life. Everything is wrapped up a little too neatly, in the emphatic feel-good style that Hollywood favors. But we don't begrudge Newman his happy ending. The final shot is a closeup of his contented smile, and his smile mirrors our own reaction. When a true star has a role that fits him, he seems to burst the two dimensions of the screen. We feel protective of Newman's Sully and savor the two hours we spend in his company.

Newman tried to pass the mantle to Tom Cruise when they appeared together in *The Color of Money*. But it's doubtful whether Cruise will be able to fill the great star's shoes. Newman made some miscalculations in his long career, but he never embarrassed himself in quite the same way that Tom Cruise does in ***Interview With the Vampire***. Most of Cruise's roles have traded on his boyish persona, and *Interview* makes it clear that he has nothing else to offer. He doesn't have the size or stature or style to play a great villain like the vampire Lestat. He can't even wear the 18th-century costumes without looking like a kid at a Halloween party.

Cruise has never had any vocal power. Trying to seem suavely sinister, he lowers his voice to a whisper and still chirps like a Valley boy. Exploding in rage, he sounds not like a demon unleashed but like a tot throwing a tantrum. Worst of all, he doesn't have the smoldering adult sexuality that the part requires. To tell the truth, he's never been an erotic actor. His only good sex scenes—as in *Risky Business*—came when he was being seduced. Playing the seducer, he simply has no danger.

Cruise's performance is far from the only thing wrong with Neil Jordan's movie. It has repulsive moments but no real suspense and no sensuality either. Still, the thing might have worked with another actor in Cruise's part. Brad Pitt is sympathetic as the tormented Louis, and late in the movie Antonio Banderas makes a striking entrance, offering a hint of the perverse, teasing eroticism the movie might have had if he had played Lestat.

The saddest thing about the whole enterprise is what it reveals about Hollywood's capacity for self-delusion. Everybody knew from the first instant it was announced that Tom Cruise was miscast—but a lot of smart people found ways to rationalize the blunder because the bucks were big. The movie may well make money, but no matter how many

by stephen farber

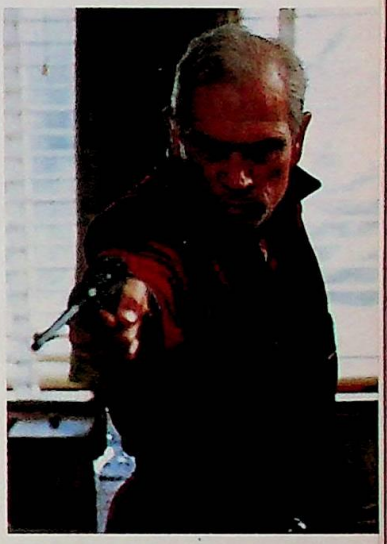
Premieres

zillions it grosses, Tom Cruise will forever after be something of a joke. With his fangs and blond locks, he's given comedians a rich mother lode of material for years to come, and that's not the best way for a star to assure his immortality.

We're all hypnotized by stars, but sometimes it can be even more exciting to come upon fresh talent. ***Federal Hill***, a story of five working-class pals in Providence, Rhode Island, recalls many other movies (like *Diner* and *GoodFellas*) about bands of male friends. But writer-director-producer Michael Corrente enlivens the material with astute observation and filmmaking panache. The black-and-white photography is seductive, and the performances are often stunning. Anthony DeSando, as the heartthrob who initiates a doomed romance with an aristocratic Brown coed, has the good looks and cocky charm that make us eager to follow his career. And Nicholas Turturro, playing a hostile petty thief, illuminates the character's demons, discovering tenderness as well as rage in one of the year's richest portrayals.

Similarly, Ken Loach's ***Ladybird, Ladybird*** has a gritty authenticity that makes even Hollywood's most realistic movies seem like cotton candy confections. Based on a disturbing true story, it's about a woman who has her children taken away by the British social services because of her own abusive behavior. Loach indicts the insensitivity of English bureaucracy, but he doesn't sentimentalize the character of Maggie; her volatile temper and her mood swings make her home a dangerous place for her children. Making her film debut, Crissy Rock has the kind of sizzling impact that no movie star could possibly have. She's like a force of nature; her cries of anguish when her children are taken from her are the howls of a wounded animal. For all the pleasure of seeing seasoned stars in roles that have been tailored to their talents, there's nothing quite like the electricity of a brand new performer whose very unfamiliarity helps her to rip through the screen and shatter our emotions.

Cobb. Ron Shelton's recent sports movies have really been anti-sports movies. His script for *Blue Chips* indicted corruption in college basketball, and his portrait of baseball legend Ty Cobb exposes the great slugger as a vicious bigot and thug. Tommy Lee Jones roars through the role with savage force. The movie spends too much time on a sportswriter (lamely played by Robert Wuhl) hired to immortalize Cobb, but when Jones is front and center, the movie mesmerizes.



Tommy Lee Jones as *Cobb*.

Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle is so much more interesting than most movies these days that its failures are all the more disappointing. Alan Rudolph's passion for the period carries you along, but the heart of the story—the unrequited love between Dorothy Parker and Robert Benchley—is missing a few of the crucial dramatic beats; their relationship disintegrates offscreen. Jennifer Jason Leigh mumbles maddeningly and swallows much of the genuinely witty dialogue. Campbell Scott, on the other hand, is superb as Benchley; he catches the surface dazzle and the troubled soul of this debonair literary showman.

A Man of No Importance is an exceedingly odd Irish film about a middle-aged bus conductor who's obsessed with Oscar Wilde but doesn't seem to recognize his own sexual orientation. Even granting that people were more repressed 30 years ago, when the story is set, its psychological underpinnings never make sense. Albert Finney compounds the problem by failing to convey any physical desire in his scenes with the handsome bus driver who intrigues him.

Colonel Chabert, drawn from Balzac's novel, is sumptuously mounted, but it has the static, soporific pace of the dullest episodes of Masterpiece Theatre. Gérard Depardieu lumbers through the movie without ever engaging us.

Kenneth Branagh, Robert De Niro in *Mary Shelley's Frankenstein*.

Red Firecracker, Green Firecracker, a tale of forbidden love and labor unrest in a fireworks factory in rural China, has the stately visual beauty we have seen in many recent Chinese films. But it also has a sensuality and a romantic spirit that we aren't so accustomed to encountering. The two attractive leading actors, Ning Jing and Wu Gang, set off fireworks of their own.

StarGate is an instant camp classic. Who could have imagined a cross between *The Ten Commandments* and *The Wizard of Oz*, spruced up with laser guns and wookies? Jaye Davidson plays the wicked witch of outer space—an androgynous despot with long fingernails and evil eyes. The whole extravaganza is fast-paced and compulsively watchable, in a way that only a truly demented movie can be.

Mary Shelley's Frankenstein. Kenneth Branagh's directing style is soupy and derivative of all the wrong movies. The swirling aerial shots of the Swiss Alps make you think you've wandered into a remake of *The Sound of Music*, and the scenes between the Creature and a blind man have unfortunate echoes of *Young Frankenstein*. In the last half hour, however, several potent, macabre images finally achieve the mix of horror and romantic tragedy that Branagh must have been seeking all along.

Our intrepid reporter travels to Italy to talk to Susan Sarandon about what's needed in romantic relationships, why her kids don't watch her movies and where she puts her hands during sex scenes.

Susan Sarandon ON MOVIES, MEN AND MOTHERHOOD

by martha frankel

When I was asked if I'd travel to Rome to interview Susan Sarandon, I said, "Are you kidding? I'd interview *anybody* if it meant a trip to Italy." While that's mostly true, it's no reflection on my admiration for Sarandon.

With over 30 films since her 1970 debut in *Joe*, she is one of Hollywood's busiest actresses, one of its most versatile, and perhaps the most outspoken. Certainly she—along with her companion since 1988, Tim Robbins—made more headlines for her speech about the plight of HIV positive Haitians on the 1993 Oscar telecast than all the ink she received each of the three times she's been nominated for an Academy Award (for *Atlantic City*, *Thelma & Louise* and *Lorenzo's Oil*). She could yet cop the prize; give her time. Sarandon is one star who seems to be finding better parts as she matures, and this year alone she has three possible shots with roles in *The Client*, *Little Women* and *Safe Passage*.

When I showed up at her hotel

suite, I noticed right away that Sarandon looks much younger in real life than she does on-screen. What I discovered as we talked is that she's more relaxed in person—easier, quicker to laugh—than she often seems in interviews.

MARTHA FRANKEL: First things first. Pronounce your last name for us, since I've heard it pronounced quite a few different ways.

SUSAN SARANDON: It's Sarandon, like abandon.

Q: I'm thrilled to be in Rome, but why are you here?

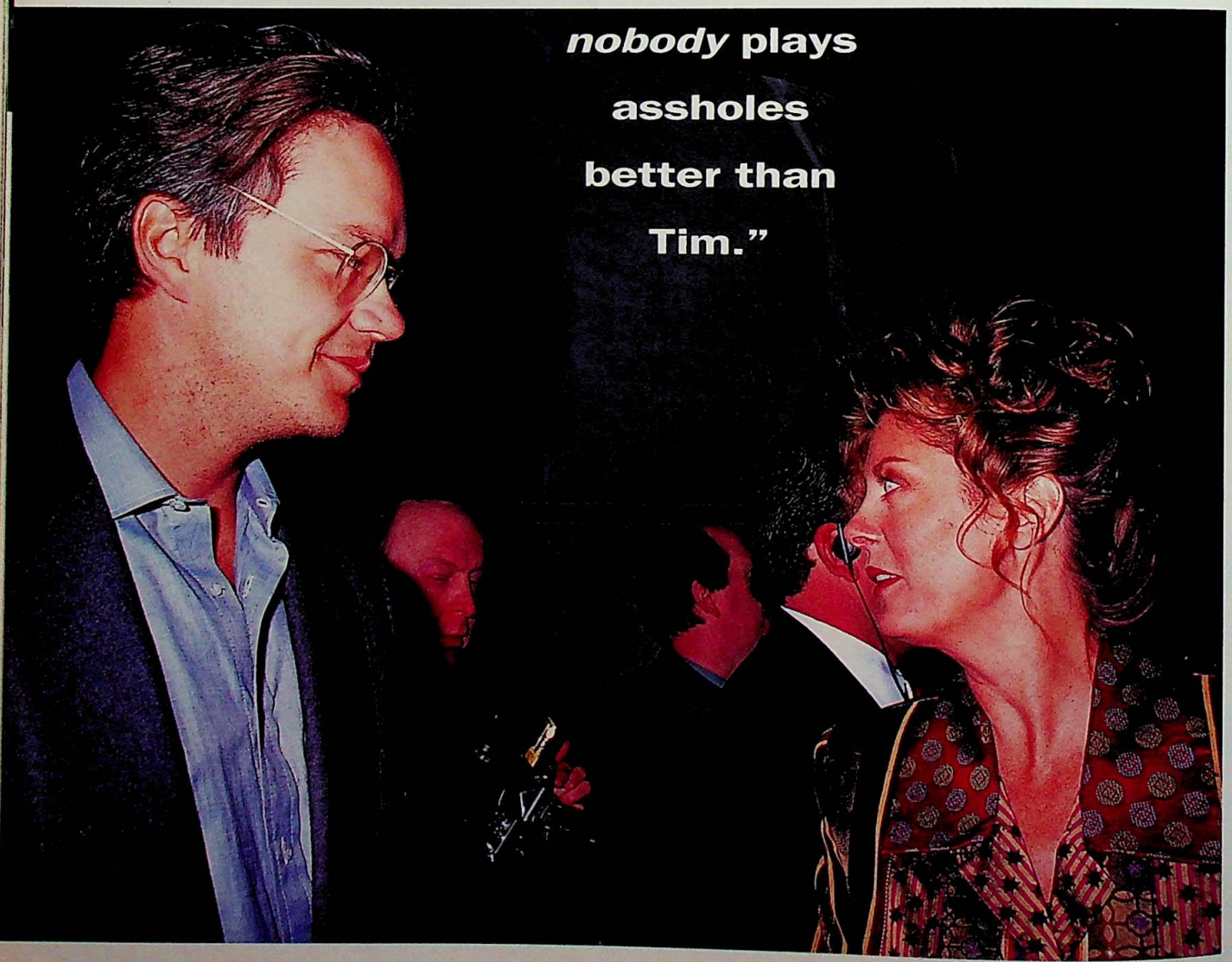
A: My daughter [Eva, nine] came to see her father [Italian director Franco Amurri] and then after she was here for three weeks, we joined them. Tim and I and the boys [Jack Henry, five, and Miles, two] went to visit a friend in Ravello, then we went to Sardinia and hung out, and then we came here.

Q: You've been with Tim Robbins since making *Bull Durham* in 1988. Are you two getting married? That's what all the papers in America are saying.

A: I can't believe they're interested. I can understand why people are interested in Michael Jackson and Lisa Marie, but why would they care about me and Tim? First of all, I would never give a great party when I had to chase around a two year old. So I would wait until everyone could have a good time. That's my answer.

Q: Speaking of children, women I know found it heartbreaking that in *The Client* you played a recovering alcoholic who doesn't have contact

"All these actors who don't mind being unsympathetic are, to me, really the best in the business . . . *nobody* plays assholes better than Tim."



opening spread: timothy white; left: sygma

with her own children.

A: It's always much more interesting to play ambiguous characters. I know that all these guys like [Arnold] Schwarzenegger and [Sylvester] Stallone always play these heroes who are heroic from the moment you see them, but for me it's much more interesting to play an ordinary person who, under some circumstance, in spite of all h

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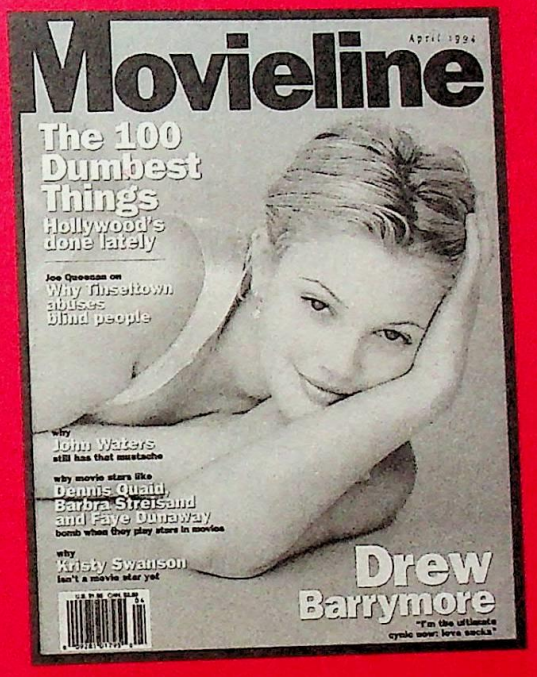
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Why Kristy Swanson isn't a movie star yet
Drew Barrymore
"I'm the ultimate cynic now: love sucks"

how you [illegible] good name. Which I don't really understand . . .

A: When I had my daughter, people said to me, "You're not gonna be independent, you're not gonna have your freedom, you're not gonna have all the time you're used to." And I thought back on my life and thought, *that* was freedom? It's been a nightmare. I've had enough freedom to last two lifetimes.

Q: Why is it that people cannot deal with actresses when they get older, and they feel they have to write them off as mothers or . . .

A: Maybe it's because we're such a young country that we haven't resolved the issue of our mothers, and so many men trade in their women for younger versions. It seems to be all right to have sex with very young women, but not with someone your own age. Of course, the minute that a woman's with somebody younger . . .

Q: Like you and Tim?

A: Yes, which I don't even think about. It only exists in the United States. Because here, in Italy, they saw *White Palace* as a movie about class, not age. In other countries they allow women to be so many more things, and mother-

[illegible]

A: "The celebrity breasts of the summer." Which made me wonder what was coming in the fall! There are people who have taken off their clothes and done a lot more. In *White Palace*, there was an incredibly sexual scene which I was very nervous about . . .

Q: The blow job scene?

A: [*Laughing*] Yes. What happened in that scene was a complete diagram of what the rest of the movie was about. Every beat of that scene was very clearly designated. I think it's very hard to be naked in a scene and *not* be upstaged by your nipples. People don't even hear what you're saying for the first 30 seconds if you're standing there nude, so it has to be for some very specific reason. And you have to know what the scene is about. I remember when we did that scene in *White Palace*, I was always saying things like, "But how could I be doing that because, really, where are my hands now?"

Q: Don't get me started on this. I go crazy when I watch sex scenes, because they don't have to worry about straining their necks or choking or . . .

A: Exactly. Thank God Jimmy Spader

person to work with.

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[Scott, the director].

Q: What about *The Witches of Eastwick*? You had originally been offered the role that eventually went to Cher. . .

A: Yes, in hindsight I'm proud of myself that I took an absolutely humiliating experience and turned it into a fairly decent performance. I was given my role very shortly before we began shooting.

Q: I wondered whether, considering Jack's rep, the three of you worried who Nicholson thought was the best kisser.

A: Believe me, I was more worried about learning the cello. I learned a lot from *Witches of Eastwick*, more to do with life lessons than acting. I learned a lot about the business, I learned a lot about blaming yourself for being taken advantage of, and how destruc-

suite, I noticed right away that Sarandon looks much younger in real life than she does on-screen. What I discovered as we talked is that she's more relaxed in person—easier, quicker to laugh—than she often seems in interviews.

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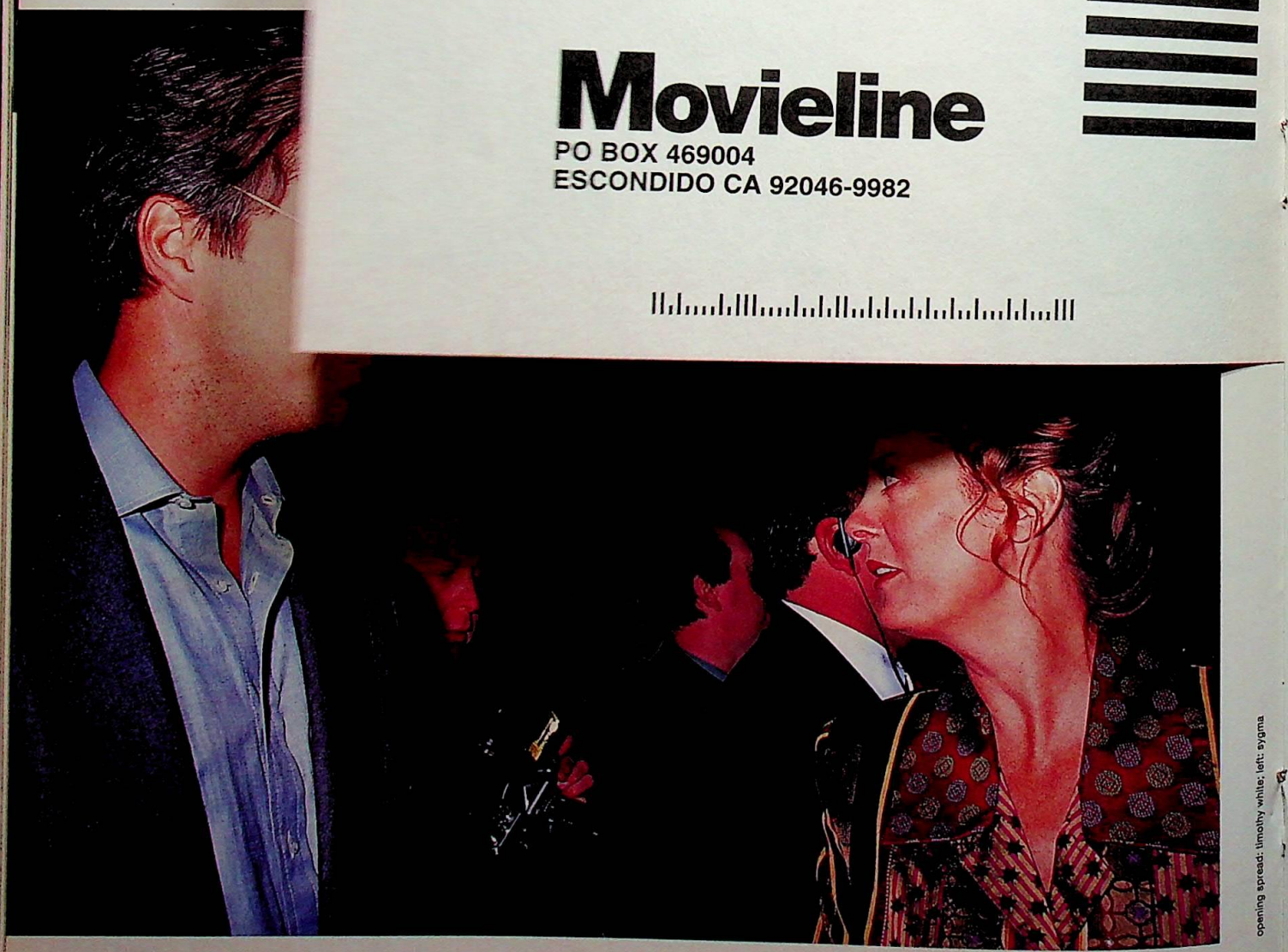

opening spread: timothy white; left: sygma

with her own children.

A: It's always much more interesting to play ambiguous characters. I know that all these guys like [Arnold] Schwarzenegger and [Sylvester] Stallone always play these heroes who are heroic from the moment you see them, but for me it's much more interesting to play an ordinary person who, under some circumstance, in spite of all her pain and damage and frailty, does an extraordinary thing. And really, that's everybody. As I tell my kids, "Making mistakes is your job in life. You're *supposed* to make mistakes. You're supposed to learn from them and you're supposed to go on until you die. Make them faster than I made mine, but you will definitely make them."

Q: And try not to make them in public.

A: I never thought of that, but that's another good advisory.

Q: You were the oldest of nine children, right? What was your role in the family?

A: I was the mother of everybody. And it took me a long time to understand that I didn't have to mother every guy I was with. When I stopped doing that, things got better. When I became a mother, all of these things I had been practicing with grown men made sense, because this was the right time to do it.

Q: Much has been written about how you've given motherhood a good name. Which I don't really understand . . .

A: When I had my daughter, people said to me, "You're not gonna be independent, you're not gonna have your freedom, you're not gonna have all the time you're used to." And I thought back on my life and thought, *that* was freedom? It's been a nightmare. I've had enough freedom to last two lifetimes.

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Q: Can your children watch any of your movies?

A: My kids don't *want* to watch any of my movies! They tried—Eva watched about 30 seconds of *Lorenzo's Oil*—forget it, that was it. They've gone with me when I've done "Sesame Street," so they watch that. For two seconds they expressed an interest in *Bull Durham* and we started to think about it, but we're not ready for that yet.

Q: When you first started making films, it seems like you were always photographed naked or making love...

A: Not true. If you look back on it, my first love scene was with Catherine Deneuve in *The Hunger*. In *Atlantic City*, there are those scenes where I'm rubbing lemons on my breasts, but that's just a voyeuristic thing. And in *Pretty Baby*, I don't have a love scene and I'm not completely naked. I just show my breasts.

Q: Didn't *Playboy* say something like you had the best tits in the movies?

A: "The celebrity breasts of the summer." Which made me wonder what was coming in the fall! There are people who have taken off their clothes and done a lot more. In *White Palace*, there was an incredibly sexual scene which I was very nervous about . . .

Q: The blow job scene?

A: [*Laughing*] Yes. What happened in that scene was a complete diagram of what the rest of the movie was about. Every beat of that scene was very clearly designated. I think it's very hard to be naked in a scene and *not* be upstaged by your nipples. People don't even hear what you're saying for the first 30 seconds if you're standing there nude, so it has to be for some very specific reason. And you have to know what the scene is about. I remember when we did that scene in *White Palace*, I was always saying things like, "But how could I be doing that because, really, where are my hands now?"

Q: Don't get me started on this. I go crazy when I watch sex scenes, because they don't have to worry about straining their necks or choking or . . .

A: Exactly. Thank God Jimmy Spader was such a great person to work with. All these actors who don't mind being unsympathetic are, to me, really the best in the business. Whether it's Jimmy Spader or Chris Walken or Tim Robbins or Jack Nicholson or Robert De Niro or Harvey Keitel, these are the guys who have some depth. The ones that are afraid to have a bad side are just boring.

Q: Let's talk about *The Hunger*, which lots of men still adore because of that love scene between you and Catherine Deneuve.

A: They changed the ending, which was supposed to be that I die and she lives—that I don't want to be transfused without my permission. For me, it was about whether or not you choose to live forever, if it's a life of addiction. Well, they decided that my character was very likable and that I should live somehow, after setting up every convention for me to die. But I had a great time with both Catherine and [David] Bowie, and I adore Tony [Scott, the director].

Q: What about *The Witches of Eastwick*? You had originally been offered the role that eventually went to Cher...

A: Yes, in hindsight I'm proud of myself that I took an absolutely humiliating experience and turned it into a fairly decent performance. I was given my role very shortly before we began shooting.

Q: I wondered whether, considering Jack's rep, the three of you worried who Nicholson thought was the best kisser.

A: Believe me, I was more worried about learning the cello. I learned a lot from *Witches of Eastwick*, more to do with life lessons than acting. I learned a lot about the business, I learned a lot about blaming yourself for being taken advantage of, and how destruc-

tive that can be. And then I worked with [director] George Miller *again*, so what can I say?

Q: Okay, you're just a glutton for punishment. *Lorenzo's Oil*, which Miller also directed, is probably the most depressing movie ever made.

A: I knew the story of Lorenzo and I had been in awe of Michaela [Lorenzo's mother] and had been interested in that story for so many years, even before George Miller found it.

"I think it's very hard to be naked in a scene and *not* be upstaged by your nipples."

Q: Could you believe how hard the critics were on Nick Nolte, how they harped on his accent?

A: No, I don't understand. He, in fact, sounded exactly like the character. I thought it was an incredibly brave performance, to conquer the science and to make it live was remarkable. It was a very dry script.

Q: I know some women who do not believe that Thelma and Louise died at the end of *Thelma & Louise*.

A: What do they think happened when the car went over the cliff?

Q: I think that there are some women who really felt empowered by those two women, who saw something in them that they'd like to see in themselves. They just couldn't bear that after finally finding their own strength, they had to die.

A: Well, it's a movie convention, a heroic convention, and before I agreed to do it, I said, "I wanna know that I *do* die, right? You're not gonna have me in Club Med at the end, are you? If the studio tests it in the Valley, you're still not gonna change this, right?" And Ridley [Scott, the director] said, "All right, there's a chance that Thelma [Geena Davis's character] won't die. We'll see when we get there. But you will definitely die, whether you push her out of the car or whatever, you will definitely die at the end."

Q: Because jail would have been worse for that character?

A: Yeah, absolutely. And it's like *Jules and Jim* or *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*. Again, it's a movie convention. The challenge was to make suicide an exhilarating experience. You have to set that up within some kind of heroic context or it won't work. That was a question from the very beginning that worried me. And when I asked for the scene in the desert where Louise gets out and it's quiet and she's just staring and you don't know what she's thinking, but you feel that she's made her mind up, I thought that scene made it clear.

Q: Didn't you convince Ridley to do the scene where Louise trades away her jewelry?

A: Yes. I had lots of ideas, but he bought those two. It's like she was beyond all of the stuff, she just needs to be pure now, and she is kind of getting ready for some kind of rite of passage. I felt that it was my duty to literally and figuratively drive the movie, that I was the one that had the moral crisis, that I was the one who'd killed the man and therefore it had to come to some kind of reckoning. And so, at that point in the film, just to have that little grace note . . . being an ex-hippie, I liked the ambiguity, not having any dialogue.

Q: I interviewed Geena Davis right after *Thelma & Louise*, and she was completely floored over all the backlash that was hitting the film.

A: Clearly it had nothing to do with the reasons that people talked about, because it is not male-bashing. The body count is nothing compared with movies where people are killed for much less reason. All I can say is that I never anticipated any of it, either the positive or the negative response. I never expected it to be so strong. I've gotten mail from men who were so moved and I know that it is a film that went over really well in, for instance, black neighborhoods. They knew exactly what was coming down, they were two steps ahead, and they didn't seem to be threatened.

Q: You mentioned testing movies in the Valley—what do you think of test-screening films?

A: Sometimes they test things and they don't trust the audience. Two people in a test group say, "Was he related to her or what was happening there?" And they go, uh-oh, gotta put in a voice-over, because they *always* want to appeal to the lowest common denominator to get those extra bucks. Does that mean that [the actor is then] beholden to have sex with animals if they decide that they should put it in afterwards? I don't know legally what the test of that is.

Q: I don't know either.

A: You know what they'll do? They'll just take you from another film, like they did in *Forrest Gump*, and then they'll make up the footage.

Q: What do you think about that? That's scary, isn't it?

A: I think we're gonna have to start patenting ourselves or something, or owning our images. A lot of actors are talking about it already. Because clearly it's something to be dealt with. I mean, it's a clumsy version in *Forrest Gump*, but it's a beginning, and it will get better, and then they can do away with us completely . . . I think that they should just stop breaking our hearts and they should dictate from the very beginning who they want to be in the film and what they want to have happen, so at least, when you make a movie, you won't be so devastated when they call you in to reshoot the whole thing.

Q: Have you been on movies that have been reshot because of the test screenings?

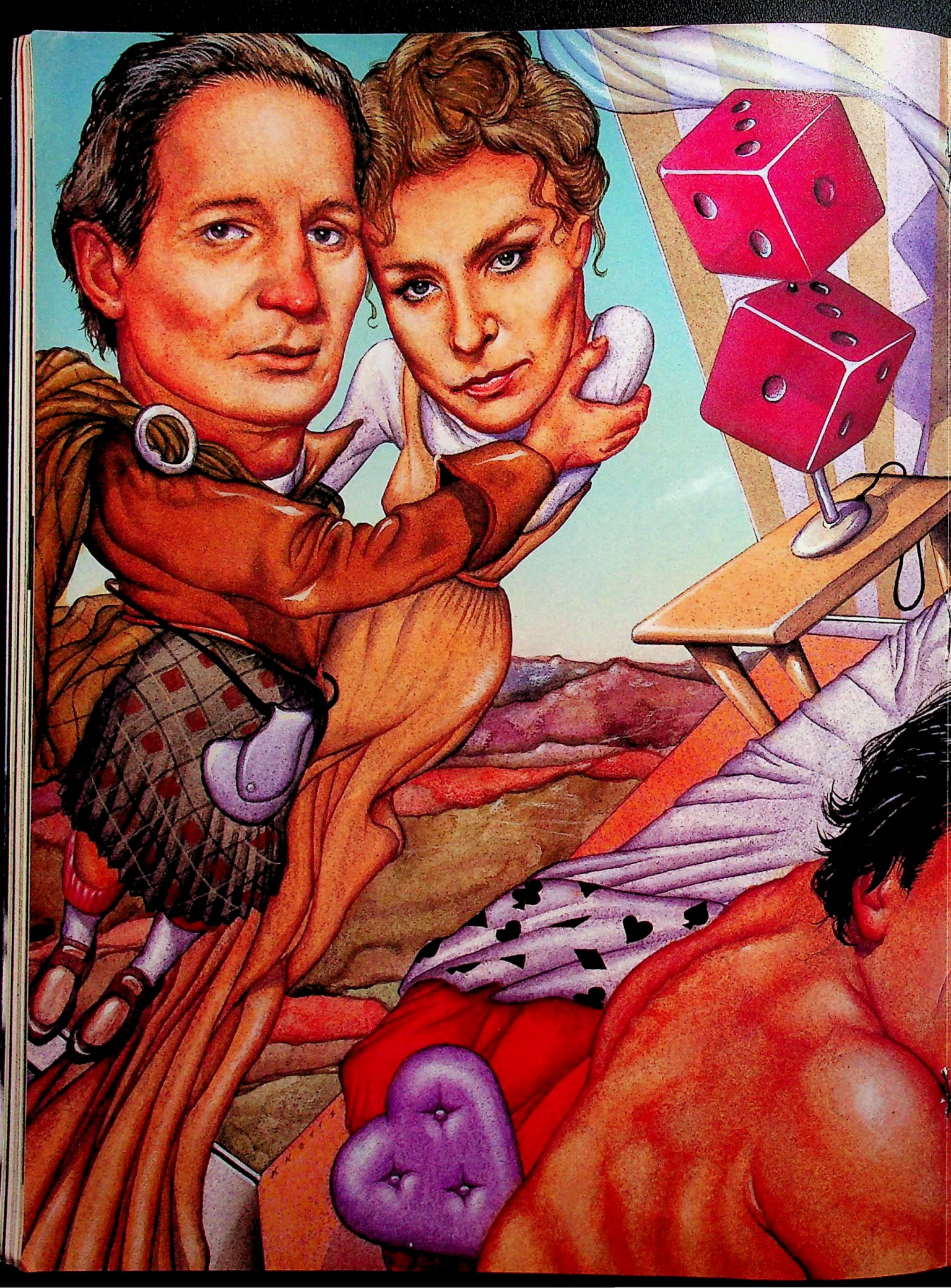
A: Yeah, absolutely.

Q: Like what?

A: *White Palace*. We shot the ending that was in the book, which is: she sits down, they look at each other, and you don't know what's gonna happen between them. But *Pretty Woman* had just come out, and they were thinking, "If we could only get him to marry her and they could have a big laugh."

Turn to page 90

ethan hawke julie delpy
Can the greatest romance of your life last only one night?
A Richard Linklater Film
BEFORE SUNRISE
AT THEATERS SOON

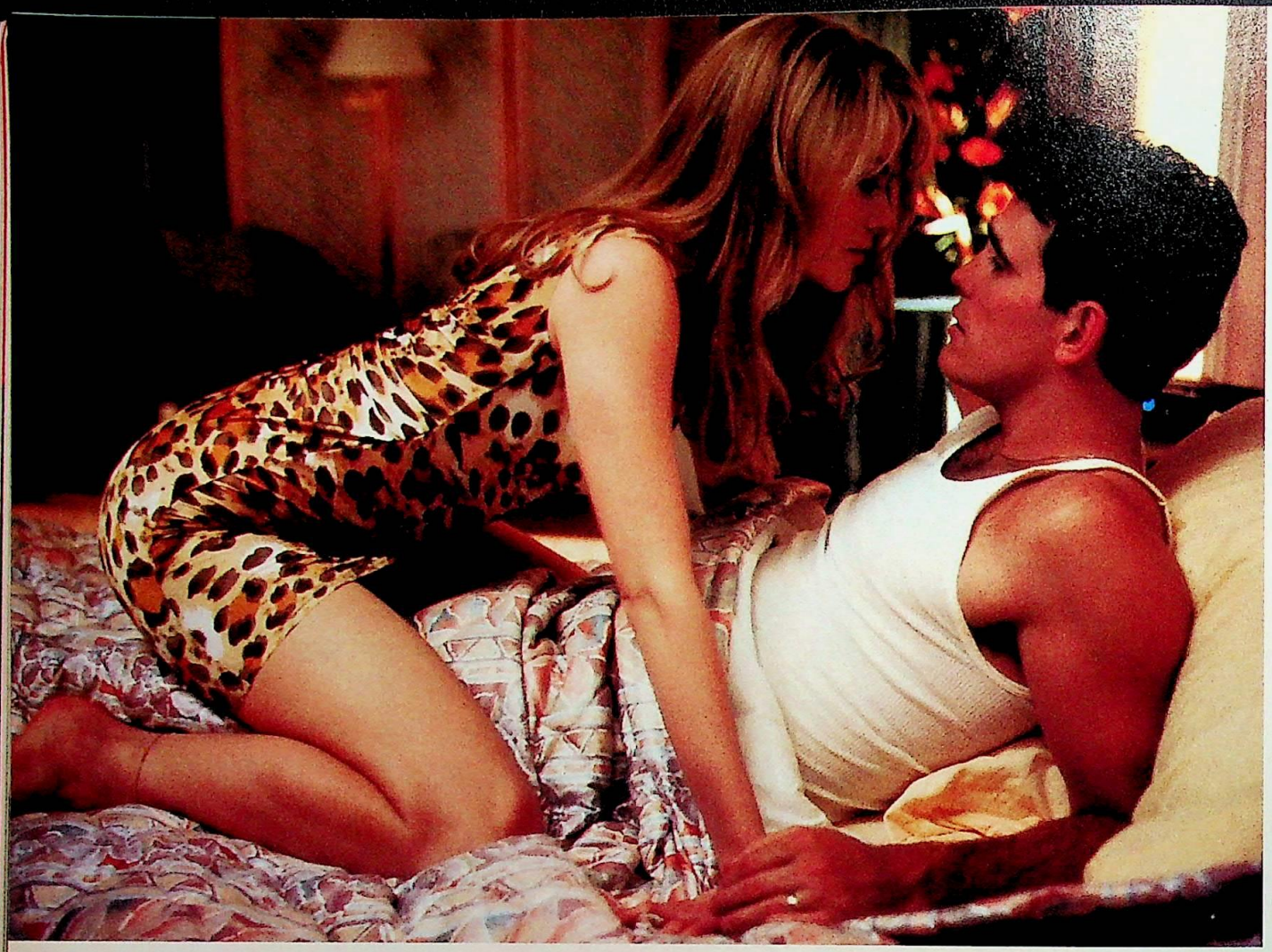


by virginia campbell
and stephen rebello

A selective preview of 1995's on-screen displays of physical affection.

Futuresex

Movie: *Showgirls*
Sex Objects: Elizabeth Berkley, Gina Gershon, Kyle MacLachlan
Lowdown: Paul Verhoeven hasn't directed a movie since *Basic Instinct*, and this one—a raunchfest which reunites him with *Instinct* writer Joe Eszterhas—seems to have the same can't-go-too-far-wrong-pandering-to-the-lowest-common-denominator box-office potential. Some folks around town call it *Lapdance* because, with its plot about an ambitious newcomer who tries to make it big by shaking her booty, it reads like a sexed-up version of *Flashdance*. According to a source close to the production, what we really have here is *All About Eve*, set in Vegas, with nudity and sex in place of the original's wit and charm. TV actress Elizabeth Berkley won the role of the young thing (which buzz says many famous dolls shied away from) who thinks the direct route to big-time showgirldom is to grind her near-naked body into the laps of paying customers who are forbidden to touch her (hey, works in Hollywood). Berkley's luck changes when, one night, reigning top Vegas showgirl Gina Gershon—in the part called, by some of the filmmaking team, "the Sharon Stone



Nicole Kidman and Matt Dillon in Gus Van Sant's *To Die For*.

role"—and her sometimes amour, hotel entertainment director Kyle MacLachlan, come into the club and so like what they see, they hire Berkley to perform a very private strip for them. In her burning desire to get to be a showroom queen, Berkley not only bares her near-all in a slew of jiggly dance scenes set to Prince music, insiders say she also has sex scenes with both Gershon and MacLachlan (though don't expect frontal nudity from MacLachlan, as originally intended; apparently it was a deal breaking point the actor won). Will Berkley get to go on in the star's spot? Will she get away with her ruthless climb to the top? Ever see *Eve*?

Movie: *Heaven's Prisoners*
Sex Objects: Kelly Lynch, Alec Baldwin, Teri Hatcher, Mary Stuart Masterson
Lowdown: Eroticism is not the main point of director Phil Joanou's film adaptation of crime novelist James Lee Burke's second book featuring his recovering alcoholic bayou sleuth Dave Robicheaux, but it will figure in for two reasons: first, sexiness is an essential element of the character, whose other qualities—an annoyingly modern-male sensitivity and a penchant for violence when pushed too far—need the eroticism for balance; and second, Alec Baldwin is playing the part, and there's no excuse for not employing his full range of talent. The initial heat here is between husband and beloved wife, played by Kelly Lynch. Teri Hatcher struts some of her considerable stuff (including a nude scene) as the bad girl, but Dave Robicheaux knows evil when he sees it, so don't look for fireworks between Baldwin and the brunette. We hear Robicheaux does, however, get it on with a hooker played by Mary Stuart Masterson after Lynch tragically checks out. Count on a fair degree of New Orleans humidity.

Movie: *To Die For*
Sex Objects: Nicole Kidman, Matt Dillon
Lowdown: In this arch black comedy written by Buck Henry and directed by Gus Van Sant, the slinky Kidman, going further into her femme fatale *Malice* persona, plays a suburban wife who seduces a couple of teenage boys (Joaquin Phoenix, Casey Affleck) into offing her husband (Matt Dillon). Included are such racy moments as when Kidman bares her rose tattooed breast to Phoenix and asks, "Don't you want to fuck me?" She later dances in sexy underwear for her boy, too, purring, "Come on, little boy. Come and get it," then takes him upstairs for an extended session of full-on, clothes-off screwing, shot in a hilariously artsy way. Steamiest (and funniest) of all may be a motel scene in which Kidman extracts homicidal cooperation from the now sexually enslaved Phoenix by interrupting the just-out-of-frame oral sex she's performing

opening spread: illustration by steve knotts

with demands that he agree to get a gun and use it on her husband.

Movie: *Casino*
Sex Objects: Sharon Stone, Robert De Niro, Joe Pesci, James Woods
Lowdown: Let's face it. If Martin Scorsese couldn't get any sexual sparks to go off in *The Age of Innocence* between Daniel Day-Lewis and Michelle Pfeiffer, who have so much sex appeal individually they don't even need chemistry between them, he can't direct erotic sex, period. As for other aspects of sex—anger, degradation and so on—well, that he seems to have a feel for. And since he's back to his first love—kinky Italians—with this Vegas hood saga, anger, degradation and so on are what we're gonna get. Sharon Stone, here safely removed from Grace Kelly cashmere and cast as a hooker-turned-mafiosa-wife, has the daunting task of turning on to Robert De Niro, as the boss/husband. But that will probably seem like a bonfire compared with what comes next—surely 1995's kinkiest match-up: Stone and Joe Pesci. Yes, wife Stone gets it on with husband De Niro's fellow mobster Pesci (her *real* love in the film is James Woods!). This could be very interesting, depending on just how aroused you are by anger, degradation and so on.

Movie: *Tank Girl*
Sex Objects: Lori Petty et al.
Lowdown: Based on an attitudinal English comic strip that may or may not survive translation into film and/or American, this ultra-pop screen extravaganza means to be sexier in spirit than in scenario. In other words, wisecracks about incest and other contemporary topics instead of much on-screen sex. Still, Lori Petty's Tank Girl—so named because she and her tank take on the evil DWP in a barren, post-apocalyptic Outback—rocks and rolls with a mutant half human/half kangaroo guy who's part of a whole new species of revolutionaries that includes Ice-T. The make-up for these kangaboys is elaborate Stan Winston stuff that includes ears, tails and kanga-snouts that we very much want to see Petty kiss. Word has it there's also a scene in which another roo dry-humps the beautiful Naomi Watts (as Jet Girl), but who knows what will make the cut in a movie like this.

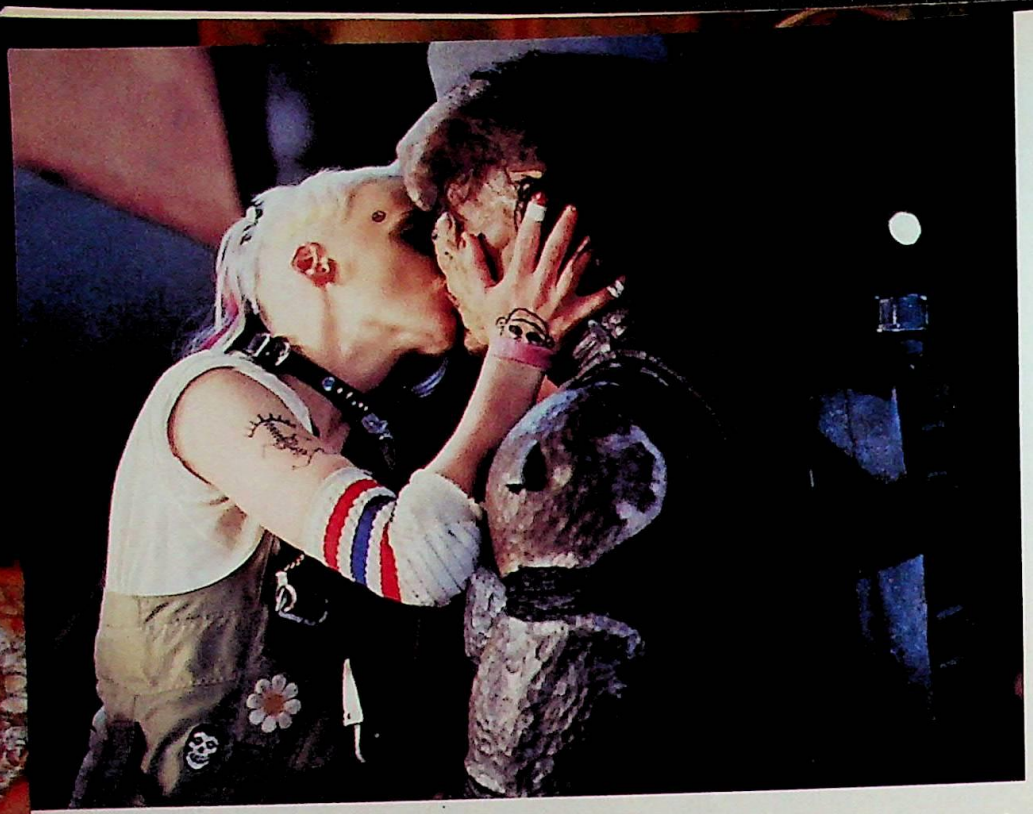
Movie: *Species*
Sex Object: Natasha Henstridge
Lowdown: When we heard that this film was about a beautiful woman who, after being raised in a laboratory with the help of DNA sent from Outer Space, escapes and begins madly trying to procreate with human men, we were sure Sean Young was the star. This turns out not to be the case. The icky sexpot is played by newcomer Natasha Henstridge, though her alien insides are played by goo designed by H.R. Giger (the man responsible for the original *Alien*). Apparently, Natasha's M.O. is to come on to guys and then, when her procreational urges are thwarted, to turn into the monster she really is and seriously mess with them. Isn't that a fairly accurate description of modern romance? Heading up the team trying to track the alien Ms. down is Ben Kingsley, very far afield in every respect from *Gandhi*. Roger Donaldson, who directed Sean Young and Kevin Costner in that famous limo scene in *No Way Out* back when they both still had careers, is behind the wheel of this fear-of-sex vehicle.

Movie: *Diabolique*
Sex Objects: unknown, but not Sharon Stone
Lowdown: Director Jeremiah Chechik's remake of H.G. Clouzot's sexy, nasty 1955 suspense classic promises to be sexier and nastier. Among its hot stuff is a scene in which a brutish husband simultaneously arouses and humiliates his sickly, rich schoolmistress wife by pouncing on her on the floor of her empty classroom while students run through the halls. For added kink, there's a female detective, a survivor of a radical mastectomy who refuses to wear a prosthesis. Meanwhile, the sadistic school-owner's lover and eventual partner in murder gets to radiate her trademark flip, sardonic pansexuality by turning on everyone without shedding so much as a bobby-pin. Will a *Basic Instinct*-type, PC brouhaha erupt over the surprise finale in which the homicidal heroines conspire to murder the man they've been bedding, then *actually*... oops, we'd never spoil a "surprise" ending.

Movie: *Don Juan DeMarco*
Sex Objects: Johnny Depp, Marlon Brando, Faye Dunaway
Lowdown: Those who still doubt Johnny Depp's screen voltage may become converts once they glimpse the actor's raven-haired, Ricardo Montalban-accented turn in this comedy about a guy who tries to convince a shrink (Brando) that he is actually the all-time, studly womanizer. Temperatures should rise when Depp demonstrates over and over just why he's so confident he's Don Juan. The movie's (and Depp's) all-embracing mood of amour is so persuasive, why even Brando and Dunaway indulge in a little bedroom pas de deux.

Movie: *The Perez Family*
Sex Objects: Marisa Tomei, Anjelica Huston, Alfred Molina
Lowdown: For this love triangle set against the 1980 migration of Cubans to

Keanu Reeves and Aitana Sanchez-Gijon in *A Walk In the Clouds*.



Lori Petty and a half human/half kangaroo in *Tank Girl*.

America, Tomei took salsa lessons and gained 20 pounds to embody a passionate, unselfconsciously sensual, free-spirited Cuban who loves whom she pleases when she pleases. According to a source close to production, Tomei "jiggles like Jell-O when she walks and looks completely edible," attributes that ought to come in handy during the scene when Alfred Molina (where's Antonio Banderas when you need him?) crushes rose petals and rubs them over Tomei's underwear-clad body before performing oral sex on her. We hear that the whole movie is given over to sensuality, what with lusty Cuban men dancing, hot salsa music and Tomei's hot tamale. Sabrosa!

Movie: *Rob Roy*
Sex Objects: Liam Neeson, Jessica Lange, Tim Roth
Lowdown: It's 1713 and it's a costume movie, but it's hot. In this intimate epic about a Scottish national hero—think of the movie as a kind of Western with kilts, the hero as a kind of Robin Hood—watch for big, red-haired Liam to be glimpsed (from behind, rats!) climbing nude into bed with loving spouse Jessica Lange whom, later, the movie's bad guy, Tim Roth, violently—and very realistically—rapes in the very same room. Watch, too, for Neeson and Lange's very sexy, tender and fleshy love scene set in the great outdoors.

Movie: *The Bridges of Madison County*
Sex Objects: (don't laugh) Meryl Streep, Clint Eastwood
Lowdown: Since the audience for this movie is not, to put it mildly, the same group of people who enjoy watching Drew Barrymore or Sherilyn Fenn in rutting season, the sex in *Madison County* is going to have to be exceedingly tasteful. One thing is certain—there'd better be a considerable amount of sex, because no matter how much emotion of a loftier type the novel inspired, its means of inspiration were straight from below the belt. We can only hope that Clint Eastwood is staying up late at night watching Alfred Hitchcock's greatest erotic scenes over and over—because it will take skills we've never seen from Eastwood the director to bring off the middle-aged, boondocks affair between an Iowa farm wife and a sensitive photographer. And that's even if a re-juiced Jessica Lange and a less deteriorated Robert Redford were playing the lovers. But Clint himself plays the shutterbug loverboy, and Meryl, last seen beating river rapids to a bloody pulp and blowing away the only young man who'd expressed a sexual interest in her in the last decade, plays his bucolic honey. Early film stills of Streep in character show that her dedication to authenticity has taken the form of armpit sweat stains. This is not a good sign.

Movie: *Mad Love*
Sex Objects: Drew Barrymore, Chris O'Donnell
Lowdown: Barrymore and O'Donnell, both creamy-faced beauties who, come to think of it, could play brother and sister, here are high-school passion pals in a reportedly steam-filled teen tragedy. O'Donnell is the Golden Boy Jock, Barrymore is the Bad Girl he falls for. While the script for this project is said not to be overly intelligent (which is fine with us, frankly), there are a couple of scorching gropes—but with Barrymore in the cast, it's redundant to note that. It may also be redundant to note that Drew's character has mental problems. As the two beautiful adolescents head out on the lam together, the trouble gets deeper and the sex gets hotter. Unlike Barrymore, O'Donnell has never done serious sex scenes, but he would have to be just awful *and* be very badly directed to take all the fun out of watching this retro teen angst.

Movie: *Things To Do in Denver When You're Dead*
Sex Objects: Andy Garcia, Gabrielle Anwar, Fairuza Balk
Lowdown: Andy Garcia may well be the most sexually underused actor on-screen. We have to look at a *naked* Harvey Keitel and we can barely get a kiss out of Garcia? No wonder people would just rather go to stupid action pictures. Anyway, in this one Garcia doesn't do all that much to rectify matters. He plays a mobster-with-a-heart-of-gold named Jimmy the Saint who suffers from a classic Madonna/whore complex, among other mobster clichés (like sharing oxygen with James Caan). On the whore side, there's Fairuza Balk, with whom Garcia, reportedly, at the very least has an implied sex scene. On the Madonna side, he falls for Gabrielle Anwar, with whom he behaves in a distress-

ingly more courtly manner. In a rooftop warmup slow dance, he coos, "I once figured it out mathematically. It seems that only one out of every 147 things in the world actually winds up working out. We could be on the brink of an exception. It'd be a shame to blow it." Then they kiss. Cut to postcoital. We don't know whether she blows it or not.

Movie: *Fast Sofa*

Sex Objects Jake Busey, Crispin Glover, (the omnipresent) Fairuza Balk, James Russo

Lowdown: According to the results of sex surveys through the years, Americans have always enjoyed doing it in cars. We say there's been way too little car sex on-screen, but this little independent film practically starts off with Jake Busey playing a direction-

enough, never starred as the romantic center of a film drenched in erotic romanticism, well, it's about time. Director Alfonso Arau should know erotic romanticism well enough—he's the one who staged that arresting tandem horsy ride in *Like Water for Chocolate*. While stylistically more suggestive than graphic, this film promises some steam. Keanu and a young Hispanic-American woman

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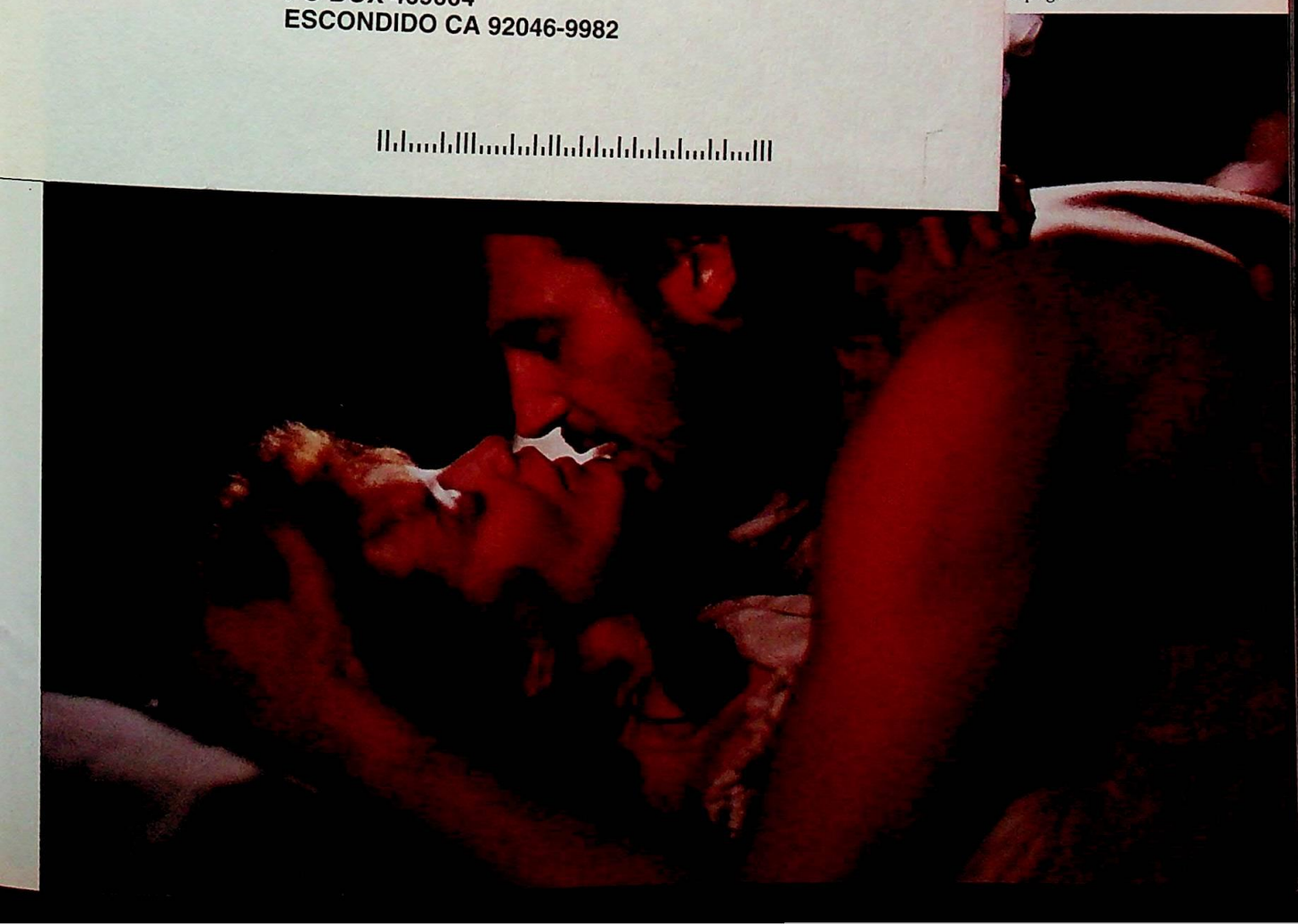

Liam Neeson and Jessica Lange in *Rob Roy*.

Lori Petty and a half human/half kangaroo in *Tank Girl*.

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Movie: *Mad Love*
Sex Objects: Drew Barrymore, [illegible] O'Donnell

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Movie: *Rob*
Sex Object
Lange, Tim Roth
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Movie: *Tollbooth*
Sex Objects: Fairuza Balk, Will Patton
Lowdown: Talk is that Balk, last seen in *Imaginary Crimes*, generates plenty of heat in this relationship drama's bedroom throw-down with Will Patton, who plays her boyfriend's best pal. Patton performs manfully, in what must surely be the only sex scene in recent screen history in which the guy wears a full-length cast. On his leg, that is. You won't glimpse much actual flesh, mind you, but the hard throbbing Pantera song on the soundtrack and the sexy cutting will fill in the blanks.

Movie: *Fast Sofa*
Sex Objects Jake Busey, Crispin Glover, (the omnipresent) Fairuza Balk, James Russo
Lowdown: According to the results of sex surveys through the years, Americans have always enjoyed doing it in cars. We say there's been way too little car sex on-screen, but this little independent film practically starts off with Jake Busey, playing a directionless spud in L.A., dodging the stick shift in a Corvette with a porn star. Our couple merrily hijack each other to Palm Springs, a trip that leads to *another* moment in which the porn star, having finally found the kind of man she's always longed to control, rapes Busey which, we say, isn't exactly possible *technically*, but we're willing to see how it gets played out.

Movie: *A Walk in the Clouds*
Sex Objects: Keanu Reeves, Aitana Sanchez-Gijon
Lowdown: Word has it this film is drenched in erotic romanticism, and since Keanu Reeves has, strangely enough, never starred as the romantic center of a film drenched in erotic romanticism, well, it's about time. Director Alfonso Arau should know erotic romanticism well enough—he's the one who staged that arresting tandem horsy ride in *Like Water for Chocolate*. While stylistically more suggestive than graphic, this film promises some steam. Keanu and a young Hispanic-American woman meet on a bus as she's headed home from college to help with the grape harvest and face her Old World domineering dad. For reasons too complicated to summarize here, Keanu agrees to pose as her husband. Many sultry looks later they decide this isn't such a tough act to sustain. This is the kind of film where passions finally must explode, and word has it one of the explosions occurs in a big vat of grapes that Keanu and newcomer Aitana Sanchez-Gijon are stomping around in. The chemistry between these two is said to be powerful enough to put a nice bouquet on the whole year's vintage.

Turn to page 92

Liam Neeson and Jessica Lange in *Rob Roy*.

ROMAN HOLIDAY

by martha frankel

A lighthearted jaunt around Paris with Roman Polanski, director of some of the darkest, sexiest films on-screen, and participant in some of the darkest, weirdest events in Hollywood.

If Roman Polanski's life were a movie, you'd never believe it. His childhood was spent in Poland during the Holocaust; his father survived the camps, but his mother died at Auschwitz. Polanski grew up to be a filmmaker who, with films like Repulsion, *in which Catherine Deneuve played a psychotic young woman who slaughtered men unlucky enough to enter her apartment, gained an international reputation that led him to Hollywood. There, his first film,* Rosemary's Baby, *in which Mia Farrow gives birth to the devil's son, established his dark vision as mainstream film entertainment.*

Polanski and his wife, actress Sharon Tate, were expecting a baby in 1969 when Charles Manson's disciples entered their home and killed everyone inside. Polanski, who had been away, became obsessed with finding the killers; trusting no one, he even ran tests on his friends' cars for possible bloodstains.

Five years later Polanski made Chinatown, *a '30s L.A. mystery of murder, money, corruption, incest and betrayal. A few years after that, during a photo shoot for* Vogue Hommes, *Polanski had what he claims was consensual sex with a minor at Jack Nicholson's home. This led to a charge of rape and a boiling Tinseltown scandal. After pleading guilty to one count and spending time in prison, he thought the trouble was over, but upon his release, he heard that the judge*

intended to put him back in jail, so he hopped the next plane to Europe. He has lived in Paris ever since.

Now 60 years old, Polanski is married to 28-year-old actress Emmanuelle Seigner (who has starred in two of his films, Frantic *and* Bitter Moon*) and has a two-year-old daughter named Morgane. He has just finished his newest film,* Death and the Maiden, *based on Ariel Dorfman's play about a woman (Sigourney Weaver) who thinks the man who shows up at her house (Ben Kingsley) is the very person who tortured her in an unnamed South American country.*

I met Polanski as he was putting the finishing touches on Death and the Maiden *in Paris. He works in a quiet suburb that is so drab and undistinguished, it could be located in Anywhere, USA.*

"I don't know where to begin," I begin, as Roman Polanski and I walk from the mixing room to a small restaurant. "I saw all your movies again last week, read your autobiography, and read every interview with you that's ever been published."

"You had nothing better to do with your time?" he asks in his heavily accented English.

"This is my job," I say.

"Well, so now there is nothing to talk about," he says. "You know everything, you've seen everything."

"Wouldn't you love to see a story about yourself that doesn't contain the three words 'unlawful sexual intercourse'?"

Polanski visibly brightens at the thought.

"Sorry," I say. "This ain't it."

"It always comes back to that," he says wearily. But he's smiling.

"I asked a hundred people about you . . ."

"People who know me or only *of* me?" he asks.

"Both."

"And?" he asks hopefully.

I rotate my hand in the universal gesture of fifty/fifty: "Pervert/fool. Except for three of my girlfriends who think the whole thing with the girl was

overblown, the rest pretty much fell into those categories."

"Everybody's got an opinion, eh?" he says. For the next 10 minutes, he translates the menu from French (I don't speak a word) and extols the merits of blood sausage and kidneys. I choose rack of lamb, and so does he. We split an appetizer of foie gras.

"I have a bone to pick with you," I tell him, trying not to obsess on what a cholesterol nightmare this is. "I know you and Emmanuelle have a child. And I read all these interviews where you said how sorry you felt for people who didn't have children,

"When the trouble happened with the girl, it was like everyone said, 'We were right about him, he's crazy, that's why his wife got killed.'"

because they would never know this fabulous thing they were missing. What kind of crap is this?"

"This is *not* crap," he says, raising his voice. "Why do you think it's crap?"

"For 60 years you didn't have a baby, you were missing this and didn't know it? You were miserable, but you just weren't smart enough to realize it?"

"You see other people being happy, so you suspect that it's something great, but it's the difference between watching, for example, somebody having an orgasm and experiencing one for yourself."

Oh.

"You don't understand what I'm saying?" he asks, getting a little red in the face. "Do you have children?"

"No."

"No! I would know it right away from what you said. Have you ever been in love?"

This is not going the way I planned it. "Yes, I'm in love."

"There are some people who go through their lives without being in love. You think they miss something or not?"

"Yeah, they miss something..." I'm fervently hoping no one in the restaurant understands English.

"Don't you feel sorry for them?" he asks.

"Not in the least. What am I, God? I gotta feel sorry for everyone who doesn't get to experience everything?" Now *I'm* shouting. "Maybe love would fuck up their ability to create, maybe it would derail their plans. Maybe the sex would confuse them. No, I don't feel sorry..."

Polanski puts his hand on mine. "Let's eat," he says, becoming at once very French and very fatherly.

The foie gras calms our nerves, but who knows what it's doing to our arteries?

"Do you and Emmanuelle bicker?" I ask, hoping to lighten things up.

"What is this, 'bicker'?"

"You know, when couples talk to each other in this way, like, 'Oh you said this,' 'No, I said that,' and blah blah blah in a way that's a little cutting..."

"Why would you ask me this?"

"Because there's a tone in *Bitter Moon* that reminded me of some friends I call the Bickersons, and I was just wondering."

"Did you like *Bitter Moon*?" he asks.

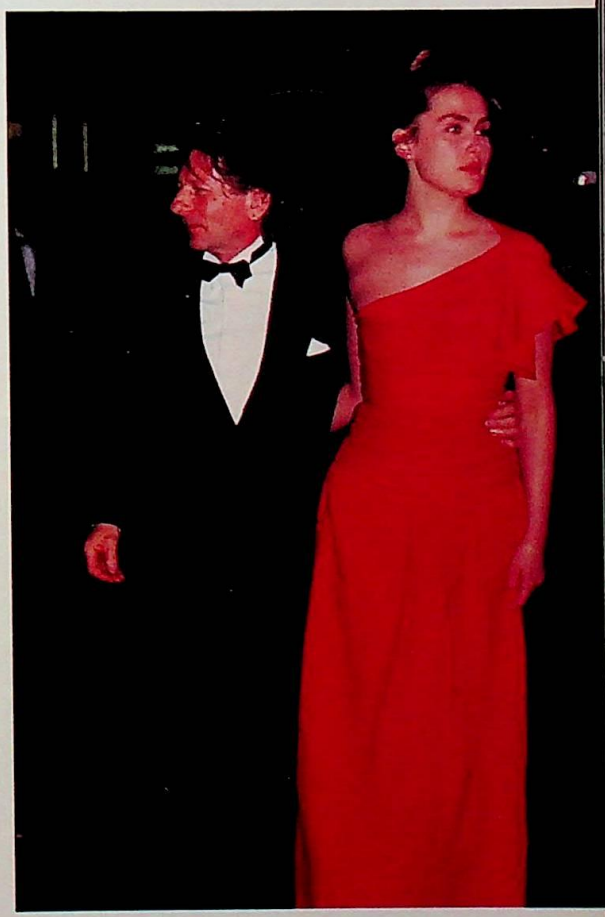
"It was flawed," I say delicately, "but it had its moments. My boyfriend, Steve, said it was his favorite kind of movie... you laugh your head off, and then go home and fuck your brains out."

Polanski chuckles. "And Emmanuelle," he says, "she was good, no?"

"You don't need me to tell you if Emmanuelle is good," I say. I'm such a diplomat.

"Did you like her in *Frantic*?"

"I'll tell you the truth, I was so distracted by Betty Buckley as Harrison Ford's wife in *Frantic* that everything paled by comparison. I think it was so cruel of you to cast her, because she looked like Harrison's *mother*. I mean, anybody would have looked bad next to Emmanuelle, but..."



Polanski in Paris: Roman and his wife Emmanuelle Seigner.

"It was an idea we had," Polanski says, "that Harrison would be one of those doctors who married his college sweetheart and made his life with her. You know this type? But now I'm wondering if it was the right thing, if it brought something to the picture or not, you know? Betty Buckley's a good actress though."

"She's a terrific actress, but..."

"Now when you're telling me this I think probably it was a mistake." Polanski looks glum.

right: globe photos

"I'm sorry," I say.

"You should not be sorry if it is the truth. You would not be the first one to tell me when things did not work. Listen, I have to go back to the mixing room."

"Please let me come. I love this part."

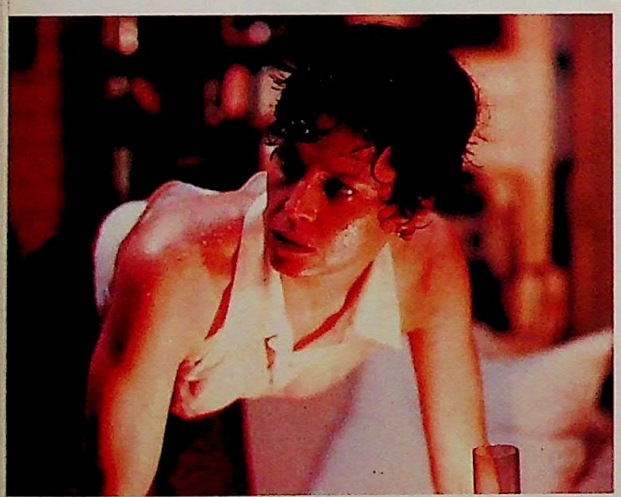
"Do you? The technical parts?" His look is leery.

"Yes. There's nothing more boring than when they're shooting a movie, but I love the mixing and the editing."

Polanski grabs my arm and steers me across the street. I think we've made up.

"This is my favorite part, too," he says. "I love making these decisions, where should this be, how loud is this sound, all those little details. You tell me when you're bored and I send someone to take you home."

"I'm no closer to coming back [to the U.S.] than I was 10 years ago."



Sweating It Out: Sigourney Weaver in *Death and the Maiden*.

For the next five hours, I watch as Polanski lays music and sound effects over what seems even at this stage a mesmerizing piece of filmmaking. Whenever he takes a break, we head into the cafeteria and chat.

"Maybe on Saturday I take you to EuroDisney," he says at one point. "I'm a great fan of Disneyland."

"You *are*?"

"Oh yes, the first time I was there with Fellini and his wife, Giulietta. It was my first time in America, I was nominated for the Academy Award for *Knife in the Water*, and he was nominated for *8½*. And they gave us a trip to Disneyland, and we loved it."

"I'm trying to imagine Fellini in the tea cup..."

"What is this, the tea cup?"

"Forget it," I say.

"Oh, we all loved it. We had great fun. I remember we were in the boat. But we won't have time anyway." He looks genuinely disappointed.

Before we go back in, he turns and says, "Yes, we do."

"Yes we do what?"

"Emmanuelle and I, we do bicker. I never knew what this was called in English."

During another break, the subject turns to drugs (don't ask, it was a stream-of-consciousness type thing).

"It's obvious," Polanski says, "that drugs must be legalized. The calamity of this society is really heavy drugs, no? And all this could be eradicated by simple legalization of this stuff."

"Listen, Roman, you haven't been in America in a long time. There is no way that they're going to legalize drugs. I mean, they're about to make smoking illegal..."

"What are you saying?"

"It's like prohibition, but with cigarettes. You can't smoke inside, you can't smoke at work, soon they'll make it so you can't smoke in the streets."

Polanski doesn't miss a beat. He storms off to the corner store, picks out a nice Havana cigar, and puffs on it for the rest of the day. Enough said.

After hours of having me watch as he works, Polanski asks if I like what I'm seeing on the screen.

"Oh, yes," I tell him. "*Death and the Maiden* is really perfect for you. It's claustrophobic. There are only three characters stuck in this house, and you're never sure if what Sigourney Weaver is feeling is the truth or not. It's perfect for you."

"This is what intrigues me," he says. "Here is this woman who went through hell, worse than hell. She was tortured, violated, abused. And now she has a chance to face her torturer. But maybe it's not him. It's about vengeance and retribution, about the relativity of truth. And what is she capable of, how much degradation and pain is she willing to put him through? What they did to her was unspeakable, yet she wants to talk about it."

"This is certainly going to change how people think about Sigourney," I say. "She's never done anything remotely like this."

"Yes, she's usually used for sort of strong, down-to-earth people, well balanced and healthy. Here she will surprise everyone."

At one point we take a walk, and I ask, "Do you know what cooties are?"

"No, what is this, 'cooties'?"

"It's this thing from when we were kids, and if you did something the other kids thought was stupid or gross, they'd tag you and say you had 'cooties.' It was like an invisible virus that made you an outcast."

"I understand," he says, but I'm not entirely convinced.

"Well," I say, "I have something to confess. I once wrote this piece about how you get cooties in Hollywood. Like, Faye Dunaway got them because she played Joan Crawford in *Mommie Dearest*, and it was like all of a sudden everyone thought she beat her kids, like she really *was* Crawford."

Polanski is nodding.

"And I said that you had cooties, not because you fucked a 13 year old in Jack Nicholson's hot tub, but because Sharon Tate had the misfortune to be killed by Charlie Manson."

"That's what I always thought," Polanski says. "When Sharon died, the press said the most terrible things about us—that it was connected to black magic, that it had something to do with the type of movies I had always made. They just lie and lie and lie, but when they print it, then people

françois duhamel

think it's true. When they found out that Manson was behind it, then they changed their song. But they were relentless. And when the trouble happened with the girl, it was like everyone said, 'We were right about him, he's crazy, that's why his wife got killed.'"

"You don't get cooties from sleeping with someone underage," I say. "I know, I've done it."

Polanski's eyebrows shoot up. He smiles. "With boys, this is a score. They would never turn you in. They think they've done something wonderful. Cooties. This is a great concept."

When I finally have to leave, Polanski decides that I absolutely must take a detour to La Defense, a huge office complex that Mitterrand has built in the outskirts of Paris. It's out of the way and no one seems to want to go with me, but Polanski corrals one of the assistant editors and makes her take me there. It is acres and acres of office buildings, not a blade of grass in sight. The crowning glory of this monstrosity is a building with a huge arch that you have to walk up thousands of stairs to get to. The assistant editor and I climb as if we're going to the Pyramids. You do not want to cross Roman Polanski.

On Saturday I meet Polanski at his apartment, right off the Champs Elysees. The building is modern and spare, no hint of Paris about it. The elevator opens right into the apartment, where Polanski stands with an unlit cigar in his mouth. I walk right past him and look at the photos on the wall: Polanski and (*Chinatown* producer) Robert Evans in 1967, long hair flying; the two of them 10 years later in Malta, shorter hair, the same maniacal glint in their eyes; a group shot of Polanski with friends, taken by Helmut Newton, with the inscription, "For Roman . . . at the last supper, love Helmut."

His office door is open so I go in and look at the stacks of scripts (they're all in French or Polish) and books. Robert Evans's autobiography *The Kid Stays in the Picture* is on the top of the pile. I open it to read the inscription, but there is none. "I haven't had time to read it," Polanski confesses.

"I did," I say. "He talks about you a lot. He's one of the people who claims to have been invited to Sharon's house the night she was killed." (In Polanski's book, he says that all the people who said that, including Jerzy Kosinski, were lying.)

"Memory plays strange tricks," is all he'll say about it now. "I'll tell you a great story about me and Bob. Once, on the lot of Paramount, he and I were standing and talking, and we see a chick coming out of the corner of one of the alleys, walking away from us. This was in the late '60s. And she goes on her high heels, click, click, click, with a really nice ass and legs. And we both look at her, and say, 'Who is this?' Then we start slowly running after her and we have a hard time to catch up with her. And then we turn the corner, and it is Ruth Gordon! It was when I was shooting *Rosemary's Baby*, but I didn't recognize her. She had a fantastic body. From behind especially."

Polanski's daughter Morgane comes bounding into the room, but runs out just as quickly. She has Polanski's face in miniature.

"Let's go," he says, grabbing me before I start looking through the drawers.

"Strange place to live," I say when we get outside.

"No, it's perfect. It's not a—what do you call it?—neighborhood. The butcher doesn't come out to say hello. Nobody stops to chat. That's the way I like it."

The next three people who walk by say, "*Bonjour* Roman." He

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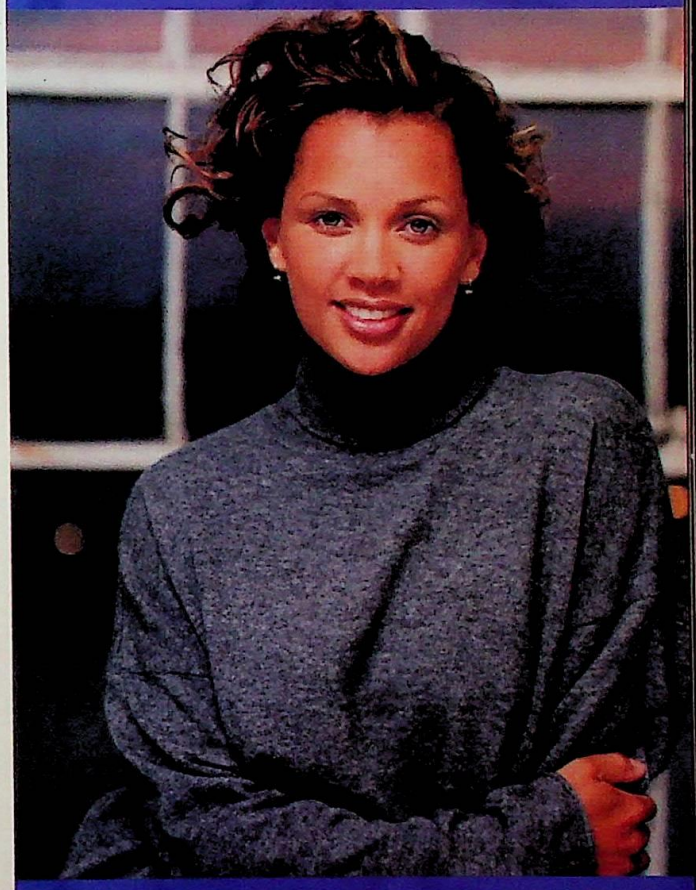
Vanessa Williams



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AKED LYNCH

usley

Kelly Lynch keeps her clothes on but lets down her hair to talk about what it's like working with leading men such as Tom Cruise, John Travolta, Patrick Swayze, Michael J. Fox and two of the Baldwin brothers.

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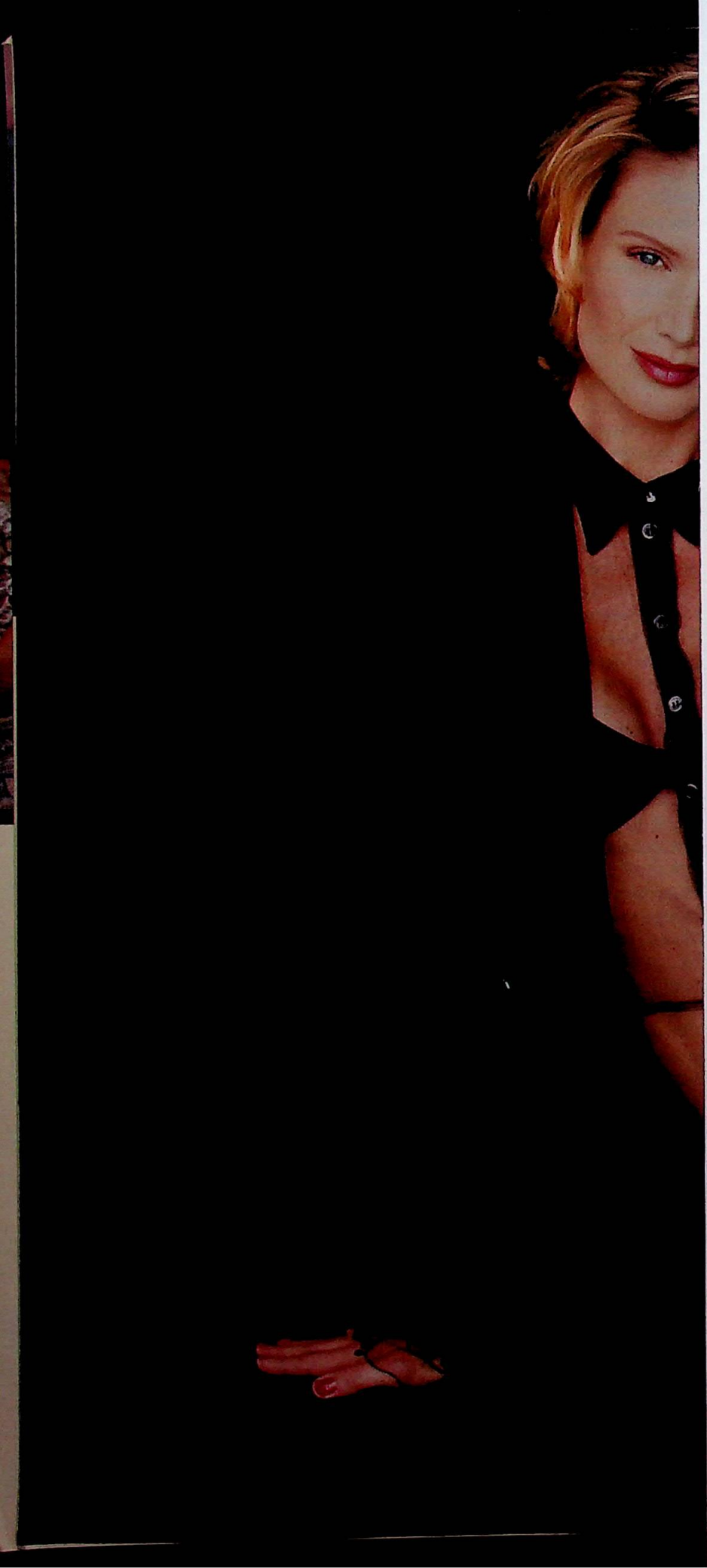
Turns out I was concerned for nothing. Regardless of what she's wearing, it would be pretty hard to miss Kelly Lynch. Poised at a table near the garden, dressed in avocado trousers and a matching sweater, Lynch is the picture of show-biz sophistication.

"I wasn't sure you'd be blonde," I say as she welcomes me to the table.



NAKED LYNCH

by dennis hensley

Kelly Lynch keeps her clothes on but lets down her hair to talk about what it's like working with leading men such as Tom Cruise, John Travolta, Patrick Swayze, Michael J. Fox and two of the Baldwin brothers.

I'm about to meet Kelly Lynch at the Hotel Bel Air restaurant for lunch and, frankly, I'm hoping I recognize her. It's not that the 34-year-old actress, who lives in L.A. with her screenwriter husband Mitch Glazer and nine-year-old daughter, Shane, has failed to make an impression on the big screen. But am I meeting the brunette junkie from *Drugstore Cowboy*, the redheaded lesbian from *Three of Hearts* or the leggy blonde doctor from *Road House*? The bumper crop of press clippings I've collected isn't much help either, for in them the former Elite model sports every look from '70s disco moll to topless Dorothy Hamill.

Perhaps she'll come in a newer incarnation, left over from one of her three recent films. She could stroll in wearing a gunnysack in the spirit of the rural slice-of-life flick *The Beans of Egypt, Maine*, or go retro like the glamour-minded '50s housewife she plays in the family drama *Imaginary Crimes*, or show up looking like the sexy wife of Alec Baldwin, her character in Phil Joanou's mystery thriller *Heaven's Prisoners*.

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"I wasn't sure you'd be blonde," I say as she welcomes me to the table.

But before she can reply, menus are thrust into our hands.

DENNIS HENSLEY: So, what's good for lunch here?

KELLY LYNCH: I might have a hamburger. I've been rehearsing with John Travolta and every day he has *two* lunches and dessert. Yesterday it was a hamburger, sushi and a huge piece of chocolate cake, but he looks and feels great—he doesn't care. It's so refreshing.

Q: Remember when he was all naked and buffed for *Staying Alive*?

A: He said he hated it. Life's too short. I don't exercise. I don't do anything and I'm thinking about having a cigarette. The more they tell me I can't do something, the more I want to.

Q: What's this movie you're rehearsing?

A: It's called *White Man's Burden*.

Q: Great title.

A: Isn't it? The funny thing is, that's what I call one of my girlfriends: white man's burden.

Q: So you're spending your afternoons with Tony Manero . . .

A: I can't believe I'm working with these guys. I mean, John Travolta, Tom Cruise, Michael J. Fox, Billy Baldwin, Alec Baldwin, Patrick Swayze, Matt Dillon. Hello? I told John that my favorite thing in *Saturday Night Fever* was him saying "Al Pacino" and doing the muscle thing in the mirror, and he did it for me. I've yet to get him to dance with me, though.

Q: Do you think a good dancer equals a good lover?

A: Absolutely. It's all about rhythm and so is sex.

Q: So, is your husband, screenwriter Mitch Glazer, a good dancer?

A: He's a *great* dancer. I could tell when I met him. He was with Sue Mengers and I was with my

"There are so few actors who are *men* in movies these days, but Alec Baldwin's really a *man*. And that enables me to be a woman."

agents having one of those William Morris Agency lunches. You know.

Q: I have them all the time.

A: Exactly. You know how that goes. He came walking up to the table and I fell in love with him the second I saw him. I thought I'd pretend like I was not interested so I started shoveling food in my mouth. Then Sue Mengers and my husband-to-be sat down at their table and he said, "Who is that?" and Sue said, "You want that? I could get you that." It was really like she pimped for me, Sue.

Q: Does she get a percentage, like, for every 10 times you have him, she gets him once?

A: I'm sure she'd like to work that deal out.

Q: How did you end up getting together?

A: Mitch is shy and he doesn't ask women out, they ask him out. Well, I'm the diva, you ask me out. So I held out and he finally called me and a month later we moved in together.

Q: What was your first date like?

A: First, we talked on the phone for hours. He's so good-looking and I didn't really trust that—I've got all these bad stereotypes about good-looking men, so it was great just to talk to him. When we had dinner the first time, he went to the bathroom 12 times. I thought he was a drug addict, but he was so nervous that he had to go throw water on his face, think of something to say and come back.

Q: You once said, "I'll probably have 100 affairs with wonderful men and never find one who can deal with me." You've obviously changed your tune.

A: I sure have. It's the last thing I expected. The parts of me that are the worst make him laugh and love me. Go figure. We've been together for five years and married for two.

Q: What was your wedding like?

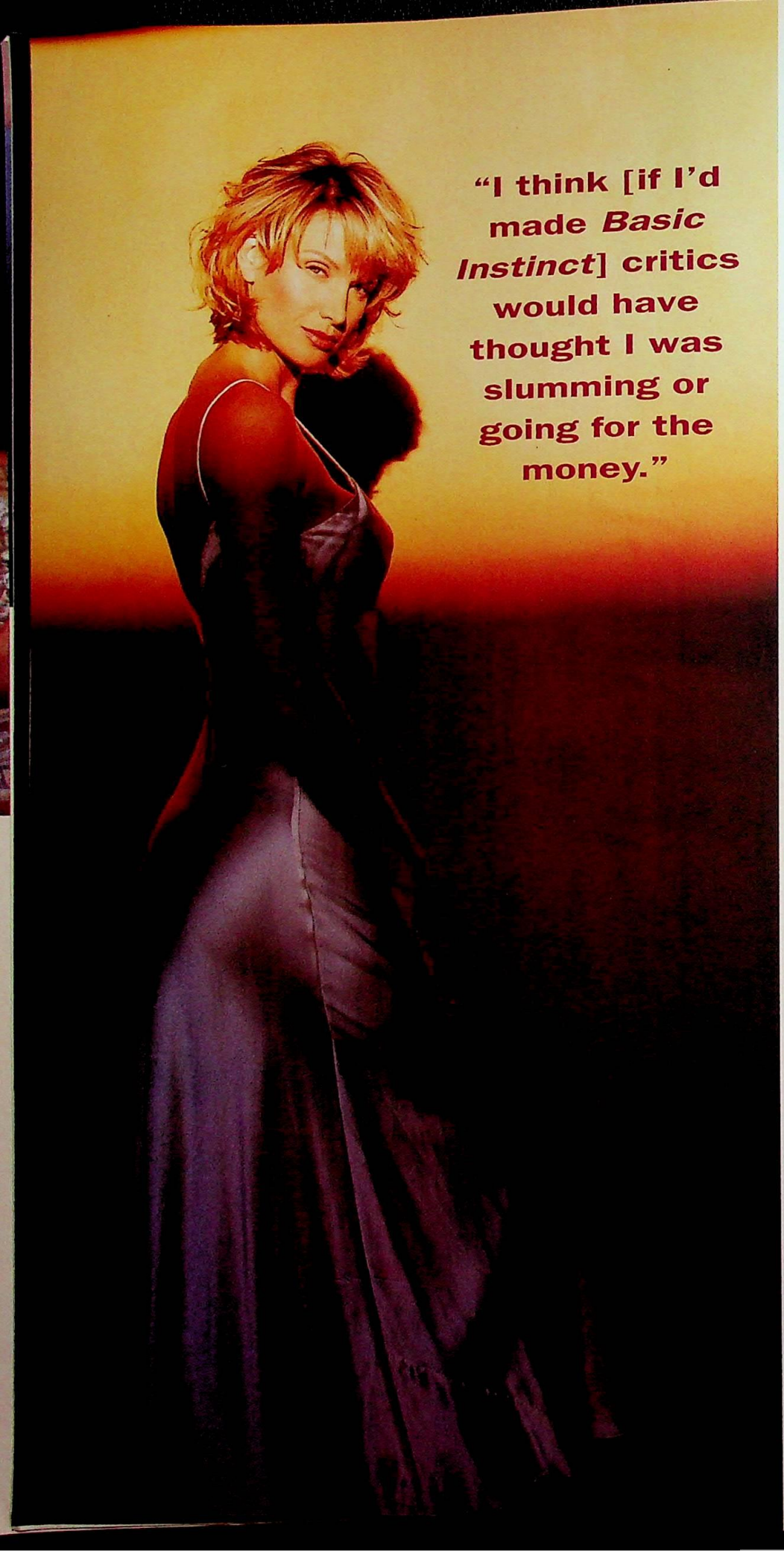
A: We had one of the most star-studded weddings ever. James Taylor sang, Anjelica Huston and Buck Henry toasted us, and Bill Murray sang "Brandy." Unbelievable. It was like what I thought L.A. would be like when I came from New York: these very sophisticated but decadent places to go see your friends and *be* "Hollywood." In reality, it's so *not* any of that—so I made it that, damn it.

Q: If you weren't married and you wanted to hook up with someone, which one of your movies would you like them to rent?

A: I would think *Road House* because of the sort of Yvette Mimieux imitation that I did—I kept going, "Maybe I should have normal doctor clothes," and they kept saying, "No, tanner, blonder, shorter skirts!" But it appears that it's *Drugstore Cowboy*. I just worked with Alec Baldwin, who had such a crush on my character from that. When I'd say my lines from that film, Alec would try to attack me.

Q: Back to *Road House* for a second. In the final shot, it appears you and Patrick Swayze run

"Billy Baldwin's really boyish, but there's something sexy about that, too."



"I think [if I'd made *Basic Instinct*] critics would have thought I was slumming or going for the money."

into a pond in the nude. True?
A: We were completely naked.
Q: It'd be bad enough to be naked in a movie but to have to run . . .
A: Yes, *everything* was bouncing, unfortunately.
Q: Patrick probably had the only thing that was actually bouncing . . .
A: Well, including the back, he had several things.
Q: Speaking of '80s hunks, did you get to roll around with Don Johnson when you guest-starred on "Miami Vice"?
A: No, Don had enough to roll around with without me.
Q: You and Alec Baldwin co-star in the new movie *Heaven's Prisoners*. What's that about?
A: It's this noirish action picture with really developed characters. Alec plays a tough, sexy, screwed-up guy and I play his wife and partner. We run a boat rental place on the bayou.
Q: Do you get it on on a boat?
A: We're about to, when this plane comes right on top of us.
Q: Making it a threesome.
A: Exactly. I don't do it with planes, though. I don't trust them.
Q: Would you do it with a car?
A: If it was a really great car.
Q: Skateboard?
A: No, it's too L.A.—and don't even say the word Rollerblade. It was incredibly scary when we filmed this thing. The stunt coordinator told the pilot to aim for my forehead. Then Alec and I go underwater to save a person from this plane crash. We found out later that the lake is full of water moccasins and no one's been swimming in it for years.
Q: You could have been attacked by a snake and thought Alec was just continuing with the love scene . . .
A: I would have just said, "Wow, Alec, who knew?" Because it was a big movie, everyone had their houseboat. I had named mine the Bitch Lounge, but then Stephen Baldwin [visited] and said, "No, man, Bitch Barge." He is so funny. He really encouraged mayhem. When the producers went by on their boat, we had these giant slingshots and we got them bad with water balloons.

photography by albert sanchez for outline • styling: beth goodman for cloutier • hair: eric bilardi for cloutier • makeup: karen kawahara for cloutier • clothing credits: all shoes by stradivari shoes; furniture by modern living; (opening spread): suit by richard tyler, blouse by paul smith at

Q: What was Alec's boat called, the Butch Barge?

A: That would have been good, but we called it the Mosh Pit.

Q: So, okay, what's Alec Baldwin really like? *Movieline* readers want to know, Kelly.

A: Incredibly funny—he does a *great* imitation of William Shatner. Alec's sexy, bright, funny, dangerous and unpredictable, like a *man*. It's like an old movie star thing that's no longer seen until you get to be 50 and you're Harrison Ford or Jack Nicholson. There are so few actors who are *men* in movies these days—this is the generation that refuses to grow up—but Alec's really a *man*. And that enables me to be a woman. This is my new battle cry: *Grow up!* Sure, times are complicated, but they're not that damn complicated—we're not living through the Depression.

Q: Is his brother, Billy, with whom you co-starred in *Three of Hearts*, also a "man"?

A: Billy's really boyish, but there's something sexy about that, too. We're almost best friends in real life.

Q: You say if a guy's a "man," you're able to be a "woman." When did you realize you were one?

A: I realized I was a woman at 30 and at first, that made me sad. Then I started to find out what that meant and it's so cool. I still have my energy and my looks, but I have an ease and a groove about things and some authority when I say something. All of it's been really good, but to fit in Hollywood with that kind of thinking is weird [because] every [script] I read, if the women are women and they're intelligent and good-looking, they're evil bitches. I'd love to play one really great evil bitch in my life, but I just haven't found that script yet.

Q: Is it true you passed up *Basic Instinct*?

A: Yeah. I didn't think it was sexy enough. It didn't get me off. I thought, "This is sort of goofy."

Q: Was the beaver shot in the script that you read?

A: Yeah. There was sort of a diagram. [*Laughs*] Whoever did that part had to embrace it because there was very little besides the camera taking advantage of you and being lit, dressed and coifed by the best.

Q: Do you ever wonder where your career would be if you'd done it?

A: I think I would have taken shots for it. I had done other kinds of work and I think that critics would have thought I was slumming or going for the money. I certainly don't begrudge any woman for doing that because you don't get very many shots but, in the end, I just thought that I wouldn't have been great at it.

Q: Let's talk about some of your other new movies.

A: I just did a thing for Showtime with Danny Glover called *Red Wind*. It's a Raymond Chandler story directed by Agnieszka Holland.

Q: She made *Europa, Europa*, right?

A: And *Olivier Olivier*. Everything has two names.

Q: Did she have anything to do with Duran Duran?

A: She set all that up.

Q: You are in *The Beans of Egypt, Maine*, too.

A: My character's the earthiest woman I've ever been near. We made the movie for a million dollars in four weeks so I was eating beans and playing Beans and looking like a bean, but I think it's pretty wonderful.

Q: What about *Imaginary Crimes*?

A: My character's this mother who creates, superficially at least, a really sweet life for her family. Then she passes away and Harvey Keitel's character is left to care for these girls and he hasn't had much practice at it. You know, until the '80s, [when] all these yuppies [started] having kids, no one thought about the *responsibility* of having children. My mother got pregnant and they had me. Then they did

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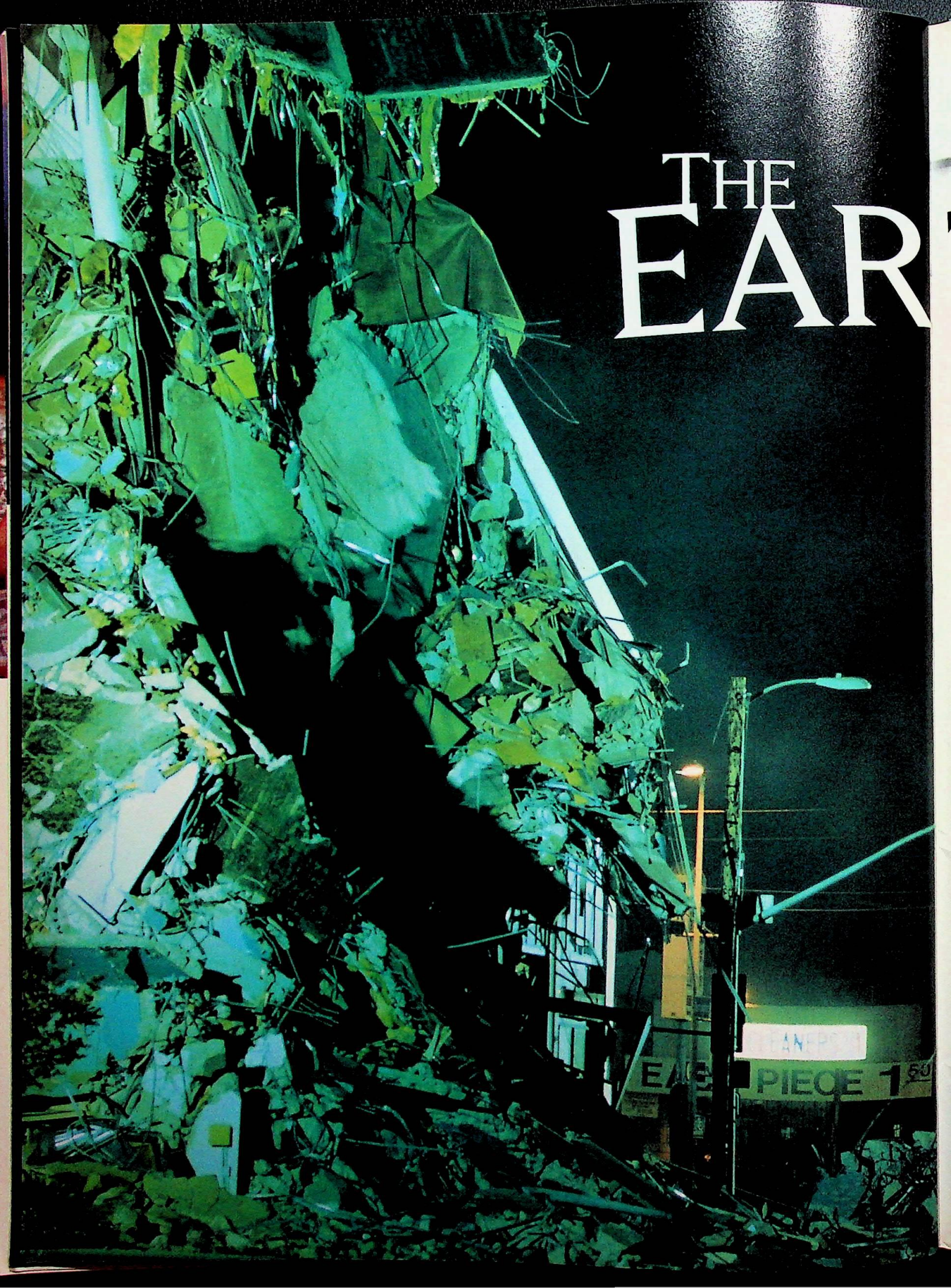
THE
EAR
PIECE 1

THQUAKE TAPE

As you recall, back on January 17, 1994, Los Angeles was rocked by an earthquake that destroyed many buildings all over the city. One six-floor medical office building on Olympic Boulevard in West L.A. was so severely damaged that it threatened to collapse right into a major six-lane thoroughfare, and was marked for immediate demolition. None of the tenants—among whom were dentists, doctors and psychotherapists—were allowed back into their offices to recover their expensive equipment or files of patient information. As the building was torn down, cabinets and desks broke open and loosed their contents out onto the intersection of Olympic and Barrington. That's how the tape recording that is transcribed below came into hands other than those of the unnamed psychiatrist whose voice is on it.

Click. January 14th, 1994. I'm making these informal verbal notes while I can still recall the details of the session I had during the past hour with a patient who... actually, he isn't a patient, I doubt I'll see him again... with a young man who came to me for help... Actually, I don't think he came to me for help... he came to me for... The point is, I don't have many people who come to me like this, for one hour, and then disappear, probably for good. I guess I should just bill him and forget about it. But I feel compelled to record what I can of this conversation because it was maybe the most interesting and surprising hour I've spent in the history of my psychiatric practice.

The minute this young man walked into the room I knew I'd seen him before, but I couldn't think where. It wouldn't come to me. He was almost ludicrously good-looking—dark, full hair, transparent gray eyes, definitive mouth, solid, slender body that looked right at home in his expensive jacket, white shirt, jeans. He had those looks that doom a man to a career as an actor or model or kept person. Movie fan that I am—funny, my patients would never guess that about me—I assumed he was an actor I knew from some movie. The thing is, he had come to me recommended by another of my patients, a young woman whose name I don't—God, I *am* rattled—whose name I don't want to utter out loud even here in the privacy of my own office. I'll call her Jennifer. I've been treating her for the last three months for frigidity. Come to think of it, I haven't gotten very far—her loveliness sometimes simply blots out my hearing. She has managed, small wonder under the circumstances, to avoid discussing how her boyfriend feels about her disinterest in sex. I hypothesized that he was an ineffectual young man of average appearance so cowed by her beauty and amazed at his luck in having her that he was denying the whole sexual problem. I was mistaken. He is even better-looking than she is.

I'll call him John. John sat down by the window, asked if he could smoke—I almost let him—and stared out at the skyscape when I asked what it was that had brought him here. Then

he looked at me with an eerie directness I seldom see from my patients and said, "I'm thinking of marrying Jennifer. Actually, I've decided to marry Jennifer." Now I was getting a little unnerved—Jennifer had given absolutely no hint of this kind of seriousness in the relationship. "Yes, go on," I said. "I'm virtually certain," John continued, "that this is what I want to and should do. But there are a number of things to consider, and though I've worked them out carefully in my head—believe me, I've put a lot of thought into this—I need to run them all by somebody. I think maybe I just need to hear myself say all these things out loud." That is, of course, all any of my patients need, but it was refreshing to hear John tell me so. "I'm sorry to admit," he continued, "that there's nobody in my life I can trust with this. Nobody. What does that say about me? Thank God, I'm not here to talk about that. So anyway, I've come to you. Jennifer trusts you. That's an okay recommendation. I don't have to trust you, I know that—you can't tell anybody anything I say unless I threaten to murder someone, I guess." Here John laughed. "I may be committing some kind of crime, but not that one."

I asked, "What is your crime?" "I'm gay," he said, and let that sink in. I said, "And?" He smiled quite a devastating actor smile. "Yes, I *do* love Jennifer, to answer the question you're too cool to ask me." I had on my blandest empathetic mask by now and none of these rocky first steps were going to knock it askew. I said, "Go on." He slouched down a little to get comfortable in his chair. "I love Jennifer, but I'm in love with someone else—a guy, I've been with him about six months." Here I was too curious not to intercede. "Does Jennifer know about all this?" He laughed, "All *this*? Yeah, she knows everything. Everything." He pulled out a pack of cigarettes and I didn't argue when he lit one.

"Why don't you tell me what's on your mind now? Just go ahead," I suggested. "I'd rather not interrupt." He nodded and blew a couple of smoke rings while he collected himself. "I have a film in the can now that's got numbers you wouldn't believe—you know, audience ratings from market tests. All above 90. These numbers are never wrong. That means my life is going to change completely in a few months. I'm the lead in this movie, so I'll be the new hot young leading man. The studio already has the wheels in motion to make women all over America fantasize about me. I've been in movies before—I'm not an unknown—but this will be entirely different. I've watched it happen several times right around me. So, here I am, I'm gay, how am I going to handle this?

"Someone who isn't in show business could tell me I should back off, play it cool," he continued. "Let this picture pass, don't go for superstardom and all the scrutiny that goes with it. I could tell you the names of actors who've made exactly that call. But you know, I want stardom. I've worked for it, dreamed about it, all that shit. I never thought about what I'd do about being gay, I just figured that if and when the time came, I'd deal with it. So here I am. I *am* going to be a star. And I *am* going to deal with being gay."

I had promised myself I would not interrupt, but I did. "It seems a very large burden to place on yourself if you must now hide your sexuality forever. Have you considered being honest about it?" In what I now understand was a gesture of civility, John did not scoff at this question. He answered it as if it deserved answering. "No." One word. So I said, "Forgive me, but I'd like to hear why. And I think it would be good for you to try and explain that to me." It was perhaps the first responsible bit of psychiatry I'd practiced since John had walked in.

"I have no problem with my own sexuality," he began. "I'm not like those older gay guys who get bent out of shape and lose themselves in creepy subcultures and all that shit. I like sex, I've known I'm gay for sure since I was 13 or so, maybe before then. So it's not that I can't handle anybody knowing I'm gay because I'm ashamed of it. If I were an English professor or an accountant or whatever, I'd never bother hiding anything. But an actor? A leading man? No way. I've really thought about this, and I don't blame the industry for their silent blacklisting of openly gay actors from leading-man status. I understand why they think the way they do—it's business—they have to worry about the audience. Sex scenes are a strange kind of movie magic, and if people *knew* the guy up there on the big screen kissing the beautiful girl was gay, they'd have all kinds of static in their heads—'Is he enjoying that? Is that what he does when he kisses guys? Is he disgusted by her?'—all of it useless distracting horseshit. That's not what going to the movies is about. It would ruin the scene." John paused and smiled. "Of course, nobody realizes how many times they actually *see* a gay guy kissing the beautiful girl up there on the big screen... Man, if they only knew."

"It's not that I can't handle anybody knowing I'm gay because I'm ashamed of it. If I were an English professor or an accountant, I'd never bother hiding anything. But an actor? A leading man? No way."

I said, "So, you don't think that your coming out of the closet will help change all that?"

"My coming out of the closet wouldn't change a goddamn thing," he answered, "except it'd end my

photography by cathy clark

career before it begins. Sure, I'd be a hero to the gay community for a couple of weeks, maybe do a long interview in *The Advocate*. Gay producers all over the industry would congratulate me, promise me work, try to fuck me—the ones who haven't tried already, that is. Then I'm looking at unemployment. Nobody but gay activists want anybody to come out, for chrissake. Believe me, my coming out would be seen—even by those people who phoned me to give me their so-called support—as a betrayal of Hollywood's ultimate honor code, which is to want success *above all else*. The very suggestion that something else is more important than success is a hostile betrayal to everyone in show business. Surely you realize, just living in this city, that people in the industry only have scruples when it's clear the scruples aren't standing in their way. They'd punish me for coming out because they'd know I was kissing off stardom, and that'd be like if someone just blew off their American citizenship in front of Ronald Reagan or something."

"And that's the way it's always going to be?" I asked.

"Maybe I'm wrong, but I don't think this situation is going to change in my lifetime—an openly gay leading-man movie idol? I don't see it. I know gay rights people who'd cane me just for saying so, but I think it's simply human nature. Even a broad-minded person who has nothing against gays might discover they're not able to buy it if they knew the guy on the screen kissing the beautiful girl was gay. Plain and simple. My coming out of the closet would mean the end of whatever stardom I had, and it wouldn't do anybody else any good either."

"How does that bring us to your deciding to marry Jennifer?"

John leaned forward and proceeded to lay out his strategy. "Point one. The press, the public, people out there want to know who you're fucking. They may listen patiently while you tell anecdotes about life on the set, they may applaud you for your political concerns, but what they want to know is who you're fucking. Because that's what everybody wants to know about everybody else. That's what your patients want to know about you, isn't it?" He's right about that.

"So, if you're fucking who *I'm* fucking, you'd better head this curios-

"I have a theory about Hollywood marriages, which is that any marriage that's lasted over seven years stands a good chance of being a gay marriage . . . This town can break up any marriage based merely on mutual attraction. These gay marriages are based on need and practical tolerance—*those* are the ties that bind."

ity off at the pass. I've made a study of how this is done—there are a lot of gay actors out there in the limelight showing me how to do it, and there were actors before them, back to D.W. Griffith's time. I think it's easiest if you make sure you also fuck women—right in your trailer on a

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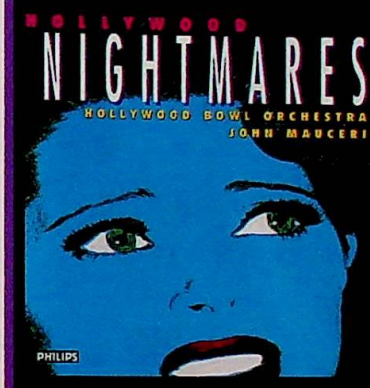

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PHILIPS

movie set—so the whole cast and crew will gossip about it. This way, the next time somebody says this actor is gay, somebody else says, nah, he was screwing so-and-so on the set of blah-blah, and people just accept that and figure, okay, he's not gay. Believe me, before I met Jennifer I did plenty of that tactical hetero stuff. I had to get drunk, but it wasn't unpleasant. It's just not something I'd do without a good reason."

I wish John was going to be my patient. He's a lot more entertaining than any of the patients I do have. I asked him, "What about actors who need to make some human connection?"

"Believe me, my coming out would be seen—even by those people who phoned me to give me their so-called support—as a betrayal of Hollywood's ultimate honor code, which is to want success *above all else.*"

He sighed and said, "There's the problem. Actors fall into love or at least infatuation more often than anybody in the world besides teenage girls. But the only way you can even be seen in public with the guy you love is if there's a beard, a woman you're supposedly seeing. If you're never seen out with a woman and you're always with a guy, people think you're gay. But as long as you date women, then a guy who's with you is just a guy you're with. The women have to be ravishing, though—models, starlets. Straight people see a man with a beautiful woman and they don't think any further, they know *there's no way* he's not fucking her. It works like a charm. Even if you're not in a relationship with another guy, if you're just screwing around, it makes sense to have a beard. Actually, it's a pretty low-maintenance smokescreen. I don't know, someone might think this kind of deceit would make you too nervous all the time and take a toll, but hey, actors *like* to act, and I know how much straight people don't want to think somebody's gay. How hard is it to get people who don't want to believe something not to believe it?"

I was beginning to think John would be an excellent psychiatrist. "The thing is," he said, "after your twenties, maybe your thirties, if you want to push it—I'm only 26, but I've seen it coming for a couple of years—you've gotta run for cover one way or another. Probably only a serial heterosexual like Warren Beatty could carry on as long as he did without getting married and not have everybody assuming he was gay."

Given that Jennifer is my patient, I felt obliged to ask, "This is why you want to marry Jennifer?"

"I care about Jennifer, doctor," John replied. "I don't just want to use her. You know, I plan to set money aside in an investment account for her, if I really start making a lot. I want her to be financially free, not dependent on me at all. I'm not holding her captive with any strings. She *wants* to marry me. She loves me, and, as you know, she's happy not to be sexually involved with me." John gave me a wry smile and added, "You'd better not cure her, or you'll blow my whole scheme. I'm counting on you.

"I'd like a calm domestic arrangement," he continued. "I'm sick of Hollywood parties, I'm sick of standing watch outside of myself and checking how people are seeing me, I'm sick of actresses who want me to fuck them. Now that I have Jennifer and Matthew—that's his name—I want to settle down. And if I become the instant celebrity it looks like I'll become, I'll *need* to have my disguise in good order. There's nothing like marriage to protect a gay actor. I know a couple of famous actors who have their boyfriends living with them and their wives. You'd think people would know what's going on. But if you're married—and you're one of those funny people in show business—the citizens of Peoria, or Mortons for that matter, don't think it's all that strange if you have a buddy hanging out at your house, too. *As long as you're married.* People think nobody who's gay would ever get married, which is precisely why the smartest, most successful gay actors I know are all married."

It was completely unprofessional of me, but I asked anyway, "Are their wives all frigid?" John laughed. "Probably not. I got lucky with Jennifer, because she's straight *and* frigid, so unlike a lot of these wives of gay actors, she's not out having her own affairs and adding to the gossip that the marriage is supposed to be snuffing. But there are some real stable marriages between gay people I know about—he's gay, she's gay, they're compatible, they have their own separate affairs, they need each other for obvious reasons, everybody's happy. I have a theory about Hollywood marriages in general, which is that any marriage that's lasted over seven years stands a good chance of being a gay marriage. Gay marriages are the most stable to begin with—sounder than marriages based on romance that started between two people playing lovers in some cheesy movie shot on a location that drove them both crazy. This town can break up any marriage based merely on mutual attraction. These gay marriages are based on need and practical tolerance—*those* are the ties that bind.

"I think what I have with Jennifer is possibly the best setup of all, I really do. I know about one actor who's married to a straight woman, but it's not as good a deal as mine with Jennifer because she's in the business. She's with him because he's famous, but now she is, too. They actually care about each other, but she cares most about something I'd be scared of—her own success. I watch how they act in public—they make really overdone displays of affection even when there's no paparazzi. The whole thing gives me the creeps. Anyway, I guess I'd just never trust an actress, period. They might be someone else entirely next

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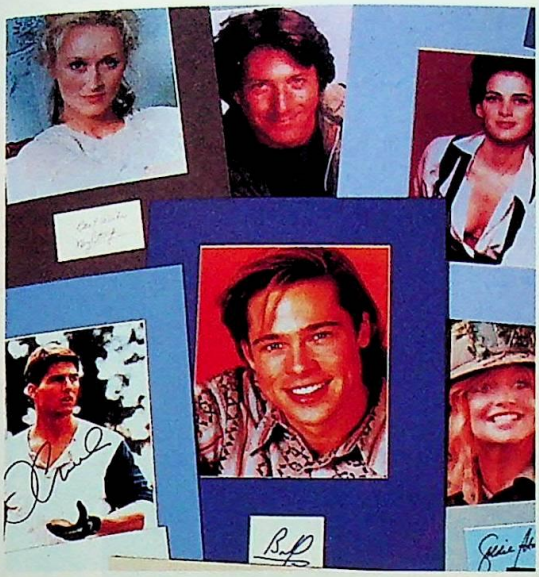

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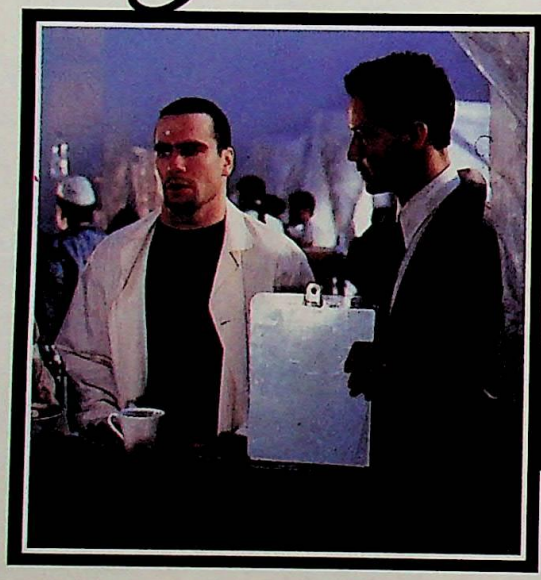
Iron-pumping rocker/poet/publisher/actor Henry Rollins takes us on a tour of his home (where only *über*babes and employees may normally enter) and refuses to discuss the acting talent of Keanu Reeves.

Regarding HENRY



Cyberstar: Rollins with Keanu Reeves in Robert Longo's adaptation of William Gibson's *Johnny Mnemonic*.

by michael kaplan

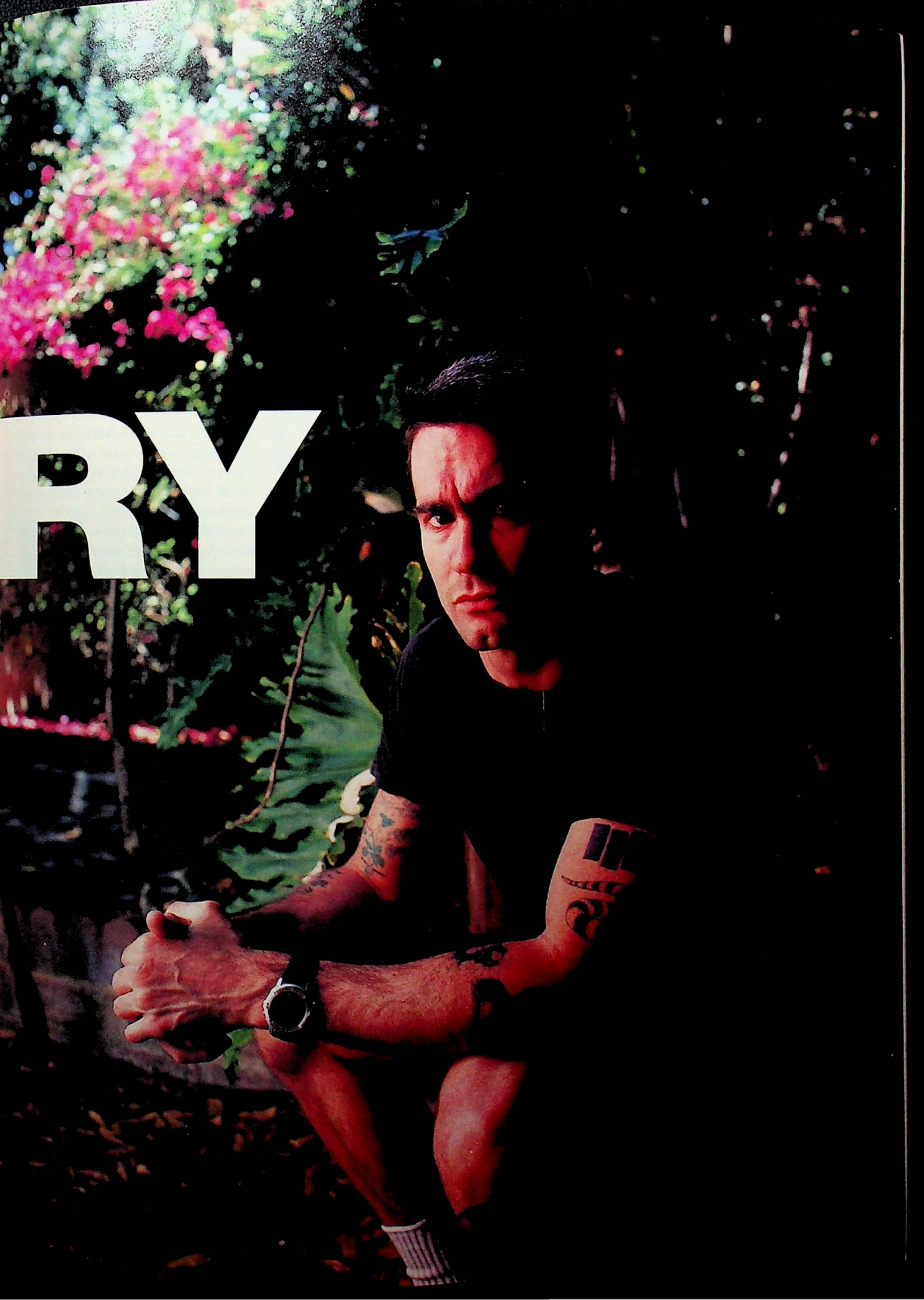
Right now, if he felt like it, Henry Rollins could beat the crap out of me. Possessing the strength and rage to pummel a stranger at will, Rollins emotes jockish brio that sucks all attention toward him as he greets me in the shallow foyer of his Hollywood home. His black hair bristles at military-style attention, his chest is as big as a supermarket and his biceps bulge as if they've been stuffed with peach cans. *Serious* tattoos emerge from the edges of his black gym shorts and matching T-shirt, and occupy the larger part of the available surface of skin.

As we enter what I assume will be the living room, an advance cassette of Helmet's noisy new CD is blasting with the sonic force of twin 747s revving on a runway. Rollins, best known as the incendiary leader of the thrashing Rollins Band, though performing on-screen as well—currently in a meaty role opposite Keanu Reeves in *Johnny Mnemonic*—kills the sound and slips into a story about a careless reporter from *Melody Maker*. "This *asshole* wrote that I am a recovering heroin addict," he says. "And that's a lie. I ran into him at the Paramount theater a couple of weeks ago and confronted him. I said, 'Man, I should fuck you up.' He was definitely scared. He thought he was about to get hurt. He asked me if he should leave the country. But I controlled myself. I know full well that if I punched out a midget like him, he'd sue me."

I try to decide whether I think Rollins actually would hit a reporter. Hollywood is a town full of phony tough guys. "When you're pissed off, you can probably be a pretty intimidating guy," I say to him.

"Worse than intimidating," Rollins tells me, locking his

all photography by sandra johnson except left: takashi seida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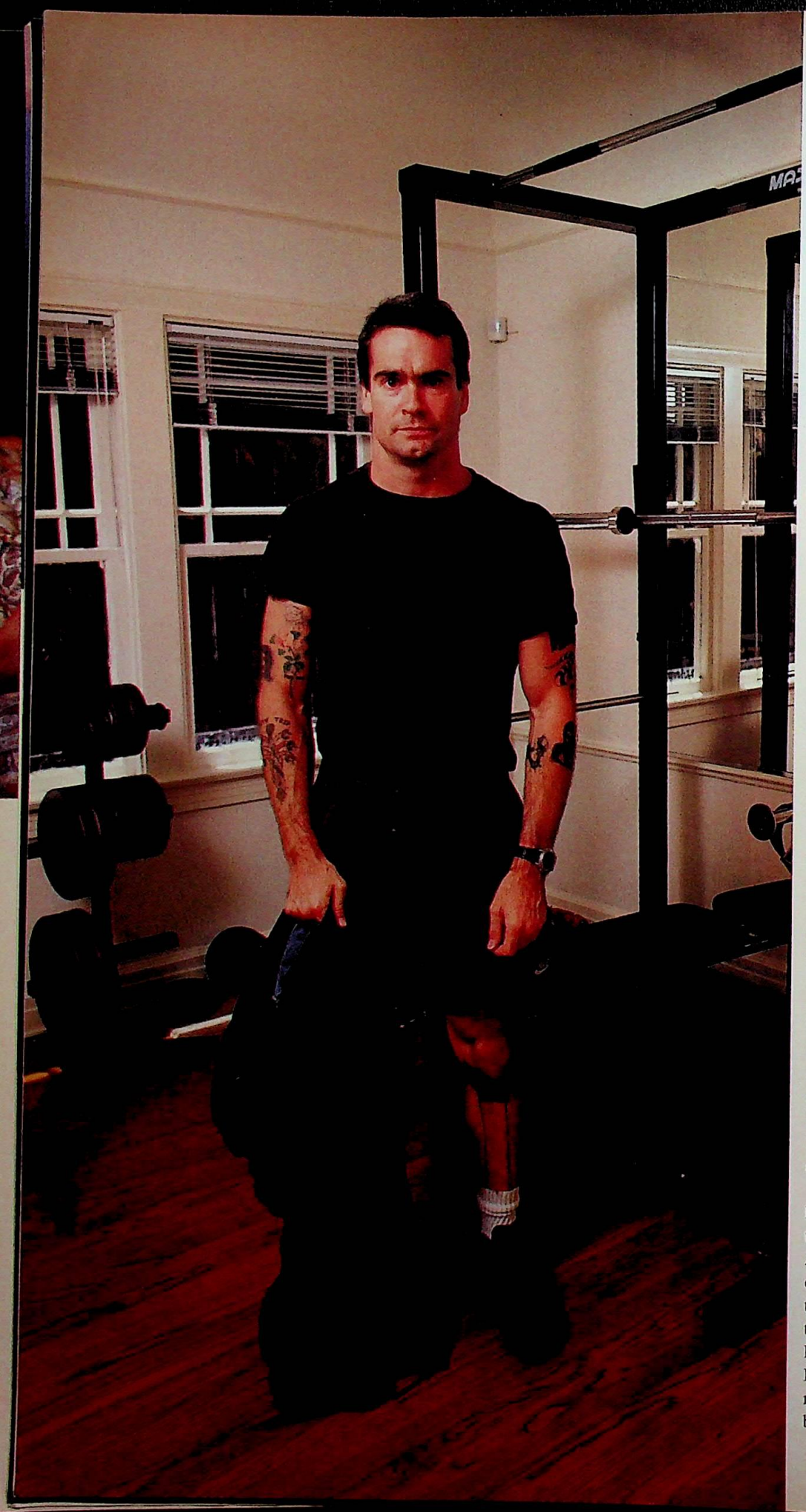


gaze into mine.

"How much worse?"

"People go to hospitals," he says, slowly spacing each syllable to be sure I understand. "It has happened. The last time I got into a fight was two years ago in Germany. I knocked a guy's tooth out, broke his nose, put eight stitches in his eye and got arrested by the German cops. I just meant to back him up, but I *busted* him up."

I have to admit, Rollins definitely knows how to break the ice with a journalist.

Obsessed with work and working out, Henry Rollins lives in a house that is a hive of productivity. The room I'm in, where a bona fide living room ought to be, is his office. It's a big open room with a wooden desk, lots of computer equipment and a professional quality sound system. The rest of the floor (where someone else might have a dining room or a den) is given over to desk space for the employees of Rollins's video/publishing/record companies. Under the 2.13.61 imprimatur (the numbers are his birth date), Rollins has published around 16 books, including eight of his own.

Given that Rollins spends most of the year not here dealing with the business that passes for his "home life," but out touring with his band, I can't help wondering why on earth he decided to bum-rush the movie business. "For the money," he replies with the kind of bluntness that you won't hear from the industry's biggest whores. "But instead of using the paychecks to buy a Ferrari, I buy software and publish books. It's like taking Satan's dollars and turning them into little angels. It's punk rock. It's totally subversive."

In order to give an idea of where his head is at, Rollins tosses me a title that his company has published for Alan Vega, the long forgotten vocalist of the proto-punk band Suicide. As I thumb through the lavishly produced tome of drawings and song lyrics, Rollins explains, "Alan's an artist that I respect, so I gotta treat him like a million dollars. How many of these books will we sell? We'll be sitting on

them forever. But you think his book will not get published? Fuck you. That's why I am after the dough. To me, this book is a blow to the empire. It's about kicking against the pricks."

How does he feel, then, about kowtowing to the pricks in the movie industry? Surely, for one who operates as iconoclastically as Rollins does, meeting with the typical Tinseltown suit must be considerably less enjoyable than, say, cold-cocking Germans. He points out that it is the industry's insincerity-as-a-bloodsport that bugs him the most. "I can see why actors get very bitter," he says, prowling the room. "This is a mean business. You watch how casually these people will tell you how they're into you and dying to work with you and love you. Then, the next day: *Harry!* It's Henry. *Henry! How's the Dead Kennedys?* I was in Black Flag. *How's Black Flag? You guys on tour?* Black Flag broke up in 1986. Now, this is the same guy who took me out to lunch the day before and said, 'I love the album. I've got the new single. I love it. I'm a liar, right? Heeey, only kidding.' You see that this guy is filling you with bullshit, but I take that into consideration and only believe what they tell me when I'm actually on the set."

"I think I would rather drink latex paint than be in a movie with Steven Seagal."

The most recent set for Rollins was *Johnny Mnemonic*, a project based on a story by cyberpunk novelist William Gibson and directed by visual artist Robert Longo. The film centers around the title character, played by Keanu Reeves, whose brain is embedded with a computer chip that is being aggressively sought by several cartels. Rollins portrays a doctor—albeit, one named Spider—who must download fresh instructions into Johnny's mind. Cast without an audition, Rollins arrived at the Toronto location with one requirement for himself. To dramatize this requirement for me, he gulps a weightlifter's intake of oxygen and slowly exhales, intoning, "*Must. Pull. My. Weight.*

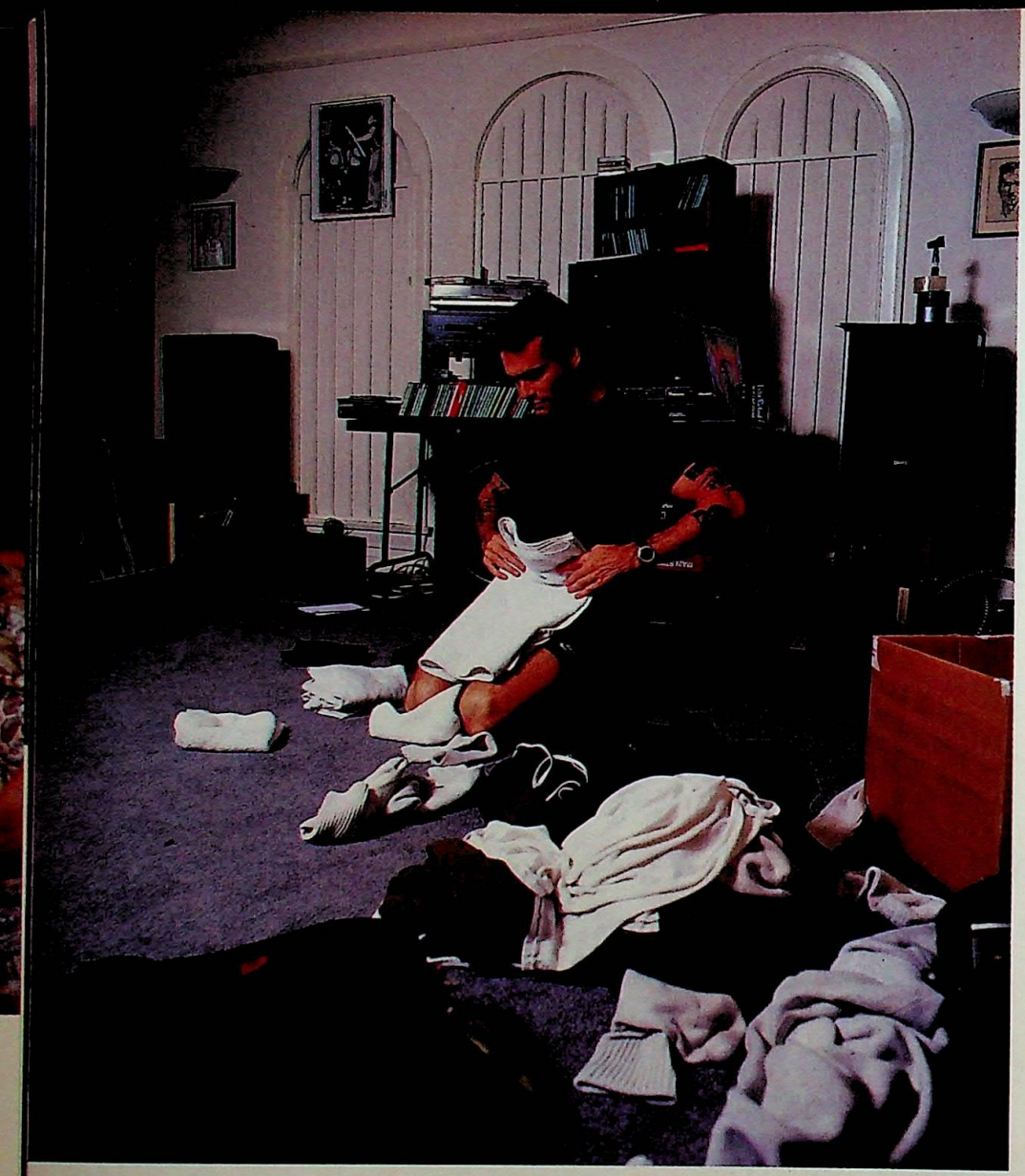
"I did not want to be the drag of the production, the rock'n'roll guy who can't remember his lines," Rollins continues. "I went on the set with my shit together, and I had tons of dialogue. *Paragraphs.*" Probably fearing that he'll come off as taking the thespian thing too seriously, Rollins nonchalantly adds, "Look, I'm not at Anthony Hopkins's level or anything, but it's not like I'm playing the doorman in *Porky's II* either."

Rollins has nothing positive to say about the acting of co-stars Dolph Lundgren or Keanu Reeves. When I tell him I heard he walked off the set one afternoon muttering, "Somebody should teach that fucking [Reeves] to act," he shrugs inscrutably and says only that I would be operating on assumption if I chose to use that tidbit. Rollins *is* willing to express his opinion of director Longo. "I love that guy," he tells me. "On his movie set he's supposed to be polite to everyone, so he can't let it rip. But pretty soon he and I were fucking with each other, anyway. He would come up to me and say, 'Are you ready to shoot some fucking film?' I'd be like, 'Fuck you.' Everybody's jaw dropped open and from there it began escalating. He and I were laughing at each other, calling one another motherfuckers. He would walk on and say, 'You mean you wanna fuck me?' I'd reply, 'I want to fuck you at lunch, punk!' By the end of the shoot we were calling each other fucko and dickface. We had a blast. After wrapping, Robert gave me a piece of art. It's a big litho of a hand holding a gun. He also gave me all of these art books and signed them, *You blowhard. Fuck you. Robert Longo.* He's just great."

Perhaps because an inordinate number of twentysomething directors (like Adam Rifkin, who directed *The Chase*, in which Rollins appeared) are his fans, Rollins has become something of a hot ticket among casting agents. He takes meetings with brand-name players. "I spent a moment hanging out with Steven Seagal," he says, leading me out to a backyard that is lush with bougainvillea and giant potted plants. Squinting disdainfully into the sun, he continues, "The guy was beyond belief. I think I would rather drink latex paint than be in a movie with him. However, he does know his shit about aikido; I would not want to mess with him. He started asking me what I was doing in his office, why I wanted to meet with him. And that was really strange because *I* didn't even want to be there. *He* called *me*. I only went because my agent asked me to go. Then Seagal wanted to know how much experience I had with [real] guns. When I told him I had none, he looked at me as if I had better move out of town. That's when I walked out of there and saw all these people in his front office, nervously clutching scripts. Apparently, he was casting *On Deadly Ground*. That clown is a guy who definitely lives in his fucking scene. And there is danger there."

Back inside, Rollins and I sit on swiveling desk chairs in the living room/office, where one wall is dominated by shelves of cassette tapes chronicling live performances of Rollins's favorite bands—including generations of intense personalities from Miles Davis to the Sex Pistols to the Red Hot Chili Peppers. The other wall is taken up by a shelving system that holds what he estimates to be 2,300 compact discs, all cataloged in the computer at the center of his desk.

All about are pieces of art from various friends, including Mark Mothersbaugh (former member of Devo), who gave Rollins a knowingly kitschy sketch of two kids playing ringtoss on a sleeping hillbilly's erect penis; D. Boon, who donated a self-portrait ("D. Boon is dead now," Rollins says of his friend who had once fronted a local punk band called the Minutemen—so named, by the way, because few of their songs exceeded 60 seconds. "So if I lost that, it would really suck"); and Raymond Pettibon, who is represented



documentary film director Joe Cole. They were returning from a run to the video store, where they had picked up a Sylvester Stallone flick.

I interrupt the story I'm hearing to ask if Rollins is a Sly Stallone fan. "In the jungle I'd be wearing Stallone's finger bones in my nose and his women would be wearing my colors," he says. "In Hollywood, though, the son of a bitch will always get work."

In any case, when they got home, Cole and Rollins had the misfortune of walking in on a robbery in progress. Guns were pressed to their heads and the two of them were told to lay flat with their faces flush against the floor. While Rollins followed orders, his buddy got into an altercation with one of the robbers and wound up with two bullets in his head. "For $40 they killed Joe and basically ruined my life," says Rollins, who keeps a jar of Cole's blood and the dirt on which it spilled inside a closet. "I'm a completely different person now than I was then. Try cleaning your best friend's brains off the sidewalk so his mother won't see them. It would have an effect on you, too."

I make the mistake of asking Rollins if he has ever used the emotions from that incident to inform a character in a movie. He stares at me, then flatly says, "Put it this way. If they ever need a guy to be horribly sad, it will not be a stretch for me."

I get hit on by so many guys, but it's no big deal. In fact, I see it as a compliment. If I was a gay guy, and I saw someone who was muscular, tattooed, intense, in a band—well, I'd be all over it."

by a print of his own pencil sketch. Strangest of all is a spiraling, abstract drawing signed by Charles Manson with a message that thanks Rollins for his music and concludes, *I've really been tripping out on you guys lately.*

"He sent me this years ago," Rollins says, shrugging off a rumor that he and Manson actually maintained a lively correspondence. "He saw me on MTV."

I suggest to Rollins that we take a tour through the rest of his digs. "This isn't really a *home*," he says in a tone that sounds more matter-of-fact than apologetic. "People are walking in and out of the place all the time. And I'm never here. I am usually on the road." Rollins then explains that the house is soundproofed ("I like to really let loose with the stereo system") and wired like a bank safe against break-ins. The latter, he says, is to satisfy an insurance company, though I imagine that his security consciousness stems from an incident that took place in 1991 and seems to have left Rollins with his bottomless pool of rage. Back then he was sharing a place in Venice with his best friend, the

After a few minutes of small talk, Rollins reluctantly agrees to take me upstairs. On the second floor, past a shin-high rack of videocassettes, arranged alphabetically from the punk band Birthday Party to the radical documentary *Weathermen '69*, Rollins hangs a left and stops in front of an open door. "This is my room," he says, ushering me into a tidy, dark space that is probably smaller than Stallone's utility closet. On the floor is an unmade futon. Behind it, where a bed's headboard

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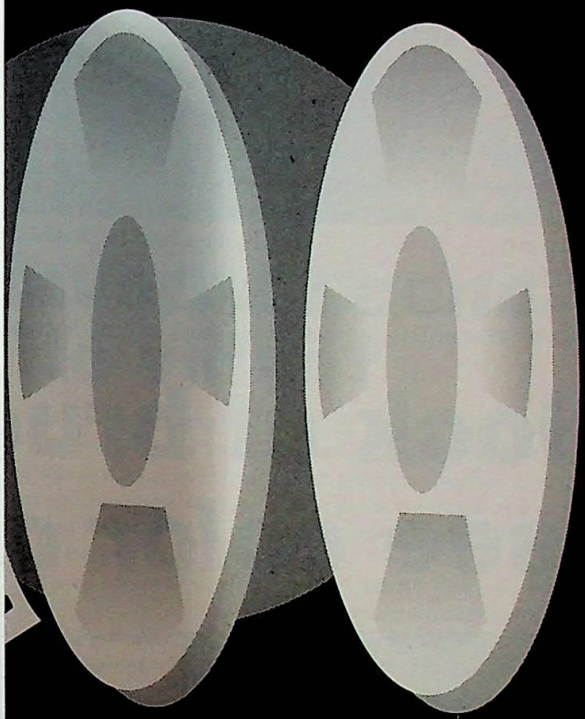

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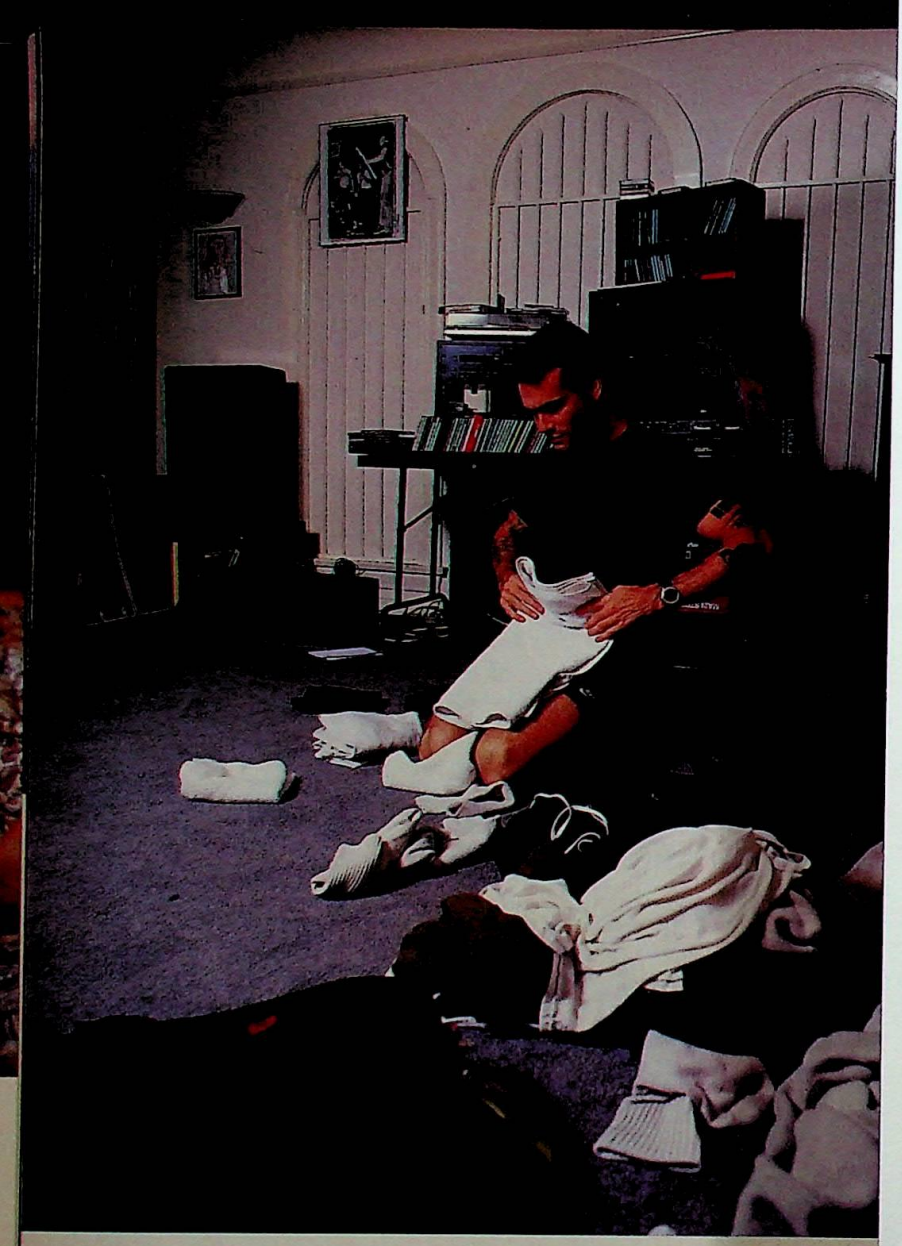

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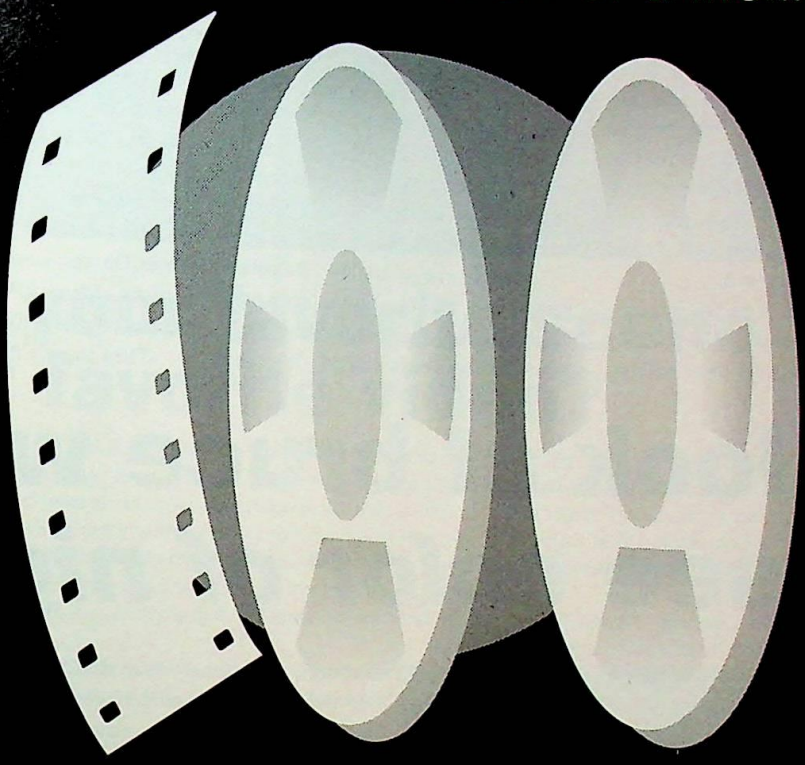

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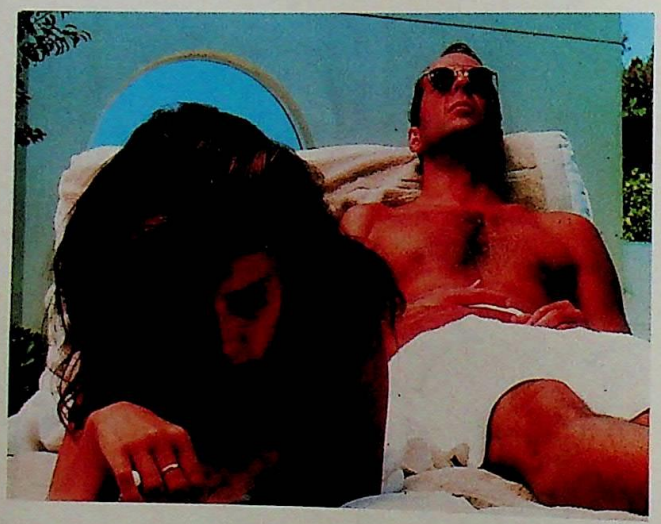
for a look at bruce willis's butt, see *color of night*

Just when you thought they'd never make a mystery thriller as deliriously bad as *Midnight Lace*, just when you imagined that the gold lamé spirit of Douglas Sirk had departed forever, comes director Richard Rush's *Color of Night* to brighten up your dull evenings. *Color of Night* isn't just bad: it's bad with raisins in it.

If you were one of the few who saw *Color of Night* in a theater, you probably remember the plot, but for those millions and millions who missed this gem, I'll recap.



Bruce Willis stars as a psychologist. Are you laughing too hard or can I go on now? Willis is having a crisis of conscience/confidence because one of his patients leaped out of a window after applying lots of lipstick—we all know, don't we, that applying lots of lipstick is a sure sign of suicidal depression? Anyway, Willis goes out to L.A. to visit fellow shrink Scott Bakula, who takes Willis to his group therapy session so that the fun can start in earnest. Remember "The Bob Newhart Show" from the '70s? His group therapy meetings weren't nearly as funny as these: we have a nympho, an obsessive-compulsive, a split personality, the Professor and Mary Ann—well, you get the idea. Bakula gets killed in a scene that looks like *Psycho* directed by Mack Sennett. The sad part is that Bakula is the most talented and attractive member of the whole goddamn cast and 30 minutes into the picture he's been bumped off.

Willis stays on in Bakula's grandiosely modern home (crammed with screamingly bad art) despite the fact that someone keeps stalking him and leaving snakes in the mailbox. Are hotels in L.A. *that* expensive? It's like the TV movie where that devil doll keeps chasing Karen Black around her apartment going, "Yanni yanni yanni," and it never occurs to her to just leave.

Instead of ruining the horribly implausible and helter-skelter plot for you, I'll just point out some of the more outrageous lapses of sanity: *a)* Willis's patient jumps out of a Manhattan office tower, causing pedestrians to scream and run, whereas real New Yorkers would have lifted her purse; *b)* Three days after famous psychologist Scott Bakula is killed in an exceedingly colorful way in his midtown office, his patients still don't know about it—okay, we've already established that there are no reasonably priced hotels in L.A., but surely there must be at least one newspaper or TV station; *c)* The whole plot hook—Willis goes color blind after seeing his patient's blood—goes *nowhere*. Period. I kept thinking there had to be a reason for it or a plot twist that depended on it—but *nothing ever happens*.

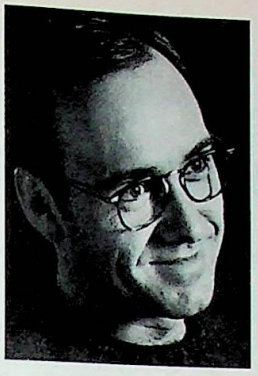
The film is a laugh riot and I don't want to give away all of the jokes. When I saw the film in the theater, the audience laughed all the way through the first sex scene, which took place underwater and was about as erotic as an Esther Williams movie. Oh, yes, we do get to see generous portions of Bruce Willis, though not as much as he'd have liked.

Then there's the acting. Even the extras overact. Keep your eyes out for one unbilled woman playing a hooker in a police station. She only has one line, but she gives it such gusto that she leaves the audience stunned. Even formerly respected actors lose all sense of self-control: Lesley Ann Warren (decked out in a Shelley Long wig) twitches and twitters like a road company Billie Burke, and Ruben Blades does what appears to be a Jose Jimenez imitation. Willis actually seems like a model of intelligent understatement compared with the rest of the cast, but the truth is, he just wasn't acting *at all*.

And then there's Jane March. Ever so much of Jane March. Watching her try to match wits with Bruce Willis really makes you appreciate the bang-up job Cybill Shepherd was doing all those years. Jane spends half the movie dressed in disguise as a teenage boy. I mean, how hard is she to spot? She's got teeth like Bucky Beaver, for goodness sake. "That gal could eat corn on the cob through a picket fence!" said my companion Joe.

It all gets sillier and sillier until the grand finale, which tried to come off as Hitchcockian but reminded me more of Harold Lloyd. Judging by the guffaws from the audience, I wasn't alone. So, rent this if you're feeling down in the mouth. Just don't try to eat popcorn during *Color of Night* unless you know the Heimlich maneuver.

Eve Golden



what's your favorite scene in your favorite video?

JIM CARREY (actor, *Ace Ventura, Pet Detective*, *Dumb and Dumber*): "Oh, man, Jimmy Stewart in *Harvey* when he sits in the alley and talks about how he met Harvey is magical. You're going, 'I want to get into that screen so I can know this guy, follow him.' Oh, and Stewart's filibuster scene in *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* is so brilliant, it's the kind of stuff that makes me want to pull off my dick and jump out the window."

ROBIN SWICORD (screenwriter, *The Perez Family*, *Little Women*): "I love the party scene in *Notorious* when Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman are about to be discovered in a wine cellar. They kiss and it's dangerous for them to be seen together because they're about to be discovered. They're angry with each other because they are no longer lovers—Grant has forced Bergman to marry another man. The scene carries so much weight and the plot and subplot collide."

KEVIN SPACEY (actor, *The Ref*): "The seduction scene between Henry Fonda and Barbara Stanwyck in *The Lady Eve* when she changes her shoes aboard the ocean liner. The double entendres and innuendos are far more sexy and sophisticated than anything seen today on-screen."

LINDA GRAY (actress, "Models Inc."): "My favorite movie of all-time is *Casablanca* because it's a simple story about relationships and it's so romantic. My favorite scene is the ending because it's so very, very bittersweet."

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the bottom shelf

sex and the single kid

This month we get to learn about *What Kids Want to Know About Sex and Growing Up* (Pacific Arts), a 1987 instructional tape hosted by a little girl and a little boy who by now are mortally embarrassed teenagers. Of course, if you don't have children in the first place, then you don't have to worry about what the little scrappers want to know about sex or anything else, for that matter. But if you've gotten yourself into it, you may as well find out what's going on inside the heads of the little buggers. ■ The tape contains extremely unerotic drawings of little naked children turning into little naked adults, making the whole process more unappetizing than it really is. I mean, where's the discussion about silk sheets and romantic music? What we get instead are lots of hormones, ovaries, pituitaries and other things most of us forgot the looks of after our Sex-Ed exam in grammar school. ■ We're also treated to some really awful music from the '70s and '80s (VH-1 rejects), and cutesy silent movie clips are used for comic effect. (I was impressed, though, by one of the clips that was from a rare 1914 Clara Kimball Young film; it was certainly the high point of the tape for me.) Asking about sex is not, we are told, "like asking about your math homework or what's for dinner"—both of which *are* loaded questions in my house, I might add. ■ We sit in on two sex classes: Bob teaches the boys and Rhonda teaches the girls. (Just how Bob and Rhonda qualified as sex educators is left to the imagination.) First we visit the boys. The little chaps—who are about 10 or so—ask questions no kid I know would even dream of asking at that age, so we know there's definitely a script. "How big does your penis get?" asks one tot with a straight face. Oddly enough, that *is* one question I wanted to ask my 10th grade English teacher. What we learn is that male hormones make your voice get deeper (which, of course, fails to explain Marlene Dietrich or Tallulah Bankhead). "Is masturbation okay?" asks another kid. "If you're doing it right," I yell at the screen. ■ As for the girls, they seem most concerned with the grossness of getting their period and the growth of their boobs. We learn about pregnancy, and then the kids take a flour sack home with them, which serves as a surrogate baby. My friend did this when she was wondering if she wanted to have a baby; her counselor ended up discouraging her from trying when she dipped into the sack to get some extra flour for her midnight brownie craving. ■ All things considered, *What Kids Want to Know About Sex and Growing Up* is pretty thorough and straightforward. Still, the filmmakers left a few of my questions unanswered. For example, how many dates is a girl supposed to wait before she can cut loose? And, what's more sexy, garter belts or thigh highs? I mean, you may as well learn these things early on.

Eve Golden

there's nothing temp about the bad movie gem *the temp*—it's a keeper!

In the crowded field of unintentionally funny thrillers vying for the title "Best Bad Movie from Hell"—you know, Other Woman from Hell (*Fatal Attraction*), Nanny/Babysitter from Hell (*The Hand That Rocks the Cradle*, *The Sitter*), Nymphet/Houseguest from Hell (*The Crush*, *Poison Ivy*)—the Secretary from Hell entry, *The Temp*, is a strong contender for the crown, thanks to a nonsensical script and a trio of awful star turns. If the prospect of two former Oscar winners—greasy-haired Tim Hutton and lacquered-within-an-inch-of-her-life Faye Dunaway—humiliating themselves doesn't make you race to your video store for a copy, then perhaps you'll succumb to the lure of seeing Lara Flynn Boyle crawl on the floor like Ann-Margret in *Kitten With a Whip*, in what seems like an attempt to prove for all time that she's the ultimate shooting starlet. ■ The fun begins when cookie company exec Hutton—a recovering paranoid whose latent "Mr. Hyde" personality has already cost him his wife, son and house—wows boss lady Dunaway with a new sales gimmick: market grandma-type cookies in old-fashioned-looking jars! Never mind that this mid-'70s concept ought to get him fired; there are far more egregious plot points to come. When Hutton's male assistant takes time off from work, the film's villainous vamp, office temp Boyle, turns up. Claiming to be a wed Stanford grad but sounding like she has marbles in her mouth, Boyle coos at Hutton, "You seem *harrid*," apparently meaning "harried" but making it sound enough like "horrid" to nail his performance. ■ Soon Boyle is flashing her legs and her bra, and, though we're not aroused—Boyle's expression-free mug and calculated attempts at cool seem, to us, positively Jane Seymouresque—Hutton desires her. Hilariously, when he asks pal Steven Weber, "Didn't you once fool around with your secretary?" Weber retorts, about Hutton's vacationing male assistant, "You thinking of boning *Lance*?" ■ When the secretary returns, Boyle goes to work for Hutton's rival exec Oliver Platt, but not before she says to Hutton—*we swear!*—"Peter, Peter, cookie-eater, had a temp, but couldn't keep her." Unhappy at her new gig, Boyle arranges an accident to maim Hutton's assistant and, while she's at it, kills off Platt. That's not what's bothering Dunaway, however; she's sure someone is after her job. "If they think I'm going down without a fight, they're mistaken," she growls, out for blood. "Believe me, I've had more knives stuck into me than Julius Caesar!" Things get worse: After Boyle is made an executive, Hutton—who opines, "I've heard of meteoric rises, but this is ridiculous"—rebuffs her come-on, only to find that when his cookies hit the stores, the customers *literally* start spitting blood. Ordering a hunt for the saboteur, Dunaway snaps, "We have to stop the bleeding!" But who can stop the laughing when Boyle, at a company picnic, strips to suggest she and Hutton "fuck underwater," as their co-workers watch from shore? ■ Thinking Boyle may be the killer, Hutton searches her office. When he is discovered in the act by co-worker Colleen Flynn, he begs for her help but she refuses, saying, "I'm not the one caught with my hands in the cookie jar." Then, when Hutton peeks through Boyle's bedroom window, he sees that Boyle's got *her* hand in the cookie jar—at this point, both Hutton and the movie take time out to watch her masturbate. ■ Suffice it to say, about the film's suspense-free last third, although it boasts everything—Boyle and Hutton ride in a car careening out of control; Hutton gets tossed atop a garbage heap; Boyle, clearly a dangerous psycho, breaks into Hutton's home to (*gasp!*) rearrange his furniture—none of it goes anywhere. If, however, you're in need of a good giggle, go rent *The Temp* right now. ***Stephen Rebello***

Why You *Temptress, You!*: Say what you will about the truly demented performances of Tim Hutton and Lara Flynn Boyle in *The Temp*, at least *she* washes her hair.

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barbara stanwyck in *double indemnity*

Barbara Stanwyck was already a world-class veteran by 1944, her filmography consisting mostly of career woman melodramas, weepies and wisecracking comedies. But suddenly, in Billy Wilder's *Double Indemnity*, she became for all time the paradigm of the film noir slut: rich, bored, bleached, ruthless and horny as a mink. In this carefully modulated performance—she never even raises her voice—Stanwyck is the ultimate lollapalooza, all legs and sneers and helpless eyes. Few other actresses could've oozed out so much musk with so little effort. We never hesitate for a moment in believing she could blithely steer Fred MacMurray's snappy insurance salesman around by his dick, fueling the engine of this oldest and most wicked of scummy murder stories. She's a martini-soaked onion: pearly, sharp and sweet, the filigree in film noir's glass of cheap gin. After her, audiences saw things through a new window: imagine, two amoral shitheels plot the death of an innocent jerk, and we watch them do it, hoping it works. The darkness has been with us ever since.

Still, Stanwyck's Phyllis is no caricature of man-eating viciousness: she's both scrumptious and fiercely keen. Whomever she's with, she's sustaining two or three levels of deceit at once. Stanwyck knows that sex is Phyllis's primary medium, and her every move is intended to blur a healthy man's vision without his even noticing what's happened. As the scheming gets out of control, you can see the survival instinct focus in her eyes and deepen in her already fleshy voice. She's obviously much smarter than MacMurray's infamous Walter Neff—note how Stanwyck patiently, almost lovingly tolerates his nervous last-minute instructions as they embark on their crime. She also possesses a mean streak he could never appreciate, even though *he* breaks the patsy's neck. Phyllis is driving as Neff does the deed on her hubby in the passenger seat, and we're looking at her face the whole time: Stanwyck doesn't seem to move a muscle, but her stillness boils with orgasmic glee. As the commotion beside her settles into silence, she segues into the subtlest of satanic smirks. It's chilling, but the irony is, she's never looked so beautiful. "What's the matter, aren't ya gonna kiss me?" she dead-seriously purrs after the stiff is dumped. Neff looks like he'd rather eat a dead cat, but he does it anyway. He has no choice by that point, and she knows it.

Later in the film, when Neff explains to Phyllis how he plans to kill her to save himself, Stanwyck takes a moment to inspect her fingernail polish. It is a classic gesture. Being sexy in a movie is easy; having it seem so natural, so easy, when everything else the character does is a lie, is what separates the women from the girls. In that final confrontation, outfitted in the soon-to-be-standard femme fatale ensemble of silk pajamas, extra lip gloss and gun, Stanwyck is pure dish, a woman cutting her way through a man's world with the deadly edges of her own desire. Only when Neff presses the gun barrel to her belly is Phyllis at a loss—Stanwyck glows for a brief instant with guileless fear and hurt. To us Phyllis always seemed destined for hate and bloodshed, but Stanwyck knew that the poor woman thought she'd live forever.

Michael Atkinson

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far left: shooting star

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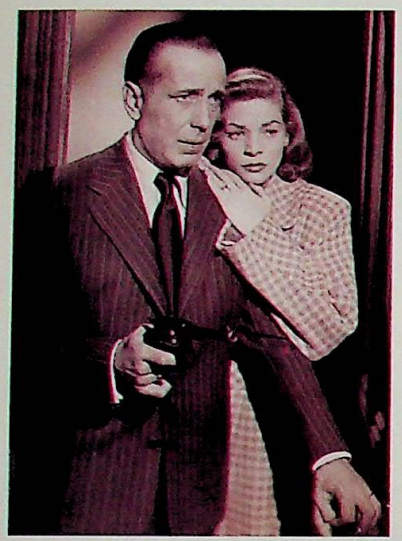

Dark Passage (1947). This nifty little noir has escaped convict Humphrey Bogart undergoing plastic surgery to get a new face—and, since he's hidden from the camera for the first half of the movie, you can probably guess who the "new" Bogie will look like. The movie's great fun, and also stars Lauren Bacall and Agnes Moorehead doing what they do best: slinking sultrily and being a total bitch, respectively. Jan. 15, Cinemax.

That's Entertainment! (1974), *That's Entertainment, Part 2* (1976), and *That's Dancing!* (1985). "Boy, do we need it now!" trumpeted the ads for the original *That's Entertainment!*, and one could argue that *a)* "we" was MGM, who needed a hit badly in the early '70s, or *b)* "it" was the studio system back when moguls bossed stars around instead of vice versa. If it's *a)*, funny how some things never change; if it's *b)*, we *still* need "it" now. Beware: the two *TE* movies may make you long to see every musical MGM ever made. *Dancing!* has its moments, too—the classic "Cool" number from *West Side Story* is shown the way it should always be seen, in letterbox format—but the then-contemporary break dancing segments look more dated after one decade than the "Let's K-nock K-nees" number from *The Gay Divorcee* does after six. A good way to recover from New Year's Eve. Jan. 1, Turner Classic Movies.

Citizen Kane (1941). Let's be honest. Classics like *8½* or *The Seventh Seal* may be Great Films, but how often can you actually stand to watch them? What people rarely admit about *Citizen Kane* is that while it is, yes, the greatest movie ever made, it's also a hoot: Orson Welles's filmmaking debut remains funny, brisk, well-acted, engrossing, poignant and thoroughly gorgeous to look at, whether you're seeing it for the first or 40th time. Jan. 12, Turner Classic Movies.

Alonso Duralde

laserium

not new but recommended

Since it's our "Sex" issue, we headed for our laser store to discover why their "erotic thriller" bin is so popular. The clerk armed us with four films we'd never heard of, and we quickly learned two things: 1) while there's little that is erotic or thrilling in this genre, there's *lots* of nudity; and 2) that's a fine reason to own a top-of-the-line disc player: push one button and you can scan—frame by frame—every pore on a star's naked bod. Indeed, ***PREY OF THE CHAMELEON***, a 1993 Image Entertainment disc, offers up the bare butts of two of Aaron Spelling's TV starlets. Daphne Zuniga (of "Melrose Place") plays a perhaps otherworldly stranger who wreaks havoc on a small town. First we find her, naked and dead, face down in the dirt (and her fetching bottom *is* the best thing about her performance) but later, she's alive, hitching a ride from local lad James Wilder (late of "MP"; lately on "Models Inc."). His ass gets screen time when he gets out of bed after they've made love. ***THE TIGRESS***, a 1993 Vidmark Entertainment disc, answers the query, "Whatever happened to Valentina Vargas after her nude scene with Christian Slater in *The Name of the Rose*?" Here, in pre-WWII Germany, Vargas is forever climbing out of her period costumes to boff James Remar. Two fave scenes: Remar massaging Vargas's massive breasts; and Remar baring his rump in a bathtub scene with—*we swear!*—a seriously slumming George Peppard. We were looking forward to seeing Apollonia and Mark Hamill in the buff but their 1994 Vidmark disc, ***BLACK MAGIC WOMAN***, is a bust: the duo's couplings are boring, discreet shots of their necks, backs and legs. That's certainly not the case with the 1993 Image Entertainment disc ***BODY OF INFLUENCE***. This is the saga of a therapist—Nick Cassavetes, son of actor/filmmaker John C.—who's driven to murder because all his beautiful blonde bimbo patients want to have sex with him. Luscious looker (as opposed to actress) Shannon Whirry frequently strips; and in one scene with her, Cassavetes makes an acting "choice" his father never did—he flashes the family jewels!

dark passage and prey of the chameleon: everett collection

The Editors

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Jimmy [Spader] and I, we fought and fought, trying to keep our characters intact, but we did two reshoots on that. On *Sweet Hearts Dance*, that was a different problem, in that Don Johnson kind of threw the script out. So what happened was we had to do a month of reshoots at two different times to put back things that had been taken out.

Q: They didn't put back *enough*.

A: What?

Q: I just can't imagine how much they would have had to put back to make *Sweet Hearts Dance* into anything coherent.

A: The real mistake with *that* movie was that I thought it was about one thing, and they decided it was about these two guys who were never gonna grow up, a male-bonding thing. And who cares about that?

Q: Really, we get to see assholes like that everyday.

A: So, yes, I think the screenings and the discussion groups are terrible. The interesting thing is when they leave the discussion group, and you go out to dinner with all the suits and your agent and everybody else, no one agrees with what just came down in the discussion group. Everyone already has their opinion and they use the discussion group to rationalize it.

Q: Do you watch your movies?

A: No, sometimes I don't even see them at all. I don't think I ever saw the final cut of *Compromising Positions*. I don't think I saw the final cut of *The Hunger*, actually. I think of them in terms of the experiences I had on them. *Atlantic City*, *Pretty Baby*, they were both great experiences. *Pretty Baby* was the first time I played a mother.

Q: She was some mother!

A: Yeah. I think there's all different kinds of mothers, because the disturbing thing in that movie was that the child was in better shape than any of the adults. And if you're gonna do a movie about child prostitution, that's not the way you're supposed to progress. I always thought that if I was ever going to do a book about the making of a movie that was such a disaster, I would choose *Pretty Baby*. So many things happened on that film.

Q: Come on, tell.

A: That was at a point when Brooke Shields's mother was not in great shape, and so at one point I was asked to take custody of her, to take responsibility, whatever the legal term was, for the shoot, because her mother had ended up in jail [one night]. Brooke went away for a weekend and didn't come back on time. One of the guys who was an extra suddenly got picked up for rape. It was crazy. The crew didn't know who Louis Malle or Sven Nykvist was, so they were always rolling their eyes. A lot of them had come off of action films. I think it was the only time I've ever worked on a set where you couldn't get a non-alcoholic beverage out of the cooler.

Q: It's so disturbing to watch. Everything it says about lusting for prepubescent girls . . .

A: Well, I stayed with Brooke all the time. Her conditioning was probably the closest thing to being a hooker that you could get to. She'd been a professional child from the time she was six months old. It was crazy. And she wasn't really naked in the film . . .

Q: Oh yes, she *is* really naked.

A: No, no, we had stuff around her [points to her crotch]. She's topless, but she was never nude on the bottom. I was there all the time, even when I wasn't working, to be with her. Brooke's a good girl.

Q: So what's Kevin Costner like to work with?

A: He was incredibly generous with Tim and with me. And I don't think either of us would have gotten those parts [in *Bull Durham*] and Ron Shelton wouldn't have been directing, if Kevin hadn't stood by us.

Q: And Tim wasn't your lover then, was he?

A: No. The thing that pleases me [about *Bull Durham*] is that there's so many professional athletes who say that's their favorite movie.

Q: Yeah, they're all hoping that they're gonna find a smart, sexy, funny lady like you.

A: No, I think it's because there's a spirit—not because of my character—that really touches why people play sports, and it made me understand it. It was just a joy to read that script. Kevin was brilliant, and *nobody* plays assholes better that Tim.

Q: Were you one of those little girls who loved *Little Women*?

A: I did not read the book as a girl. I loved the Katharine Hepburn movie. That really impressed me. The confluence of people who did this movie made me want to get involved. I did it for my daughter, really. It's certainly not a career move, but I wanted her to have this thing, this story, to remember.

Q: In *Safe Passage*, you play a woman at a real crossroads in her life, trying to decide if being a mother is enough.

A: One of the reasons I did *Safe Passage* is that my character is this woman who had her children early, and when they're grown, she takes a look at her life and she's not too happy with what she sees. This woman's at the point of her life where she could become bitter. [She and her husband] have gotten to the point where she wants to do something else, he laughs at her, and she throws him out. It's not very psychological, which is the thing I really liked about it. They don't talk about "their space."

Q: Do you think of yourself as a romantic?

A: Yeah, definitely.

Q: Well, there goes my theory then.

A: What's your theory?

Q: My theory is that the couples who work it out—really work it out—do so because they have real expectations. They don't believe in Prince Charming, they don't believe they have to save each other.

A: Oh no, I don't believe that either. I think the concept that there's one person who's gonna make you whole, this Gibran kind of thinking, is so detrimental. I don't think it's the other person's responsibility to make you whole at all. It's the other person's responsibility to make you laugh, to give you a dance now and then, to read the newspaper and tell you about things you don't have time to read about, to introduce you to music you don't know, to tell you when you're full of shit, to fight fair, to be good in bed, to say, "Come on, let's go have an adventure" when you've become a little bit of a stick in the mud. But it's not their job to make you whole. And until you *are* whole, I don't think you can really enter into a relationship with somebody and have it work. The test for me of a great romantic relationship is how productive you are during the relationship.

Q: Well, all of yours must have been great then, because you have done so many movies over the years.

A: [*Laughing*] You don't need somebody who's gonna keep you up till four in the morning and you don't even know why you're fighting. You don't need somebody who you're gonna go to a party and you're worried about that they're gonna get jealous, laid, drunk, stoned, or turn up missing. I like to go to a party and go my way and let somebody else go their way, and you meet up or you don't meet up and then you go home together and nobody feels bad about it. That's the perfect description of life, too—the party of life. I've been very lucky to find someone. We've been incredibly productive since we've been together.

Q: It's doubtful, but if they ever let you be a presenter at the Academy

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what their parents did—some things were good and some were insane.

Q: That's interesting, since I know you're the mother of a nine year old. If you were going to be a pushy stage mother, what class would she be in right now?

A: I'm *already* a stage mother and she's in it. She's this cool modernist, cubist artist, and she's in art class.

Q: When you were 21, you were in a near-fatal car crash. How long were you laid up from that?

A: About a year. They told me I was never going to walk again and today, I have no disability. I can put my leg behind my head.

Q: What do you remember from being in the hospital that long?

A: I remember being completely strung out on Demerol. It was surreal. I remember Michael Jackson's *Thriller* album. And the nurses watching Luke and Laura on TV. My roommate thought I was a witch and said I was making things move around the room, but I was *so* spaced out I don't have any recollection. Looking back, I have to say I enjoyed [it].

Q: Let's talk about *Three of Hearts*. What's this I hear about you shutting down production on that film?

A: I had it in my contract that if any changes were not agreed to by me, I could release myself from the film. They were trying to take a lot of the gay aspect out of the movie and I said, "I'm not here to make some 'Three's Company' TV movie where we're both in love with this guy," and everyone agreed.

Q: Were you surprised at the way people reacted to the movie?

A: When you do something interesting, you get heat. One gay writer was very offended by my choice of costume. He thought I was too butch and I said, "I'm sorry, but those are *my* clothes." Then there were straight people that thought I was too pretty—they had this stereotype that you had to be ugly. Part of the gay community really got that it was a step beyond what's acceptable in gay characters in Hollywood, which is either: *a)* you have sex with women like in *Basic Instinct* and you hate men, which is a heterosexual male fantasy anyway, or *b)* you're dying of AIDS. You can't have a real life.

Q: You lost your best friend to AIDS, didn't you?

A: Oh, God. Jeffrey, my best friend in the world. There's not a moment that goes by that I don't think about him. Jeffrey was somehow able to make people laugh at themselves and get over it. I've lost every gay man who is between 30 and 40. Everyone. It's like all of us having gone through a war. Jessica Tandy said the hardest thing about getting older is watching all your friends die. We're not old and we're dealing with it. I brought Jeffrey's ashes to the Chanel show in Paris and as the supermodels walked by—'cause I'm the diva who gets to sit in the front row—I'd flick a little bit of ash [out on the walkway as] Christy, Naomi and Claudia [passed by].

Q: Were they aware of it?

A: No. Later, I took a walk to the Seine and I had my husband take pictures and as soon as I let his ashes go, there was this rainbow thing that happened on the film. It was really weird and beautiful. [Losing him] was so hard. That was as real as it's ever gotten for me, and I hope as real as it will ever get.

Q: Since you were a model, tell me about one contemporary fashion trend you just can't get into.

A: One of the things I truly hate, and living on the west side of L.A., I have to deal with it all the time, are what my husband calls the Virgins. The Virgins are usually in their forties but they wear little frocks, anklets, hats with flowers, some version of long hair which is very often permed in a bad way, and they may or may not have a daughter who is dressed exactly like them—that's the Virgins. They [appear to] never have had sex and are in denial of whatever's happened to them in the last 20 years. The only person who can pull that stuff off is Courtney Love. She came up to me at a party and she started screaming about *Drugstore Cowboy*. There was something so vulnerable and so strong about her at the same time. Her lipstick was smeared all across her face and she had this big smile and I just thought she was the greatest.

Q: We saw you snort cocaine in your first film, *Bright Lights, Big City*. What did they have you use for blow?

A: Some awful powdered milk that later became a solid. All I remember about that movie is thinking that Michael J. Fox looked very fresh for having just done a line.

Q: What was it like making *Cocktail* with Tom Cruise?

A: He was very sexy and romantic. I had these stilettos on and I was going to kick them off to do the love scene and he went, "No, keep them on."

Q: When did you first realize that you were desirable?

A: In the ninth grade when Reed Sandsted, the homecoming king with the Harley, asked me out. At that very moment, I knew that my life had changed.

Q: So Reed Sandstud . . .

A: [*Slaps the interviewer*] Sand*sted*!

Q: Right. He saw something in you that you hadn't seen in yourself?

A: Nor did anyone else, mind you. He was incredible.

Q: What's the most obsessive thing you've ever done in pursuit of a crush?

A: I climbed up a fire escape to look in the window at my boyfriend. I was 18. He was 32. He was this artist and had said he was going to stay in and paint. I thought he'd gone out but I could see him through the window and I was hoping he wouldn't catch me—when the fire escape came loose off the wall and fell to the ground! It was like three stories up and I jumped off just in time, and it just barely missed smashing my really cool Oldsmobile 442. Merchant Ivory used that story in *Slaves of New York*.

Q: Really? Did you get paid for it?

A: No, but I haven't forgotten it. They will be getting a bill from my people.

Q: You grew up in Minneapolis. Did you ever walk down the street and throw your hat in the air like Mary Tyler Moore?

A: No, I threw Prince—but he sang "Raspberry Beret" in honor of Mary's beret.

Q: Did you catch him like Mary or drop him like Rhoda?

A: I dropped him, but that was because I knew he'd drop me first. My sister Robin was Prince's makeup artist. He was doing a local news program [where] she'd [made up] the anchor people and she looked at Prince and said, "You look like a bad hooker." He went and washed his face and said, "Okay, do it," so she did a very simple thing and he looked great, hired her and that was that.

Q: I just realized we should probably be referring to him as "The Artist Formerly Known As Prince."

A: Well, he'll always be Prince to me.

Q: If you were going to change your name to a symbol, what would it be?

A: The *Playboy* girl. I love that symbol.

Q: Have you seen those guys with the *Playboy* air fresheners

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Futuresex

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

Movie: *The Hunted*
Sex Objects: Joan Chen, Christopher Lambert
Lowdown: Writer-director Jonathan Lawton's tribute to Japanese swordplay flicks has more to do with the literal than the metaphorical meaning of "sword." But the whole story does proceed from romance, and from a sex scene involving Joan Chen and Christopher Lambert. A computer expert who's still disconsolate over a bad romance passes up his friends' efforts to get him laid in Tokyo and ends up in a bar looking at Chen, who happens to be the mistress of a yakuza. Chen knows she's got one night to live—don't ask—and decides to spend it with Lambert. Word has it the scene between these two in which Chen undresses him and leads him into the bath at her Japanese-style hotel is hot enough to motivate Lambert to take up samurai lessons—but not until *after* he sees her ceremoniously beheaded by a ninja assassin. All this, and, one hears, some very interesting underwear on Lambert.

Movie: *Destiny Turns on the Radio*
Sex Objects: Dylan McDermott, Nancy Travis
Lowdown: This is a young, hip, offbeat tale about a magical guy named Johnny Destiny (Quentin Tarantino—acting only) who rises out of the water at the Marilyn Motel in Vegas to fix the odds in favor of the romantic duo played by Dylan McDermott and Nancy Travis. McDermott escapes from prison to get back to Vegas for the loot he went to the pokey for stealing and, just as important, for the lounge singer (Travis) who's the love of his life. How much of the sex written into the admired screenplay for this movie will actually make it to the screen isn't known, but you can count on there being some cool moves, one of the milder, but sweeter ones being a scene in which the lounge stage curtain opens on Travis and McDermott engaged in an act that's not part of the official act. It's not at all clear that the world has been waiting to see Nancy Travis in compromising screen positions, but McDermott is another matter. It's about time somebody lit a match near his smolder to see what kind of flame is there.

Movie: *No Fear*
Sex Objects: Mark Wahlberg, Reese Witherspoon
Lowdown: Nasty teen sex, here we go. The "no fear" of the title does not refer to the enthusiasm with which teen Reese Witherspoon falls for hunk Mark Wahlberg (Marky Mark, you may recall); it refers to the hunk's overall attitude to crime and bad behavior, sex included. Starry-eyed Reese sees only sweetness and hard-body love until it's too late—then the sociopathic Wahlberg blossoms like a male Rebecca De Mornay. William Peterson plays Reese's dad, who knew all along that the guy obsessed with his little girl was a skunk. Looker Alyssa Milano plays Reese's best pal, but does not engage in romance with a bad boy of her own.

Movie: *Miami Rhapsody*
Sex Objects: Sarah Jessica Parker, Gil Bellows, Antonio Banderas, Mia Farrow
Lowdown: Think of this sharp, quotable comedy about sex and commitment as a Woody Allen movie with salsa and cajones. Even though ex-Allen domestic partner Mia Farrow is one of its stars, *this* movie is set in Miami, doesn't whine and features genuinely sexy actors in a couple of genuinely sexy scenes. Those who picked up on Bellows's sex appeal in *The Shawshank Redemption* will be in a lather over the scene in which he proposes to Sarah Jessica Parker on a romantic pier, whereupon she sees only relationships falling apart around her. There's married lawyer Kevin Pollak, who's having a fling with a supermodel played by Naomi Campbell. Meanwhile, Parker's wildly sexy sister, played by Carla Crugino, marries a hunky football player, but is carrying on a wild fling with a dentist—there's a postcoital scene in which Parker happens on the two of them naked in her apartment. One-man heat wave Banderas has a scene in which he and Parker (playing the daughter of Farrow) wind up in a restaurant to duck a summer cloudburst where they spark passionately. Little flesh in this one, but lots of sexy looks and repartee.

Movie: *God, Sex & Apple Pie*
Sex Objects: unknowns
Lowdown: This *Big Chill*-ish movie is set against a summer reunion of nine about-to-turn-30 friends—yes, a Generation Sex film. Having said that, it should hardly be necessary to mention that it contains a scene in which filthy rich young marrieds spice up their love life with a dominatrix act. There's a new twist, though—the guy's so preoccupied with being under investigation for securities fraud that he can't get it up even with the enticing whip-and-leather routine. In another scene, unmarrieds titillate each other with talk of screwing in past lives and conclude that they first met somewhere near the Tigris and the Euphrates—that's right, the Fertile Crescent. Whereupon his head drops down out of frame. Sounds like everything *Reality Bites* didn't cover, doesn't it?

Movie: *Bird of Prey*
Sex Objects: Richard Chamberlain, Lesley Ann Warren, Jennifer Tilly, Lenny Van Dohlen, Robert Carradine
Lowdown: Three years ago, the director of this film, Temistocles Lopez, garnered a cult audience with the hooty, pansexual *La Ronde* takeoff *Chain of Desire*. This film, which concerns a man (Boyan Milushev) who is acting out a lifelong obsession to destroy the guy (Chamberlain) who killed his father, promises gaga moments of its own. For example, Lesley Ann Warren, so recently gaga in *Color of Night* and here playing Chamberlain's girlfriend, proceeds to get terribly turned on in one scene when her secret lover steals in wearing a kinky black-hooded number. Only when the guy starts trying to strangle her does she realize he isn't really her boyfriend.

Virginia Campbell is an executive editor at Movieline *and Stephen Rebello is a contributing editor who interviewed Natasha Richardson for the December 1994 issue.*

Kelly Lynch

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hanging on their rearview mirrors?
A: Yeah, but it's never a guy that could actually be anywhere *near* that girl. It's always some gardener. It's sort of sad. It's like those reflectors that are on mud flaps. I always think it would be funny if women put a guy with large equipment on theirs, like a Chippendales guy.
Q: Have you ever been to Chippendales?
A: No. I always assume that men and women who do that aren't into the opposite sex. I did some research and everybody was gay. I have to teach Mitch some of those moves, though.
Q: If your husband were going to strip for you, what would the scenario be?
A: James Brown on the ghetto blaster. I'd have him dress like Sly Stone, the ultimate sexy guy, and he'd be leaping like Michael Jordan and moving his butt like John Travolta, which is basically how Mitch dances anyway. I'd tuck money in his hair and it would be heavenly.

Dennis Hensley interviewed Dana Delany for the August 1994 Movieline.

year. Jennifer's a business consultant for chrissake. The perfect wife for me."

"Do you want to talk about Matthew?"

"Matthew," said John with a sigh. "Want to know what he's like? Five years older than I am, good-looking but in a normal way, not like me. Smarter than I am. Nicer, too. Nobody would guess he's gay."

"Is that one of the things that attracts you to him?"

"Well, I don't know if that's exactly it. I'm as prejudiced as most straight people about shit like overtly gay mannerisms. I like men who want to be men. You know, I think a lot of people think that if you're gay, it shows. That's a belief that really works in my favor. A large part of the gay population has no discernible 'gayness' to them at all."

I asked, "And how does Matthew feel about your marrying Jennifer?"

"Matthew likes Jennifer," he answered right off. "They get along great. Would he rather have me to himself? Yeah, sure. All this disguise and deceit, it's a little exhausting for him, I think. He's not an actor. Show biz horrifies him. I'm sure he wishes I did something else for a living. But he loves me and he knows this is this. That's a line from *The Deer Hunter*, you know. It's one of Matthew's favorite movies. Robert De Niro says to John Cazale, 'This is this.' Matthew says that about everything. 'This is this.'"

"Does Matthew ever go out with you?" I remember asking. It was at this point that I realized I had definitely dispensed with any pretext of psychotherapeutic intention as opposed to sheer voyeurism.

"I do lots of things with Matthew in public, and he's usually at home when people come over. I introduce him as what he is—my landscape architect. I'm into gardens and a lot of the money I make goes into plants. I have the most beautiful bougainvilleas on the West Side, thanks to Matthew. He designed the whole property. That's how we met. It's funny—Jennifer's the one who hired him. I came home one day and Matthew was sitting in the living room with Jennifer looking through a huge picture book of flowering plants. I stood there staring like a fool at the perfect image of domestic bliss. And that's what it turned out to be. Of course, pretty soon I'll have to buy a new house and start all over to justify his continued existence. After this year, though, I'll be able to get a much bigger house with a bigger yard. I'll deliberately get one that needs a ridiculous amount of landscape work."

"John, how do you imagine your life five or 10 years from now? It might be a good exercise for you to think about that."

"Oh, I have thought about that, even though it's scary. If you're doing well, even if your career stays afloat, five or 10 years down the road it'll be time to start plastic surgery. One incredibly famous has-been star—you just wouldn't believe who this is—told me that once you've made it and you see yourself starting to age, it's like that feeling you get coming off the last line of cocaine. That panic and descent where suddenly you can't remember at all what it was like to feel good just minutes ago. It's going, going, gone. But I know, that's not what you're talking about. You want to know if I can see myself keeping up this charade for the indefinite future, right?"

I thought about objecting to the use of the word "charade," but instead I just said, "Yes, I'd like to hear you talk about that."

"There's only one thing connected to the future I've really pored over," said John. He had a tone of deep seriousness suddenly. "A kid."

Once more this young man had surprised me. "What about kids?" I asked.

"I just hope it isn't necessary to have one. I do have *some* scruples, and for the time being, my scruples say no kids. Jennifer has no interest in them, but then again she's only my age—maybe she'll get that whole baby syndrome thing going when she turns 30, especially if you keep working on her." John laughed here for my benefit. "If Jennifer got into having a kid, I'd have to contend with that, but that's not what I'm talking about. What I mean is having a kid as a way of renovating your cover if there's too much talk going on about your being gay. I'm hoping that if I'm discreet from now on, there won't be that much talk and I'll never have to have a kid just to prove I'm not gay. There are a lot of kids all over Hollywood whose main reason for existing is that they were needed to complete the illusion of perfect family life. Some of these couples have sex sometimes—well, if one or both of the partners are bisexual, they can make their own kid—but most of these kids are 'turkey baster babies.' You know, babies that are conceived without a penis involved. This happens more than you'd guess—not that you or anybody else would necessarily guess it happens at all. It does, believe me. Then there are the adopted kids, of course. I suppose the people who let these innocent babies get adopted don't

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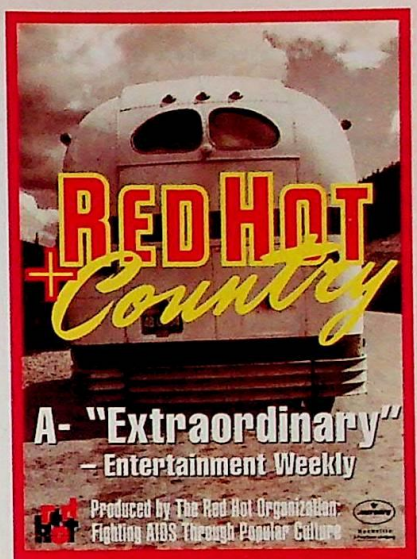
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The Earthquake Tape

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suspect why the celebrities are doing the adopting. I think celebrities shouldn't be able to adopt children period, just on general principles—it's obviously child abuse to be a celebrity's kid no matter what the circumstances. But when these little babies are brought in to be living, breathing props in a pretend world of familial joy—Jesus, I just can't take it. I don't ever want to have to do that. I draw the line there. For now."

"Why 'for now'?"

"Well, I don't know, if I get really famous and somebody I had an affair with a couple of years ago decides to sell his story to the tabloids, that might be enough heat to push me over the edge. When you're talking about people not guessing you're gay, having a kid is about 10 times better than just being married. And if you make the kid, or at least if your wife gives birth to the kid and it *looks* like you made the kid, that almost inevitably stops the gossip. Some sneaky hustler just can't make his case when there's a cute little baby appearing in photos with you. No way. Just like when married hetero stars who screw around like crazy show up holding their adorable children next to their adoring wives—their fans don't believe a word of the tabloid gossip about how they've fucked every actress who ever co-starred with them. Kids are the ultimate beard, no doubt about it."

I seldom feel regret when I get to the end of a 50-minute session, and I never fail to know when that 50 minutes is up. But with *this* session, I went sailing right over 60 minutes without looking at my watch. If I hadn't had a patient waiting I don't know that I would have called a halt. I told John we'd have to schedule another session, because our time was up.

"No, I think I've said everything there is to say, haven't I?"

"Well, I don't know that you have. You've said a lot, though. One thing you said in the beginning comes back to me, though, and I'd like to take one minute more to explore it. You said you didn't have a single friend you could trust with everything you've just told me. Are you really so isolated? And can you live in this kind of isolation?"

A look of surprise swept over John's features. "Me, isolated? I don't think so. I just don't trust my friends enough to tell them half this stuff. But then, that's because my friends are all in the entertainment industry. And anybody's a fool to trust friends they have in the business. Those friendships *feel* like other friendships, but they *aren't* like other friendships. They have way too much *purpose* attached to them to be like other friendships. You know, information, connection, perspective, all that vital stuff. I guess what you're asking is do I feel marooned in this weird life behind this weird mask and is it going to drive me crazy? I don't think so. Maybe you haven't gotten the picture, but I've been telling you how it is in show business. There are *so many* gay people, even *I* get sick of them. You know, I was at a photo shoot last week. It wasn't me being photographed, it was a famous actress, sex goddess variety. My friend—he was my first big affair when I got to Hollywood—is a famous celebrity photographer. He invited me to stop by during the shoot so I could meet this actress. Anyway, I walked in and they were doing this setup where she was writhing around on the floor half falling out of some Versace outfit or something and really putting out for the photographer. And I looked around the room at all these people—you can't *believe* how many people it takes to bring off one of these glamour images, all poised right there at the edge of the frame—and, you know, every single one of these people was male and gay. The photographer's two assistants, the stylist, the stylist's assistant, the hair guy, the makeup guy, the body makeup—wait, she was a woman, but she was gay, too—the actress's publicist, the actress's assistant, the magazine art director, even the fucking limo driver. I'm telling you, it really struck me as surreal. I mean, here's this actress doing her thing to make guys who pick up her picture get instant erections, and the whole setup—the concept, the lighting, the clothes, the hair, the makeup, the attitude—it's all coming out of the heads of gay men. It was like some kind of revelation to me. I realized that all these gay men were carrying on this intricately designed vicarious seduction of straight men, using this actress as bait. And they were *good*, they had it down. I mean, I don't see a billboard, I don't look at a magazine, I hardly go to a movie without thinking about this now."

John drifted off for a moment, then came back. "Oh sorry, I just kind of ramble sometimes. What I meant to say is, no I don't feel isolated. That's all."

I told John that if he felt any need to speak further, feel free to call me. He rose and shook my hand. I have no idea if my listening helped him, he didn't say. On the way out the door, he turned to me with an expression I think I was supposed to find humorous and said, "Remember, Doctor, don't cure Jennifer." *Click.*

Susan Sarandon

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

Awards, which, if you ask me, they won't, what would you do?

A: I've been a presenter many times before.

Q: That was before you gave your speech about HIV positive Haitians.

A: I don't know what I would do if they asked me again. But that was an emergency situation. I felt it was morally irresponsible not to take advantage of that opportunity, because I had already been arrested, and there were now men and women lying in a hunger strike in the middle of a field in Guantánamo who would rather have died than continued the life that Amnesty International and a number of other organizations were declaring inhumane. And Clinton had made a promise and reneged upon it, and you have the largest audience in the world . . .

Q: It was in the air then. Isn't that the night Richard Gere said the thing about Tibet?

A: They were constantly going on about Sharon Stone's lack of underpants and Jaye Davidson, and doing *all* kinds of things off the record. The fact that there were probably, I don't know what percentage of HIV positive people sitting around in that audience . . . It was very, very difficult. I don't regret it, but it was very, very hard for me to break form as a good Catholic girl who's supposed to finish conversations and keep everything flowing smoothly.

Q: You looked like you were hyperventilating.

A: Right, I could hardly breathe. Afterwards, dealing with the shit that came down, was wild. Also, they had gotten wind something might happen. So they were in the wings saying, "Don't do anything, don't start it." But you know this was a very special circumstance. It's not something that I just do lightly or do every single time. And, in fact, those people got out the next day. I know that the outcome was positive, at least for the Haitians.

Q: Well, *grazie*, Susan.

A: *Prego.*

Martha Frankel interviewed Patrick Stewart for the November 1994 Movieline.

just nods and smiles.

"When I watch your movies," I say, "I keep thinking of how weird and twisted you always make Paris look."

"Oh yes, in *Frantic* I wanted it to be that you would only see what a tourist sees. Like the ride from the airport and those freeways and just some side streets that would make you feel disoriented."

"You're like a single woman's worst nightmare."

"Again with that?" Polanski says, looking annoyed.

"No, no, I'm talking about your movies. When I saw *The Tenant* for the first time, I remember that I was afraid to be alone in my apartment. And then, in *Repulsion*, you have the scene where the woman sees the reflection of a man in her mirror. I almost died . . ."

A wicked smile is on his face. "It still works?" he asks.

"Oh, yes. When I saw it last week, I knew what was coming, and I still jumped out of my seat. I was petrified."

"Do you want to come to the editing room with me?" he asks.

"Yes. But every journalist who has gotten into a car with you has said what a lousy driver you are."

"This is bullshit," he says. "I'm a great driver. Just fast. But if you don't want to . . ."

"Where's the car?" I ask, never one to pass on a dare.

We're in Polanski's Mercedes going about 200 kilometers an hour through the streets of Paris, but since I don't understand the metric system, I'm not sure if this is bad or good. Polanski loves Paris and points out every building of note, every park, every old factory.

At the editing room, we watch and rewatch one of the last reels of the film.

"Let me see the end," I beg, when he stops it once again with just a few minutes to go.

"No," he says resolutely. "For that, you will have to pay seven dollars."

"Please."

"No. Here, I will give you the dollars, I will pay for you. But you must see it from the first to the end. That is the way it will work best." He's actually trying to hand me the money.

I slap his hand away and we head back to the Mercedes.

"Okay," I say, "let's talk about you coming back to America."

"There's nothing to say. There is no deal or anything, I'm no closer to coming back than I was 10 years ago. I would like to clear this up and have it off my head, but . . ."

"You settled with the girl last year, right?"

"Yes, but part of the deal was that I am not supposed to talk about it. All those people who have opinions about me . . . please tell them that I admitted what I did was wrong and I went to jail for it. I went to jail! They seem not to know this. And I want to say to you—you said the girl was 13, but she was really just three weeks short of her 14th birthday."

"You think that makes a difference?"

"Yes," he says, nodding vigorously.

"Maybe here in France, but in America, I think not."

"But here in France I don't have cooties, eh?"

I have to smile. "No, Roman, here in France you're an icon."

Polanski throws back his head and laughs.

Martha Frankel interviewed Patrick Stewart for the November 1994 Movieline.

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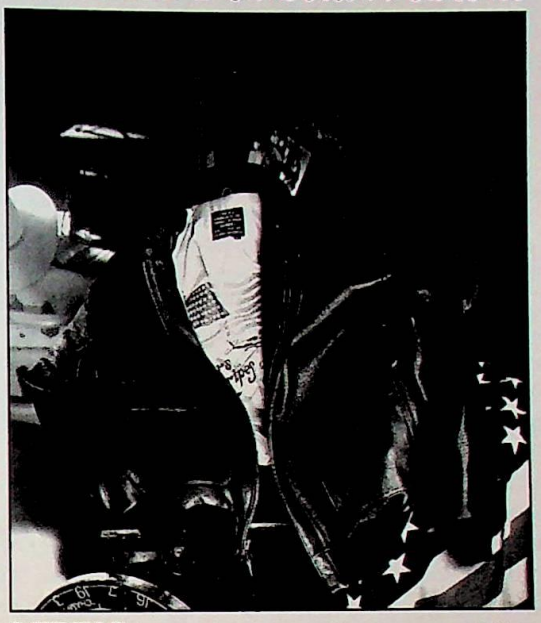

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would ordinarily go, rests a blue plastic milk crate. Papers and a few files are stacked inside and its top supports a mini boom box. Fish-patterned fabric hangs over the window. The whole setup reminds me of how I lived during an especially lean semester at a New Jersey state college in 1981.

"This is a spartan existence," I comment.

"What else do you need?" Rollins snaps back.

Then he leads me into the next room, where there is a 27-inch television/VCR/laser disc combo propped across from an IKEA-looking couch and a pair of chest-high book cases. "This is where I've thrown all my books and files and documentation. There's a lot of Henry Miller, a lot of signed first editions, a lot of Céline, Knut Hamsun." He stops to check out a wooden box that is about as big as a crab trap and stuffed end to end with compact discs. "Those are all the CDs I've either played on or released. I'm kinda proud of that, though I look at them and say, 'All right, I did it. Now I gotta go.' I'm a workaholic, man. I'd like to spend more time here, see some videos and stuff, sit out on the balcony and read. But I'm usually too high-strung to stay put and watch something for more than 20 minutes.

"I don't have anything else but work," Rollins continues. "I have no hobbies, no wife, no children, no drug habit to maintain. Nothing is in my way. I'm very simple." He gestures expansively with his arms, as if trying to bear hug the oxygen around him. "I'm used to living in a backpack for months out of the year. All my life, ever since I was a kid living with my mother in apartments, I never had a room this big. Right now, for me, this is wild. I've never had my books on shelves. They've always been in boxes because I never had any dough or anything."

For some reason, Rollins's lack of domesticity leads me to wonder about his sexuality. Is he into women or men or what? "I get hit on by so many guys," he says. "But that's been going on since I was 14, so it's no big deal. In fact, I see it as a compliment. If I was a gay guy, and I saw someone who was muscular, tattooed, intense, in a band—well, I'd be all over it."

"Henry, do you have a girlfriend?"

"Nah," he says, shaking his head. "Besides lacking the guts to talk to women, I'm too picky. Too many things turn me off. If they drink, I'm bored; if they smoke, I'm bored; if they're boring, I'm bored. If you're a little unambitious, if you don't work out, I'm outta there." He slips into an imitation of a whiny woman: "'I'm slightly overweight. I'm thinking of working out.' Don't tell me that shit! Don't admit it! As a result of my pickiness, I end up with these really intense *über*babes."

Is that good? Rollins makes a face that reads *not so good*. "I just do the single guy thing. I spend most of my time alone. The gratuitous sex thing, I got over that by the time I was 25. It was cool in my early 20s, when I was in Black Flag and being offered everything and everybody you can imagine, but if you're 33 and doing that, well, you should really get a life."

The tour of Rollins's crib ends downstairs, in the best room of the house. It is dominated by a massive weight-lifting cage and racks of weights. Regular workouts here—he began lifting at the age of 14, at the behest of a teacher—provide Rollins with the bulk that makes him famous. "My best bench press is 285, 290," he says, surveying the equipment with obvious pride. "Usually I go at it very hard, very studiously. But I haven't had time to do the workouts I want, so it leaves me handicapped. And when I'm not given the chance to work out the way I like to, I feel really. . . *furious*."

Gazing at the machine the way other men might look upon a loved one's bed, Rollins tells me that lifting weights means more to him than simply keeping fit. "It is a total metaphor for life. If you hit it hard, it gives back to you. You give it 100 percent and you're built like a brick shithouse; you cheat and you break your back. Three hundred pounds does not care if it crushes your head or if you put it back on the hooks. I don't think you get a better deal in life. Women leave you, money gets stolen, 300 pounds just sits on that bar, saying, 'Lift me or don't.'"

Checking his watch, Rollins announces that he has a plane to catch in a couple of hours. He'll be heading to New York to shoot a video and he wants to know if I would mind if he sorted some freshly laundered clothing to take on the trip. We make our way through the kitchen to a washer and dryer from which he extracts a tangle of black-and-white workout togs. Telling me that this is all he ever wears, he spreads the stuff out on the floor of his office, and folds and packs it with a meticulous sense of order.

I ask Rollins about the legacy he wants to leave behind. Is the movie work Rollins's attempt to find a kind of immortality that does not come from balls-to-the-wall rock'n'roll? "Nah," he says resolutely. "There'll be no legacy. No funeral, no casket. Cremate the body and sweep it into the refuse. When I'm dying I'll start giving everything away. My personal copy of my first album will go to a fan. I'll give my publishing royalties to my manager's kid as a college fund. I'll give my computers away to students—after erasing all the disks so that there's not some disgusting collector's thing posthumously published. That'd be great, to just leave the earth with nothing."

The sentiment sounds surprisingly cleansing as Rollins loads the last of his T-shirts into the duffle bag and zips the bag shut. He smiles for the first time all day and dreamily concludes, "Lying on my death bed in an otherwise empty house would be the ultimate coup."

Michael Kaplan interviewed Stephen Baldwin for the September 1994 Movieline.

The Buyer's Guide

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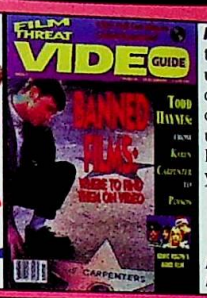

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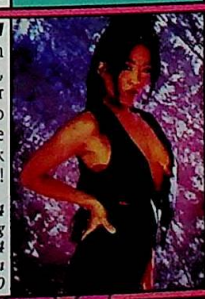

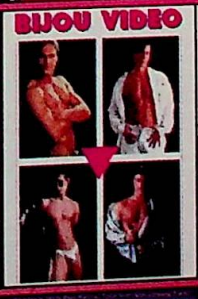

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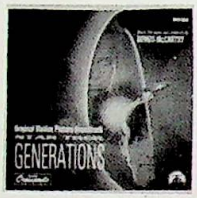

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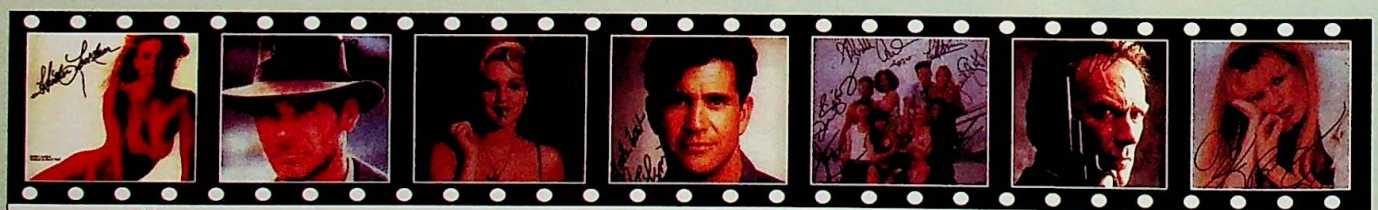

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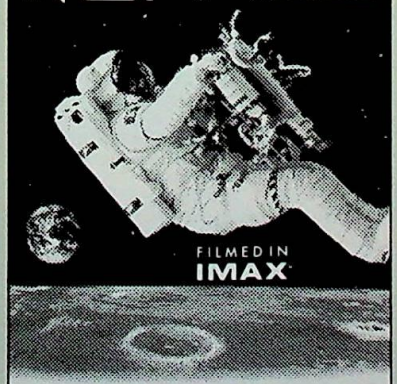

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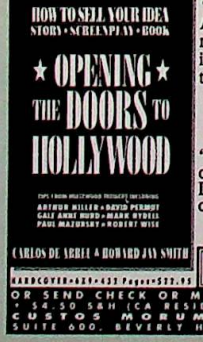

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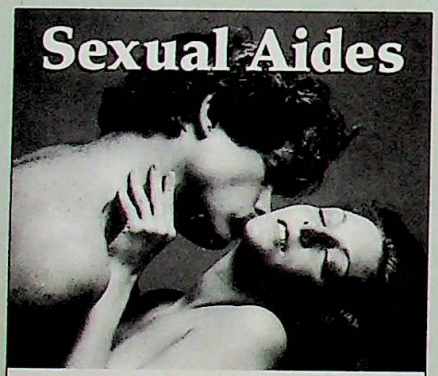

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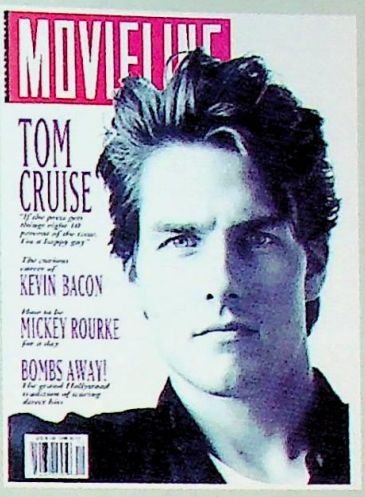
Movieline CLASSIFIEDS

25 MONTHS AGO IN *MOVIELINE* "Like most American males, my single most cherished fantasy has long been to spend an entire day in the shoes, in the skin, nay, in the psyche of **Mickey Rourke**," opined **Joe Queenan** back in December '92, so *Movieline* paid him to bring his wish to life. The results? One of our most talked-about, funniest articles ever, with Queenan running amok in New York City: he rolled around in the alleys outside bars, chatted with prostitutes and even dripped ice onto a blindfolded friend. Are we making this up? No, and there are photos to prove it! ■ But wishes are funny things: whereas *Movieline* writers want to get inside movie stars' noggins, it seems that aspiring film stars want to meet screen icons who've made it. Just ask cover man **Tom Cruise**, who revealed that back in his up-and-coming days, he—along with pals **Sean Penn** and **Emilio Estevez**—used to drive by the homes of **Brando** and **Nicholson**, but they never got the nerve to stop and knock. ■ **Kevin Bacon** said his wishes have *already* come true: "I've had to struggle back from years of bombs," he told us, happy to be in hit pictures again. But he also claimed that flopsville never affected his status as, well, yes, a screen icon who'd made it: "I've been a movie star for so long that I don't know what it would feel like *not to* be one." ■ Then there's producer **David Permut**, who wishes that Hollywood wouldn't take itself so seriously. "We're not doing brain surgery here; we're not finding a cure for AIDS or cancer," he observed. "When you get down to it, we're just a pimple on the ass of the world." ■ Say, is that "When You Wish Upon a Star" we hear playing? Former **Disney** child star **Tommy Kirk** told *all* to the **Hollywood Kids**, an eyebrow-raising account of sex and drugs and **Annette Funicello**.



Get back

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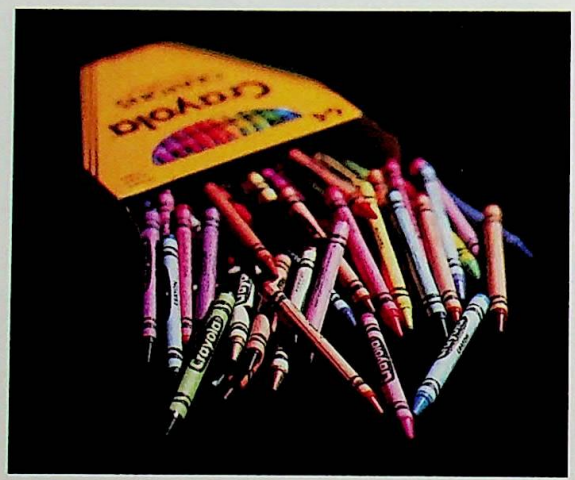
Jan./Feb. '95

by christopher hunt

Home Alone, Part I

During the recent heat wave, the days were so long, hot and hypnotic that nights came and went like high clouds crossing the sun—brief patches of shade hardly worth noticing. I'd become a jogging fanatic not long before, and I kept at it despite all the stern warnings on TV about heatstroke. One day I was navigating the narrow dirt fire roads in the desolate Santa Monica mountains, near where they used to film "M*A*S*H." Exhausted, I decided to leave the main path and coast down one of the scrub-covered hills. It was treacherous—the loose rock was slippery—but the shade under the cliffs was refreshing. Sweat dried on my arms and chest; goose bumps rose in a cool breeze. A thick cable lay across the path. I leapt over it and looked down . . . I gasped at what I saw, and twisted my ankle falling. It was a long white snake, dead. A line of fire ants marched from its head into the dry brush. Completely unsettled, I started back up the hill, but pain shot from my ankle. So I went down into the deepening shadows, following the cable on the ground.



Soon the path became a paved road lined with bright red and orange poppies, but it ended abruptly at a chain-link fence. I squeezed around it and found myself on an empty street. A sign, faded in the sun, read: "Hollywood Grove. A Planned Community. Occupancy, Spring 1994." It was planned all right—every house was identical, like prefab cookie-cutter suburbs, except these houses were grand, almost estates. I thought I'd knock on a door, as my ankle was throbbing and I was lost, miles from my car. I figured I'd call a cab. The street I was on, Garbo Way, seemed unnaturally wide, and I soon realized why: there were no cars anywhere. Odd. I limped along Garbo, looking up at the houses, their windows empty. The only signs of life were immense ravens whose plumage glowed blue-black in the hot sun as they prowled the lawns. It was the same over on Harlow Drive and Lana Turner Court and . . . in my dazed state, it took me a while to notice the streets were all named after blonde actresses from the old days. The whole community seemed eerily abandoned, like that town hit by the space virus in *The Andromeda Strain*. Then I remembered: I'd read about this place in the *Times*. A Korean billionaire, who'd planned to buy a movie studio and fire everyone, had built it as company housing. The deal fell through, and about a month ago he'd been murdered by Korean gang lords for some drug transgression. Hollywood Grove was now in limbo, seized by the authorities.

I heard a hiss and jumped. Up and down the street, small metal reeds rose from beneath the lawns and began spraying a fine mist. Then I heard a harsh metal clanging behind me, coming up fast. I dove to avoid a kid on a bike, his head down, pedaling like a maniac. "Hey!" I shouted. No response. I gave chase, if that's what my painful gait could be called. The boy turned onto Sue Lyon Lane, which was gated, but the guard booth stood empty, its window smashed. Again, the houses were all maddeningly identical. Except for one: its front door was open. I sighed with relief—finally, human beings! I hobbled up the drive, past beds of new roses, the buds still tight. A cat lounged on the front steps. Suddenly, a blonde girl darted out and grabbed the cat, shaking it. "Bad kitty. You want the birds to get you?" She saw me and gasped. "Hi!" I said, with as much innocuousness as I could muster. "I was hoping to use your phone. I . . . I had an accident." Her eyes were wide with fear. I glanced down: I *was* scary, covered with dust, my body covered with angry scratches, naked except for my running shorts and shoes. "Don't be afraid," I said. "My name's Chris. I think I'm lost." The girl walked inside with the cat. "I'm Dolly," she said. "You're the first person who's ever come by. You can come in, but we don't have a phone."

The air conditioning instantly revived me. I drank glass after glass of water from the sink while the bike boy sat at the kitchen table, drawing with crayons. Emitting a horrific shriek, he handed Dolly the results. She turned the paper to me. "He's artistic," she said. "Sure," I said, smiling gamely at his hideous scribbling. "It's kind of like Cy Twombly's work. Do you know that artist?"

"No, he's *autistic*," Dolly enunciated. "And he's, like, a real pain in the ass. I'm 15 by the way, in case you were wondering. His name is Bobby. The only thing that gets through to him is that kid Bobby on 'The Brady Bunch.' He watches it every fucking day. I think he thinks he *is* that kid." Bobby sat at the table, staring at a blank piece of paper. When Dolly looked at me again, there were tears in her eyes. "Can you help us, Chris? We've been here forever and we *can't get out*."

daniel ray

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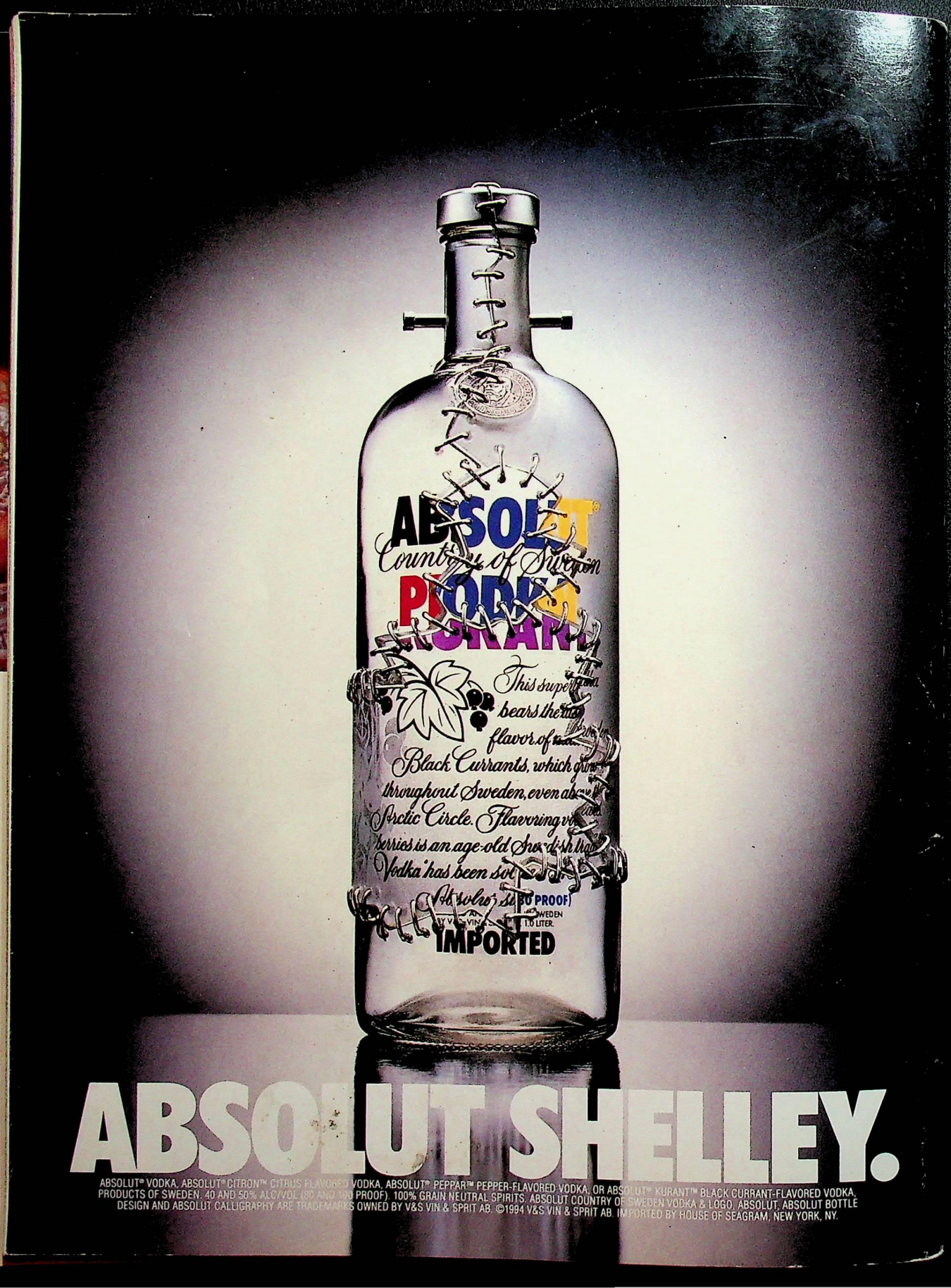

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